THE WIDE WORLD AND OUR WORK IN IT

MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS

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Presented to

Mrs L. T. Miller.

with Christian love and esteem,

by Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness,

on the occasion of

The International Conference on Missions,

Exeter Hall, June, 1888.

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CHINA

KWANG-TUNG	Pop. 17½ Millions.*	HU-PEH	Pop. 20½ Millions.	SI-CHUEN	Pop. 20 Millions.
FUH-KIEN	Pop. 10 ,,	KIANG-SI	Pop. 15 ,,	YUN-NAN	Pop. 5 ,,
CHEH-KIANG	Pop. 12 ,,	GAN-HWUY	Pop. 9 ,,	KWEI-CHAU	Pop. 4 ,,
KIANG-SU	Pop. 20 ,,	SHAN-SI	Pop. 9 ,,	KWANG-SI	Pop. 5 ,,
SHAN-TUNG	Pop. 19 ,,	SHEN-SI	Pop. 7 ,,	HU-NAN	Pop. 16 ,,
CHIH-LI	Pop. 20 ,,	KAN-SUH	Pop. 3 ,,	HO-NAN	Pop. 15 ,,

* The estimate of population is that given in the last Edition of "China's Spiritual Need and Claims."

CHINA INLAND MISSION.

THE WIDE WORLD

AND

OUR WORK IN IT;

OR,

The Story of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions.

BY

MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.
Fanny (Fitzgerald) Guinness.

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AND MAY BE HAD FROM THE AUTHOR, HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, E.

HOLLOWING OUT A CANOE FOR THE CONGO, IN THE FOREST, BY THE RIVER SIDE.

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Chapter I. Introductory.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A WEALTHY farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of labourers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be inclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution

of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and labourers were vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas, no! Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been even *visited* by his servants.

Had they then been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labour, and skilled labour too; but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other, because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbour. And a vast amount of labour had been *lost*, in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity, with which labour and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for *no result*. The very same amount of toil and capital, *expended according to his directions*, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various but all *reclaimable* soils barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these labourers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labour in vain? On the contrary! They were for ever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, looking for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each

other, "You know we have to bring the *whole property* into order." But they did not *do* it. Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! they saw that the yield was magnificent, far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labours of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools surely, not wise men—traitors, not true servants to their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know their Master said, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to *every creature*"; and that more than 1,800 years afterwards they had *not even mentioned that there was a gospel to one-half of the world.*

Journeying some time ago on one of our main lines of railway, we observed at a large station, where our train stopped for five minutes, a porter wheel up alongside a truck full of freshly trimmed lamps, which were placed as closely together as possible, in holes cut in the truck for their reception. The porter left the truck and went to a distance; and as we saw and considered the matter we perceived that it was a parable.

What use were all those forty or fifty lamps *there* and *then?* None whatever! The broad glare of daylight made their feeble glimmer look yellow and sickly. Their beams had no room to radiate save into each other. They were too close together for their illuminating power to be of any value; and moreover the noonday sunshine flooded the platform, and rendered their light absolutely superfluous. They might have been perfectly well dispensed with. No one was in any wise the better for their presence. *Then* and *there* it answered no conceivable purpose.

But in a few minutes two porters came up to the truck. One sprang on to the top of the carriage overhead and opened the lamp hole. The other dexterously threw up to him the lighted lamp. In a moment it was inserted in its place, the lid closed with a snap, and the man went on to another compartment.

This process was repeated on the next carriage and the next, the extinguished lamps being thrown down as the fresh-trimmed ones were thrown up, and this clever game of ball continued until every compartment of every carriage had its lamp. Anon the whistle sounded, the train moved off, and in a few minutes plunged into a long tunnel.

What about the lamps now? Are they *now* superfluous? Nay, verily! Daylight is gone, and but for their beams we should be in pitchy darkness. There are none too many now. No carriage is too well illuminated. Not one can be spared. How bright and pleasant the beams, which, a few minutes ago, and a few miles back, seemed so yellow, and smoky, and useless! *What makes the difference?* Simply that the lamps were, in the first place, *too near together, and in the broad daylight.* Now they are *scattered at suitable distances, and in the darkness.*

Now Christians are designed and commanded to shine *as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life.* Our light is our knowledge, that blessed knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, whom He has sent, which is life eternal. To let our light shine is to *spread this knowledge among those who have it not.*

Dare we be content to let our lights shine *in the light*, where it can be of no use, instead of carrying it into *the darkness*, where it may become an inestimable blessing? Yet is not this just what Christian workers, for the most part, are doing?

In what parts of the world are labourers most *needed?* In what parts of the world are they most *found?*

Beyond all question, they are most *needed* in the vast realms that lie buried in the unrelieved gloom of heathendom; and beyond all question they are most *found* in lands where the gospel has been preached for ages and where every one is already, by profession at least, a Christian. What a startling and terrible anomaly! Here, in England, and in the United States—where Bibles deluge the land and where every one can read them, where laws and customs and social habits are almost all based on Christianity, where the very atmosphere, as it were, is impregnated with Christian thought and feeling, where the light of the knowledge of God is clear as daylight at noon,—*here* churches and chapels may be met with in nearly every street; ministers, home missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, Bible-women, Scripture-readers, and district visitors abound; so that, on an average, there is a Christian worker of some kind—a lamp—

to every hundred men, women, and children of the population! Say that an average Englishman only reads, or hears read, the Bible once a day in the family, and only attends one preaching service in the week, he still has, between the ages of seven and seventy, *over twenty-six thousand chances* of learning the way of salvation!

While yonder in heathendom—where there are no Bibles, and where, if there were, no one could read them; where every law and custom and usage is not only *un*-Christian but *anti*-Christian; where every understanding is darkened and every heart alienated from the life of God; where ignorance and evil have undisturbed and undisputed sway,—there, millions and hundreds of millions of men, for whom Christ died, *never during the whole course of their lives have one single chance of hearing the "glad tidings" of forgiveness and eternal life!*

Is not this as if the railway lamps were lit and supplied with oil, and kept trimmed and bright, *simply to stand in the truck in the broad sunlight?* Was it for this they were made, or to illumine the benighted travellers in the dark tunnel?

The Director of a mission in the East of London advertised lately for a superintendent to help in the work, and received about *two thousand* applications in reply. The post was a humble and, in some respects, an unattractive one, and the income offered in connection with it did not exceed the wages which might be earned by a clever mechanic. Yet there were thousands anxious to take it!

What is this but a fresh proof of the fact we are constantly trying to urge on the attention of Christians, that while of all parts of the known world there is none that so little needs Christian workers as England, *there is none that has so many?*

These two thousand were all presumably truly converted men, more or less gifted and suited for evangelistic work, willing and anxious to be engaged in it, and lacking only—*a sphere!*

Again: seventy young men presented themselves lately to one of our great Nonconformist bodies as applicants for ministerial work. They were all declined, not as unsuitable (they had all been passed as suitable by their respective district committees), but as superfluous; there was *no need* for more ministers, there were too many

for the vacant posts already. It is the same in other organizations of a similar character with which we are acquainted.

In the light of such facts read the following appeal from an evangelist labouring in one of the healthy and populous northern provinces of China—an appeal which would be repeated in substance from a thousand parts of that million-peopled empire. He writes:

"There is in the province of SHAN-SI, North China, a plain 110 miles long by from 20 to 30 wide; it lies between the city of Tai-yuen and a place called Ling-sih. *Four millions* of people live on this plain, the soil of which is very productive.

"These people are not all occupying scattered villages, but a arge part of them are crowded in large cities and towns. There are no fewer than *twelve cities*, each containing about 20,000 persons. Some of these cities are very wealthy, and one is the money mart of the province. Then there are *large towns*, containing from 6,000 to 10,000 people each. I have not visited all of these cities and towns, but a missionary who has informs me that there are *more than twenty* such places.

"Now the bulk of these three or four millions are *utterly beyond the reach of missionaries.* They are left in their darkness and sin, and there is *not one Protestant at work among them.* For these people I plead, hoping that some plan will be adopted which will place the knowledge of the grace of God within their reach. What can be done? Are they to continue in their darkness and idolatry?

"We have, to some extent, the eternal destinies of these people in our hands. What an enormous responsibility! What can be done to meet it? 'Come over and help us,' is our cry. 'Here am I, Lord; send me,' must be the reply of those whose hearts the Lord has touched.

"There should be two new stations opened, and there should be two new missionaries for each station. Could not *four men* be found for this work?"

Four men! A modest request surely to make on behalf of *twelve cities, twenty large towns, and multitudes of villages and hamlets!* A not unreasonable request surely to a Church so rich in men that *two thousand of them apply for one and the same sphere of service*, and *that* a sphere which would after all only give them the opportunity of evangelizing among people who are all professing Christians to begin with!

RIVER SCENE IN KAN-SUH, NORTH CHINA.

What a strange and terrible contrast! On the one hand, *two thousand evangelists*, willing and anxious to be appointed to preach the gospel to a people who know it perfectly well already, who were taught it in school in childhood, who have it in print in every house, and who can hear it any day in a hundred churches, chapels, and mission halls all around them; on the other hand, twelve entire cities, twenty large towns, and multitudes of villages and hamlets, in one small district of one province of China, helplessly, hopelessly waiting for *a single messenger of the glad tidings!*

The one solitary missionary in their midst, who feels he can never reach them all, pleads for *four* men to evangelize four *millions;* and yet he will probably plead in vain, because, pressing as this need appears, China has many and many a need more pressing still!

And yet surely this plain of TAI-YUEN is in a pitiable plight enough! Covered with a heathen population equal to that of *all London*, and left to the unaided efforts of one lonely witness for Christ!

Picture the condition of London, if its entire population, wholly ignorant of any Divine revelation, and sunk in idolatry and gross

superstition, had no church, no chapel, no mission hall, no Sunday school, no Bible, no tracts, no city missionary, no district visitor, no Christian, but only one solitary preacher! All London, *heathen*, and with one evangelist! There are over *fifteen hundred* churches and chapels with their ministers in London, to say nothing of countless mission halls, of 450 city missionaries, tens of thousands of Sunday-school teachers, Bible-women, and other unpaid Christian workers. And yonder! *a similar population*, only of total heathen, with *one*, just *one*, solitary worker!

Take an illustration. The camp of Israel in the wilderness was a great city of tents covering many square miles, and containing between two and three millions of souls. When "much people of Israel died" from the bites of the fiery serpents sent as a judgment on them for their sins, this whole camp was one vast scene of misery fear, and death.

The brazen serpent uplifted on the pole was God's remedy for this widespread ruin; and on Moses, and on the priests and Levites first would devolve the duty of proclaiming the glad tidings that whosoever looked on it should live. All who heard the message would be bound also to pass it on, till the uttermost ends of the wide camp rang with the command, Look and live! "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of those that published it."

But what if Moses and the Levites, instead of speeding the message to every corner of the camp, had contented themselves with announcing it to the tribes ranged under the standard of Ephraim on the west, leaving the more populous camp of Reuben on the south, with its 151,000 warriors, beside women and children, and that of Dan on the north with its still larger hosts, and that of Judah on the west with its 186,000 fighting men, *uninformed that any remedy for the fatal snake-bite existed?*

What should we think of such conduct? What would God have thought of it? Yet is not this just what we are doing?

By very very far the larger number of *Christian workers in the world are located in England and the United States; that is, amidst the one small section of the earth's inhabitants that least needs them, the evangelical Protestant section, which forms only one-fourteenth part of the human family.* The entire missionary staff evangelizing *the other thirteen-fourteenths*, which comprise all corrupt Christianity, all Mohammedanism, and all heathenism, is an *almost inappreciable fraction* of the total number of Christian labourers.

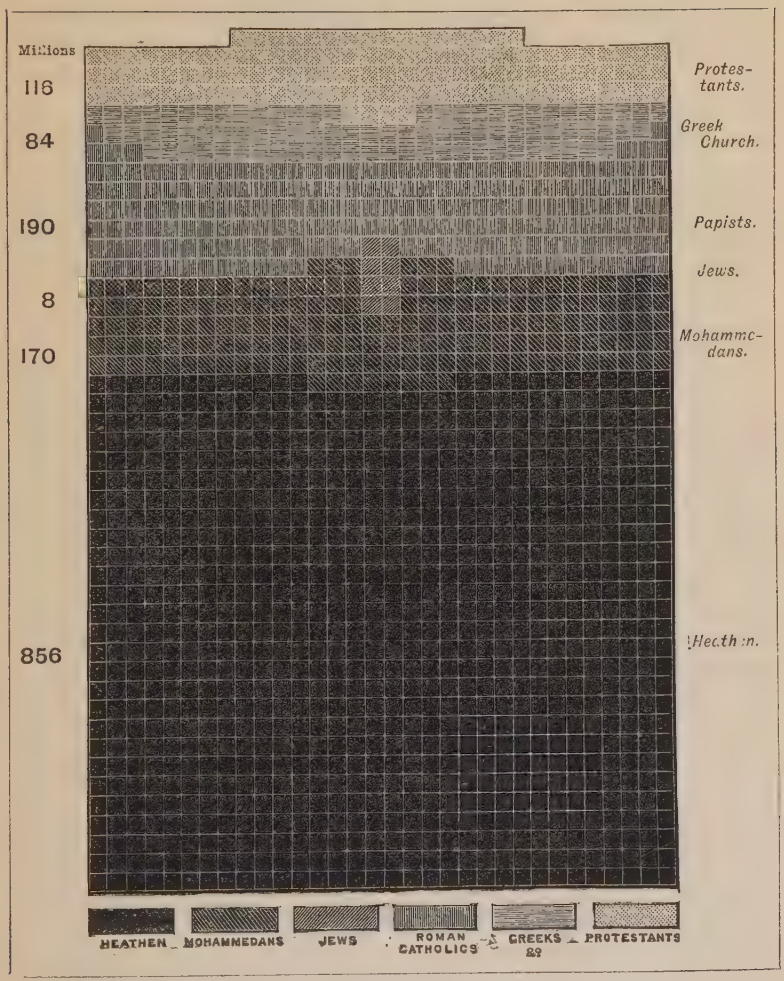


DIAGRAM EXHIBITING THE ACTUAL AND RELATIVE NUMBERS OF MANKIND, CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO RELIGION.

Each of the little squares of the annexed diagram represents a million human beings, and the entire block conveys an accurate proportionate idea of the present population of the world, according to the careful and well-grounded estimates of the late eminent geographer, Mr. Keith Johnston.

Of the world's total population of 1,424 millions, nearly two-thirds are still total heathen, and the remainder are mostly either Mohammedans or members of those great apostate Churches whose religion is a mere Christianized idolatry.

Thus (to say nothing of merely nominal Protestants, who HAVE the gospel, whether they *obey* it or not) we have four terrible facts:

1. Eight millions of Jews still reject their Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth.

2. Three hundred millions of so called Christians have apostatized from the faith of Christ, are sunk in superstition and ignorance of the gospel, as in Austria, Spain, and Russia.

3. A hundred and seventy millions more are followers of the false prophet; and

4. The remaining eight hundred and fifty-six millions are still in this year of our Lord, 1886, UTTER HEATHEN.

The study of this diagram is saddening, and at the same time most stimulating. Its degrees of light, its variations of shadow, and its comparatively vast extent of midnight darkness, all indicate accurately the proportion of moral and spiritual knowledge, and moral and spiritual ignorance, among the inhabitants of the earth.

We are all familiar with missionary maps, coloured according to the religions professed in the various countries. Such maps give true information as to the geographical spheres of certain faiths, but they completely mislead as to the number of their respective professors. Vast extents of country, for instance like the British possessions in Australia and North America, or the western territories of the United States, are coloured so as to indicate the prevalence of Protestant Christianity; and relatively to these immense districts, China, India, and Japan seem comparatively small. In reality however, the mass of heathenism in these densely populous lands is enormously greater than the mass of the Protestantism in all the other countries put together.

The diagram here presented deals, on the contrary, not with geographical extent, but with ethnographical statistics; not with *miles*, but with *men;* not with the physical, but with the moral and spiritual; not with the extent over which they are distributed, but with the actual numbers and condition of the masses of mankind.

For every one of these squares there are on earth a thousand thousand human beings. For every *four* of them there is some-

where or other a population equal to that of London, living and dying in the religious condition indicated by the shades of this diagram!

The half-dozen figures which embody the lesson of the diagram should be as indelibly impressed on every Christian memory as are the points of the compass or the days of the week. Christ's servants ought to know the state of His service, God's children ought to be acquainted with the progress of His kingdom on earth. Very misty and indefinite are the notions of most Christians as to the world's spiritual condition! They hear of glorious revival work at home and abroad, of fresh missionary efforts in various directions, of one country after another opening to the gospel, and of large sums being devoted to its spread; and they acquire terribly mischievous and untrue impressions that *adequate* efforts are being made for the evangelization of the nations upon earth, and that there is no great necessity to exert themselves in aid of these efforts. We earnestly entreat all such to engrave deeply and permanently on their memories these six facts.

There are in the world this day as nearly as can be ascertained,

One hundred and sixteen millions of Protestants . .	116	millions.
Eighty-four millions of Greek Church	84	,,
One hundred and ninety millions of Roman Catholics .	190	,,
Eight millions of Jews	8	,,
One hundred and seventy millions of Mohammedans .	170	,,
and		
Eight hundred and fifty-six millions of heathen	**856**	,,

Thus, of the world's total population of 1,424 millions, considerably more than half—nearly two-thirds—are still *total heathen*, and the remainder are *mostly* either followers of the false prophet or members of those great apostate Churches whose religion is practically a Christianized idolatry, and who can scarcely be said to hold or teach the gospel of Christ.

Even as to the 116 millions of nominal Protestants, we must remember how large a proportion in Germany, England, and America have lapsed into infidelity—a darkness if possible deeper even than that of heathenism, and how many are blinded by superstition or buried in extreme ignorance. So that while eight millions of Jews still reject Jesus of Nazareth, and while more than 300 millions who bear His *name* have apostatized from His *faith*, 170 millions more bow before a false prophet; and the vast re-

mainder of mankind are to this day worshippers of stocks and stones, of their own ancestors, of dead heroes, or of the devil himself; all in one way or other worshipping or serving *the creature* instead of the Creator, who is God over all, blessed for ever. And yet we know that this, and this only, "is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent"!

Is there not enough here to sadden the heart of thoughtful Christians, and to rouse them at the same time to do what in them lies to meet the world's great need?

Let no one say the facts are so appalling that any realization at all of them is enough to paralyse all effort and destroy all hope. Eighteen hundred years of gospel preaching, and not one in ten of mankind as yet a Protestant Christian? At that rate all our efforts are futile, and eighteen thousand years at least must elapse before the world is converted!

Such reasoning is false, such discouragement unfounded. *We are not sent to convert the world, but to evangelize it.*

The Master has given us our task, to go into "all the world, and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature."

Whether men hear or refuse to hear, whether they believe and receive Christ or whether they neglect or reject Him, *our responsibility is to proclaim Him* to every nation and kindred and people and tongue.

Nor have we in the pursuit of this our task the slightest reason or discouragement.

The progress made in the evangelization of the heathen beyond the boundary of Europe is not the result of eighteen hundred years of missionary labour. It may rather be said to be the result of *eighty years' work only.*

Eighty Years Ago.

At the close of the last century there were but *seven* Protestant missionary societies in existence, now there are at least *seventy.* There were then under two hundred missionaries at work, now there are between two and three thousand, with twenty-three thousand native helpers, and probably as many more female agents, lay agents, and teachers. *Then* there were some fifty thousand converts from heathenism, *now* more than that number are added to the Church in a single year, and the total number of converts is estimated at 1,650,000.

Eighty years ago the total sum contributed for Protestant missions hardly amounted to £50,000; now about £1,250,000 is spent every year on the work.

More than twelve thousand schools are now enlightening heathen children, where eighty years ago there were not a hundred; and whereas at that time the Scriptures existed in about fifty translations only, they are now to be found in some 240 languages and dialects.

In fact, the results that have been accomplished in the last eighty years are such as demonstrate beyond all question that faithful and earnest work in heathendom *is hopeful and fruitful beyond any other Christian work,* and that no race of mankind is so sunken that it may not be regenerated by the gospel of Christ.

As we gaze with interest and grief on the remaining masses of heathenism, we should do so consequently with *hope and with faith.* God has much people to be called out of this darkness into His marvellous light, and that by the agency of now living Christians. The sudden simultaneous rise within a single century of scores of Christian missionary agencies, the wonderful blessing which has crowned their efforts in every part of the world, and the rapid ratio of increase in the ingatherings from heathendom of late, all stamp our days as the long foretold days of "the latter rain," the blessed era of universal missions, predicted as immediately to precede the fall of Babylon and the coming of Christ (Rev. xiv. 6). We are seeing a spread of Christianity among the heathen *analogous to that which overthrew the idolatries of the Roman world at the beginning of the Christian era.* The end of the age is fast approaching; the coming of the Lord, before which heathenism shall disappear as darkness before the dawn, draws very nigh: but before the day come, as we have His own authority for saying, *the gospel must first be preached among all nations.* Never was there greater obligation to do all we can to this end than now; never was there more evident certainty that in so doing we are working together with God. Never were facilities for reaching every part of the earth so great, never were volunteers for missionary service so numerous, or encouragements in it so abundant, and never before was the time in which to finish our appointed task so short, as now in 1886! God help us to be in earnest!

But does it look as if we *were* in earnest?

For the last forty years a million of money has been spent every year on the mere work of restoring *old* cathedrals and churches, and

building *new* ones in the small, over-churched island of England What would not that money have accomplished, had it been spent in sustaining living agents to preach Christ to the heathen? Reckoning £100 a year to each man, it would have kept *ten thousand additional voices declaring and distributing the words of eternal life for the last forty years!* If each of these missionaries had evangelized only one thousand persons each year, four hundred millions of perishing heathen might already have heard the gospel; that is to say, half the heathen world might have received from Christ's ambassadors His message, according to His will. And had she thus spent her money, would not Christian England have done her duty better, though she would have displayed her taste in church architecture less? **And do we mean to go on for the next forty years spending a million per annum on church building at home, while the Dark Continent lies still unenlightened and China's millions remain unevangelized?**

In the *Missionary Herald*, edited by Mr. Wilder (Princeton, U.S.A.), there are given as the result of carefully collected statistics some figures which, while they are by no means inclusive as regards England, are no doubt correct as regards America, and which, even as they stand, are striking and solemn enough to demand careful consideration on the part of Christ's servants.

Among the members of the fifty sections into which the Evangelical Protestant Church in America is divided there are at the present time labouring in word and doctrine no less than 78,853 ordained ministers. In the fifteen principal denominations of Great Britain and Ireland there are 39,746 more, making a total of 118,599 ministers set apart, who are week by week preaching Christ to a small section of the human family, constituting not one-twentieth part of the whole, say seventy millions, out of the world's population of more than fourteen hundred millions.

On the other hand, these countries have 2,600 ordained missionaries witnessing for Christ in heathendom. So that in these two countries there are considerably more than *a hundred* thousand ministers engaged in instructing seventy millions of intelligent, educated Protestant Christians, while they send considerably less than *three thousand* missionaries to evangelize the rest of the world, including the thousand millions of heathendom!

To reduce the numbers so as to make this state of things more conceivable, a hundred ministers are set to teach seventy thousand

Christians, and three missionaries are sent to instruct a *thousand thousand* utter heathen—a whole million of pagans.

But the case is really far worse. America has, in addition to these ordained ministers, 35,000 local preachers, and probably quite as many more lay agents of other kinds, including Sunday-school teachers; and England has at the lowest computation as many more. The total number of Christian labourers in the home field in these two countries it would be hard in these days to estimate, so numerous are the volunteer forces, and they are in many cases as efficient, if not more so, than the regular ministers. *Three* hundred thousand Christian workers however is far nearer the fact than one; while if we count, not only the lay agents, but the female missionaries in heathendom, the total is only 4,833. The proportion of Christian workers absorbed by the home field is therefore more than ninety-nine per cent. *Not* one out of a hundred of the ministers and lay workers of the Christian Church is labouring in heathendom, though it contains *ten times more souls* than Christendom, and though it is in such an unspeakably needy condition!

Two groups are before us: seventy fat and well fed people in the one, and a thousand starving creatures in the other. To the former we give a fine batch of large loaves; to the latter we accord one crumb to divide between them!

Do then those who know the gospel perfectly well already, whether they obey it or not, need instructing or evangelizing a thousand times more than those who have never even heard of God or Christ? Ought the agency available for the *world's* evangelization to be thus unequally distributed? Are the Protestants of England and America so dark and ignorant that they really require more than ninety per cent. of the preachers of the truth for their own enlightenment and salvation? Is it the genius of Christianity to look every man on his own things, and forget the interests of others? In the natural world some roll in luxury while others die of starvation; but can it be pleasing to God that the bread of life should be thus unfairly distributed—God, who would have *all* men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth?

And the tardiness of the Church in sending her fishers to launch forth into the deep, and let down their nets for a draught, is all the more strange when we note how much better mission work pays, to use a familiar word, than the ministry at home. For instance, here is one Church which by the labour of 5,000 ministers, at an ex-

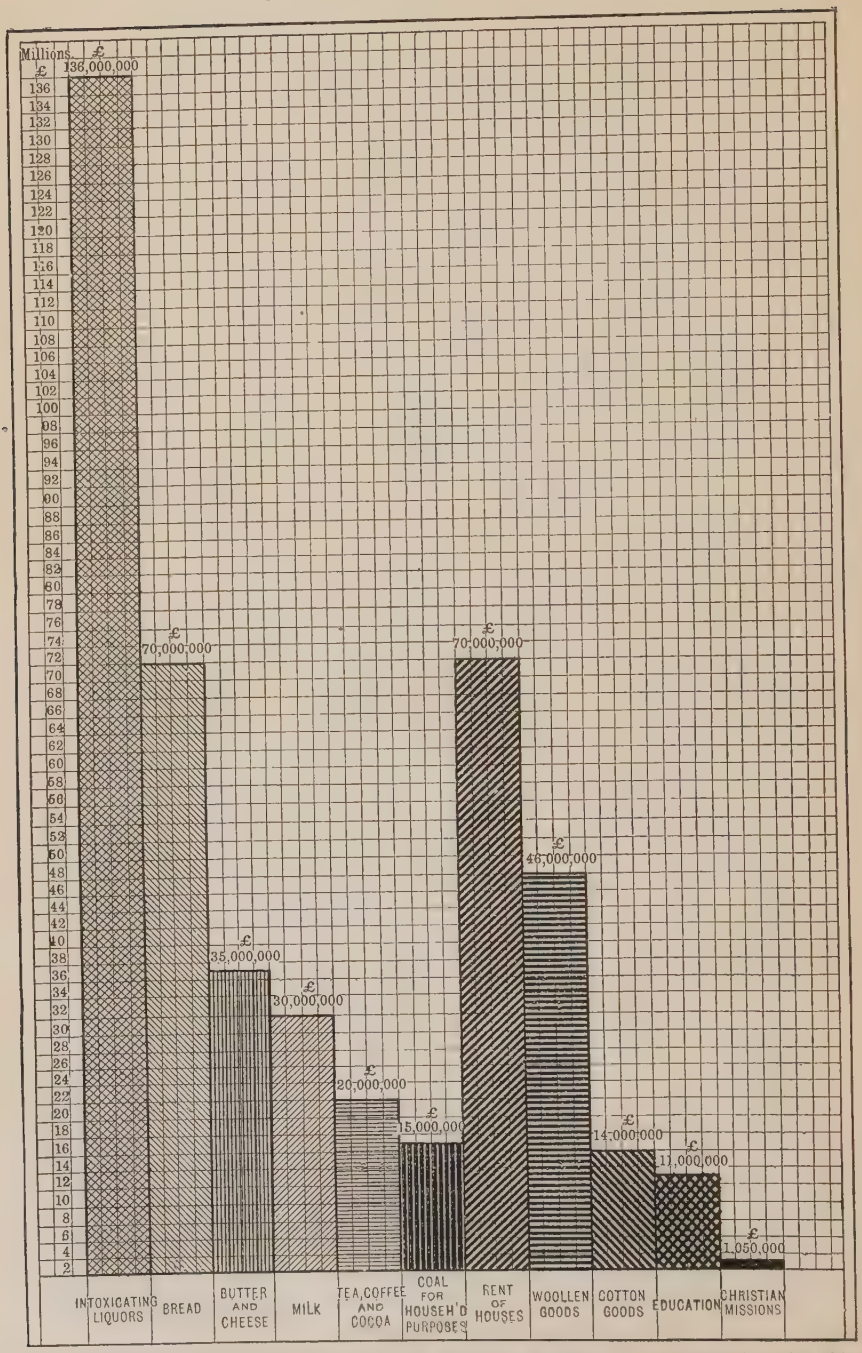


Diagram illustrating the average expenditure of England on drink as compared with other things.

pense of more than a million and a half of money, has secured an increase of less than half a person per cent. per annum *at home;* while in its *foreign* missions, under the labours of 130 missionaries, at an expense of only £12,000, it has been blessed with additions at the rate of about 16 per cent. per annum. Sown on the virgin soil of heathendom the seed yields thirtyfold; sown on the exhausted soil of Christendom it does not yield onefold!

Our Lord bade us seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, promising that food, raiment, and other things should, if we did so, be added unto us. How far is enlightened Christian England obeying this command? Let this diagram reply!

The nation that spends on alcohol a hundred and thirty-six millions per annum spends little more than one million for the extension of the kingdom of God on earth, for the proclamation of the gospel among the heathen. Comparing the Christian missions column with the drink column, it is almost invisible!

If a tithe only of the sum sacrificed in the worship and service of the drink demon were laid on the altar of Christ, the Christian Church would have means sufficient to evangelize the world in this generation! But last and lowest on the list of objects of expenditure comes the giving of the bread of life to the heathen! And yet our Master said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"; and His last commandment was, "Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature."

A Trumpet Call to Christians.

BY H. G. G.

O CHURCH of the living God,
  Awake from thy sinful sleep!
Dost thou not hear yon awful cry
  Still sounding o'er the deep?
Is it naught that one out of every three
  Of all the human race
Should in China die, having never heard
  The gospel of God's grace?
Canst thou shut thine ear to the awful sound,
  The voice of thy brother's blood?
A million a month in China
  Are dying without God!

Oh! speak not of the noble few
  Who the gospel sickle wield,
And reap some sheaves with weary hand
  On the edge of its harvest field;
For beyond their utmost efforts
  Four hundred millions lie,
And a thousand preachers were all too few
  To reach them ere they die!
But hear, oh! hear ye, for yourselves
  The voice of your brother's blood!
A million a month in China
  Are dying without God!

O watchman of God, thou seest
  The sword of destruction come,
Why soundest thou not the warning
  'Mid the hosts of heathendom?
God says that if thou warnest not
  The wicked at His command,
He shall perish—but his blood shall be
  Required at thy hand!
Oh! cleanse thy hands from murder,
  From the stain of thy brother's blood;
Two million a month of heathen
  Are dying without God!

And ye who cannot go, oh! help
  With the wondrous weapon, prayer;
While ye uplift your hands at home,
  The Cross shall triumph there.
And give ye freely from your store
  To the warriors in the field;
The more you give to you the more
  Barrel and cruse shall yield.
So only can you cleanse your hands
  From the guiltiness of blood;
Two million a month of heathen
  Are dying without God!

Chapter II.

OUR INSTITUTE, AND WHY WE FOUNDED IT.

It was the knowledge of facts such as those mentioned in the last chapter that led to the foundation, in 1872, of our East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. We had travelled a good deal in all the four quarters of the world, and seen for ourselves the condition, not only of Protestant, but of Roman Catholic, Greek Church, Mohammedan, and heathen peoples in different parts of the earth, and we had read and heard much of other parts which we had not personally visited.

We had come in contact also, in connection with our evangelistic work in Great Britain and America, with large numbers of Christian young men, some of whom had been converted to God in the revivals of 1859 and subsequent years, and who were filled with love and zeal, longing to give their lives to the service of Christ, but for whose service in the gospel there seemed to be little opening in these Christian lands. We were deeply impressed with the conviction that a great amount of precious spiritual power was being allowed to run to waste—power which ought for every reason to be turned to account on behalf of heathendom. Many of these men were well adapted for missionary work, and perfectly willing to devote their lives to it; but they were not likely ever to get into it unless they were helped to secure, first, *a suitable training* for it, and, secondly, *an introduction into it.*

We realized that the existing agencies, the missionary societies already devoted to the great task of evangelizing the world, were totally inadequate to accomplish it. It was admitted and confessed by all that they could never overtake the work, and we felt that there was needed, as regards missions, the same change that had passed over the Christian world as regards the home ministry. Fifty years ago, Christian work at home was supposed to be the duty of a certain ministerial class only; the ministry was a "pro-

fession" like the law or medicine, and those who were not in the profession held themselves exonerated from responsibility to seek and save the lost, or to serve God in the gospel. Already such unscriptural notions had melted away as regards the evangelization of our home heathen, and it had come to be realized that the work belonged to the Church and not to any section of it, and that *every member* of the Church should take part in it, according to his special ability; noblemen, gentlemen, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, and scholars, as well as ministers, working men, and working women,—all were wanted, all were called, and all were blessed. But there still lingered among us

THE UNSCRIPTURAL NOTION

that a certain class only, professional missionaries, had any responsibility about evangelizing the heathen. We felt that the sooner that notion followed the other the better, as it was equally contrary to the word of God. The responsibility to obey Christ's last great command, Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature,—rests on all who have the *power* to do so; and it will rest on them as long as there are in our world a thousand millions of heathen men and women perishing in ignorance of the way of salvation. The notion that highly cultured and university trained men alone should be sent out to the foreign field, though endorsed by the action of most of the societies, was, we thought, hindering the spread of the gospel. The few experiments that had then been tried of a different course of action had been eminently successful. Highly cultured men are, of course, needed in missionary work, and are essential to its highest prosperity; they are needed to do literary work, to reduce unwritten tongues, to translate the Scriptures; and such ought to be, and sometimes are, best suited to train and teach native evangelists, to lead and organize, to direct and to originate. But were they the *only* men needed? Did any army consisting of officers only ever march to victory? were not rank and file required as well? And did not the mission army need such, hundreds and thousands of them? Was it essential that *all*, or even the great majority, of missionaries should be scholarly gentlemen, who would expect and require a good income of £300 to £500 a year? Did the ninety per cent. of the population of China who cannot even read, or the savages of

Central Africa or the New Hebrides, demand teachers of a higher stamp than do the working classes in these countries? Should we not esteem it a great waste of resources to insist that all home and city missionaries should be classical scholars? And are not workers of all classes required among the heathen as much as at home?

Many a young man came to us for counsel, eagerly longing to consecrate his life to missionary work, but without either the leisure or the means, or perhaps even the inclination, for a long and elaborate course of study. Intelligent artisans, young clerks in banks and offices, assistants in shops, the sons of farmers, mates of vessels, shipbuilders, and other skilled mechanics, tradesmen of all sorts, teachers, and others, were found as willing and anxious to serve Christ among the heathen as ministers and gentlemen could be.

We asked ourselves, were these brave, resolute young spirits, full of the ardour of first love, many of them full of grace and of natural ability and power, to be set aside as valueless? Would Christ have refused the co-operation of such because they were poorly educated or of humble birth? Had He no place for them in the foreign mission field, He who chose fishermen for His own companions and apostles? Were they not rather the very men needed for the glorious but rough work of pioneering in the untouched portions of heathendom? Their practical knowledge and their habits of steady industry and endurance of toil and hardness, were surely as useful a preparation for certain spheres of service as the trained mental ability of other men for other spheres. We remember that when of old Solomon's temple was to be erected, and even previously to that, when the tabernacle in the wilderness was to be constructed, helpers of all kinds were required to accomplish the work, and an immense variety of such were provided by God, and specially endowed with the peculiar talents adapting them for their respective tasks. We read, "They came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted," to the help of Moses; "and all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands; . . . and the rulers brought precious stones." God filled all the voluntary workers with "wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, . . . and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work. Then wrought

Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary."

We knew that it was the design of God that it should be the same in the rearing of His spiritual sanctuary, the temple of living stones; that in the Church there were "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit"; differences of operation, but the same God working all in all; and that "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary, and the Spirit "divides to every man severally as He will." No house could be built by architects only, nor with big stones only. Masons and carpenters are equally needful to the work, and small stones are wanted for small places. God gives to a hundred men one or two talents, to a few only, *ten*—proving that He does not require all His servants to be of one class, or to do one work.

We saw a terrible *lack* of workers, on the one hand, and an abundant but unutilized *supply*, on the other; and the question presented itself forcibly to our minds, Might we not become a link that should unite the two, a channel through which the supply might flow to the points where it was needed? Could we not offer to some of those young servants of God an opportunity of proving themselves, whether or no they were fit for the work to which they aspired, the high and holy work which, while in one sense simple, is in other senses *most* difficult, needing not only great grace, much self-denial and perseverance, but superior intelligence, ability, and force of character—not necessarily much learning, but certainly much native talent? On the other hand, to encourage and send out untried and untrained men to undertake this task were clearly folly;

"LET SUCH FIRST BE PROVED"

is a dictate of common sense as well as a precept of Scripture. Paul said to Timothy, as regards the truths of the gospel which he had taught him, "the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." We were deeply convinced that before men are sent forth to do missionary work among the heathen ability for it should be practically tested, and, when found to exist, developed by practice in missionary work at home. The prepara-

tion for all ordinary work consists in *the actual doing of it*, not merely in gaining a theoretical knowledge of how it ought to be done. There seems to be no good reason why mission work should be an exception to the rule.

And quite apart from this essential practical training for the work, we realized that the class of men whom we desired to help would require a certain measure of definite instruction also. We did not think that it would be desirable to teach them classics and mathematics, but rather to ground them well in general knowledge, to sow in their minds the seeds of truth on many questions for future germination, to give them main outlines and fundamental principles rather than to crowd their memories with minor details. A missionary should know something of everything. He is to be a traveller; he should know something of scenes through which he may have to pass, and should therefore have a fair idea of the world's geography. In his often lonely journeys the open volume of the planetary and starry firmament will meet his eye; should he not be able to decipher its golden letters? He may have to steer his course over trackless waters or sandy deserts, and will be better oft if able to calculate his latitude and longitude; he may be deprived of ordinary means of measuring time, and should have the ability to construct a sundial; he should be able to explain the reason of solar and lunar eclipses—mysterious and often fearful phenomena to heathen minds. His distant sphere of labour may have a vegetation very different from that to which he is accustomed. His eyes should be trained to detect its revelation of the wisdom and goodness of God. A general knowledge of the elements of botany may help him, besides, to discriminate between poisons and food, and to select natural products for purposes of healing. He may be placed far away from any skilled physician, and have to be, not only his own doctor, but that of others; how invaluable therefore even a slight knowledge of the first principles of anatomy and physiology, and of the use of certain simple medical and surgical aids!

Of all men, a missionary should be a man of *general intelligence;* and without a measure of cultivation, intelligence on these and similar subjects is impossible. He should also be enough of a practical mechanic to know how to supplement physical strength by the use of the mechanical forces. He may have to build his house, to make his furniture, to till his garden, to cook his food, to make his clothes and mend them, as well as to work the printing press,

etc.; and knowledge on all such subjects will be valuable. Then it is essentially important that he should know the world's history, at least so far as to perceive the background of Bible facts. In addition to a knowledge of Jewish history as contained in Scripture, he should be acquainted with the history of the chosen people during the interval between the two Testaments, and with the judgments which have fallen on them since their rejection of the Messiah. Nor should he be ignorant of the history of Christianity, its early triumphs and subsequent corruptions, the origin and progress of existing apostasies, the story of the Reformation, etc. He should also be acquainted with the history of modern missions and eminent missionaries, for such records are full of warning, instruction, and encouragement peculiarly suited to his own case. Then he must have grammatical knowledge, for it will greatly facilitate his acquisition of a foreign tongue to understand the construction of his own.

He is to teach the word of God; it will conduce to his accurate acquaintance with its text to be able to read at least the New Testament in the original Greek. But above all, it is with the truth taught in the text that a missionary's mind should be thoroughly furnished. He should be taught to understand the Bible as a whole, and the doctrinal teachings of the Bible in their variety and harmony. He needs to be imbued, not only with knowledge about the Bible, but with the Bible itself, with its soul-converting and soul-sustaining truths. It will have to be the support of his life and the instrument of his labours, and it should therefore be the main object of his study; and in order also to answer the questions of inquirers and the objections of adversaries, he should be able to state the external and internal grounds on which we believe it to be authentic and Divine; and knowledge to one who is to occupy the position of a teacher is essential, and the mind is strengthened and enlarged by study. A measure of mental culture is besides a preservative against prejudice and presumption, narrow-mindedness and conceit. It is well for us all to know how little we know, that we may through life retain the spirit of learners, and exhibit the grace of humility.

After much prayerful consideration, we resolved therefore to make an attempt to open a Training Home and simple College for missionary volunteers, and the East of London was selected as a suitable locality, inhabited as it is by a million of the working classes, multitudes of whom have, as is well known, lapsed into practical

heathenism, and are in almost as deep need of earnest missionary efforts as Hindus or Chinese.

It is one thing however to see what ought to be done, and another to do it. The moment practical action is attempted in any new line of things a legion of difficulties make their appearance, and unbelief suggests that they are so serious that it is scarcely worth while to try. In this case the obstacles which presented themselves were various. Should we find suitable men willing to throw up their prospects in life and their home associations, without any certain assurance of remunerative employment as missionaries at the end of their course of training? We could train such men if we found them, though it would need many a meeting, many an address, many a journey, and much correspondence to find them; and should we be able to secure for them openings and support when trained? We did not propose to become a missionary society; how would the men then get out into the field?

And, further, *how were the expenses of such a Training Home to be met?* They were not designed for gentlemen of means, who can, if so inclined, secure for themselves every advantage, but for young men who, being earnestly desirous of missionary work, gifted for it, and suited to it, were prevented from making preparation for it by the duty of labouring for their daily bread—men who, in giving themselves to the Lord's work, were giving all they had to give. Most of them would probably require two or three years of preparation, and in the case of those who desired to study medicine, a much longer time. It would be needful, not only to support each man during his course of study, but to provide suitable tutors, lecturers, and helpers of various kinds, to undertake missions among the irreligious classes of the people—so as to provide a training ground for the students—and, finally, to meet the passage and outfit expenses necessary to enable men when ready to reach the sphere of their future labour. All this would involve an outlay in proportion to the numbers trained, and, in any case, considerable. Buildings would have to be provided and furnished; books and apparatus would be needful; and where were the funds for all these to come from?

We had none! And it added to the difficulty of the position that we belonged to no one denomination of the Church in particular, and so had no ready-made constituency to depend upon. For fifteen years we had been evangelizing among all denominations and

in various countries; we wished to receive men from all denominations and of all nationalities, and to send them out to preach the one gospel common to all the evangelical sections of the Church. Hence the proposed Institute could evidently have

NO DENOMINATIONAL CONNECTIONS OR SUPPORT.

It would have to depend on God and on those of His people whose hearts embrace all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. These, alas! are but a small minority anywhere. To discover them, to interest them in our project, and to secure their practical help, was evidently no light task. Then again we should have to leave our pleasant home in the city of Bath, and take our little ones into the comparatively unfavourable surroundings of East London, for the work would need personal supervision; it would also largely curtail our own power of ministry; and many other difficulties suggested themselves. To them all there was but one answer: if it were God's will that such an effort should be made to help His young servants to serve Him more effectually, to multiply the number of ambassadors for Christ among the heathen, He would help, He would prosper, He would bless. Is anything too hard for the Lord? We remembered that difficulties always look worst at a distance, as a hill sometimes, as you approach it, appears almost perpendicular and quite inaccessible, yet is easily scaled when you reach it.

The first thing was to get on to the field of action. We thought we might take it as an indication of Divine guidance if we were helped to do this. It costs a good round sum to remove a large household and all their belongings to a distance of a hundred miles! Our family already at that time numbered fourteen, and some of its members were infant children, and one was very aged. The first friend to whom we mentioned our project cordially endorsed it, and said of his own accord, "I will gladly hand you £200 to enable you to remove to London and get to work." We accepted this as guidance, and lost no time in starting our enterprise. We speedily found a roomy, old-fashioned house in Stepney Green, where we commenced operations in a very simple way. As the result of missionary addresses delivered by Mr. Guinness in various parts of the country, applications were received from about a hundred young men who wished to consecrate themselves to the

service of Christ among the heathen. Many of these had more *desire* for the work than adaptation to it. Some were too young and some too recently converted to make their immediate reception advisable; but thirty-two were selected and received during the first year, who had all been more or less voluntarily engaged in the Lord's work for some time previously, devoting to it such leisure as they could command. Some of these belonged to the Church of England, others were Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, or Wesleyans. As to nationality, two were French, one was a Russian, one a Hindu, one a Syrian, several were Scotch and Irish, and there were Englishmen from all parts of the country. They varied in age and in attainments; some had unmistakable gifts as preachers, and all had more or less of this essential qualification.

Wishing to preserve habits of practical industry and usefulness, we kept scarcely any servants, but, as many hands make light work, the household duties were rapidly accomplished, and both health and spirits were improved by variety of occupation. The morning hours were devoted to study and the evenings to evangelistic work, visiting from house to house, open air preaching, and holding meetings in halls and chapels in and around London. Thus the men were brought in contact with multitudes of the wretched and depraved. In Stepney, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Limehouse, and Shadwell they met infidels, Romanists, Jews, French and German immigrants, and Asiatics of various classes. They had free access to the lodging houses, and to hundreds of more respectable dwellings, in the miles of narrow and populous streets, which stretch around this neighbourhood in every direction. Thousands of conversations on the things of God were held with people plunged in ignorance and vice; but open-air preaching was the *principal* work of the students.

The value of this mode of labour as a preparation for missionary work is exceedingly great. It is one that cultivates an aggressive spirit, boldness, and self-command; simplicity, directness, and earnestness of style; an extemporaneous delivery, and an interesting, striking manner of presenting Divine truths. The open air preacher has first to gather his congregation, then to hold it to him by sustaining its attention, and that in spite of surrounding noises and distractions, and this with nothing but the simple power of his words. He has to suit his style to the roughest and most ignorant of his auditors, as well as to the most cultivated; to meet objections, to answer questions, to quiet disturbances, and to win an entrance

FUNERAL CEREMONY IN

S COUNTRY, INDO-CHINA.

for unwelcome truths into the minds and hearts of persons neglecting or rejecting the word of God. Mr. Guinness used himself to lead the men out in this work. The broad Mile End Waste, thronged by thousands of the working classes, Victoria Park with its infidel lecturers, and other spots were frequented; and even foreigners, who are somewhat timid as to such aggressive methods of evangelizing, soon gained courage and became open air preachers.

In the second year of our work we had out-grown the quarters in Stepney Green, which were moreover in many ways ill adapted to the purposes of a college. We were providentially led to the premises which are still the head-quarters of the mission,

Harley House, Bow.

It is difficult in East London to find any capacious dwelling, and especially one which has land attached to it. The following extract from the Report of the year 1874 will give an idea of the London quarters which are still occupied by the Institute:

Harley House is neither so old nor so ugly as 29, Stepney Green. It is more substantial and more convenient, considerably larger also, and capable of further enlargement. Though by no means a modern house, it has been modernized by its late occupier—a gentleman who, being an architect by profession, expended to the best advantage the sum he laid out upon it, in alterations and additions, which are radical improvements. It stands in the great thoroughfare of East London, the Bow Road. As we hope many of our kind friends will pay us a visit, we will add that omnibuses from the Bank, and trams from Aldgate, pass the door every five minutes.

The disadvantages of Harley House are therefore the dust and noise of a busy thoroughfare, where there is an incessant traffic from four in the morning until long past midnight. But as it stands a little back from the road, and has a small garden with high trees in front, the noise is endurable when the windows are shut, and its inmates can hear each other speak even when they are open. The high trees form a valuable blind to screen us from the sun, and give besides some measure of privacy, without quite depriving the passengers on the tops of the trams and omnibuses of a view of what goes on inside.

But the beauty of Harley House lies all at the back! Many friends who come to see us labour under the popular delusion that nothing even passably decent is to be found in the poor plebeian "East of London." As to meeting anything in the least degree pleasant or pretty in Stepney, Limehouse, Bow, and Poplar, they have considered that an impossibility! We have seen such open their eyes with astonishment, on looking through the glass panels of our front door, to see fine old fruit trees throwing their pleasant shadows over a good lawn in a garden of an acre in extent, filled with flowers and refreshed by a fine fountain!

We have been amused indeed at times at the hesitation with which some of our friends have treated an invitation to Bow. "Is it not a—a—*very* disagreeable neighbourhood?" "Do you find it tolerably healthy?" "How do your dear

children stand the close atmosphere?" etc., etc. We are in honour bound to justify our ancient and respectable suburb from such insinuations! True its noise is trying, its dirt and dust disagreeable, and its atmosphere anything but invigorating. We sometimes gasp for a fresh breeze, and sigh for other sights than a never-ending succession of omnibuses and market carts, and for other sounds than the shriek of the railway whistle and the tinkle of the tram-bell. But when we recall the lot of our missionary friends in the narrow lanes and streets of undrained Chinese cities, unable to secure in their comfortless dwellings even privacy from rude and curious crowds, or freedom from fever-breeding odours, we feel the lines have fallen unto us in comparatively pleasant places, and that we have good reason to be content with such things as we have. We know many a worse place that has a better reputation, and for our own part would quite as soon live in the broad, cheerful, airy Bow Road, as in many a dull, confined, and built up West-end square, or in many an elevated, cage-like apartment on the palace-lined Boulevards of Paris.

But it was not on account of its attractions (such as they are) that we selected the East of London as the place for our Mission Training Home, but on account of its necessities; and even at Harley House we are constantly reminded of these. As we pen these lines at midnight, sounds that never disturb the echoes of the West-end squares are paining our ears, and reminding us that there are multitudes around us whose highest enjoyments are found in the lowest sensual indulgences, and who cannot, as do some, conceal the fact under veils of refinement and gentility.

We are surrounded by a million of the working classes, multitudes of whom live in open and habitual neglect of even the forms of religion. We have in our immediate neighbourhood extensive factories and works of various kinds, employing thousands of hands—the handsomest building in the district is the workhouse infirmary, nearly opposite Harley House; the suffering and dying of the huge "London Hospital" are within easy access; as also the Tower with its garrison of soldiers; the docks, with their ample opportunities for evangelizing among various nationalities; and the Asiatic Home, where orientals of all sorts are constantly coming and going. Mission work abounds on every hand all round our Institute.

We needed Harley House because we had outgrown Stepney Green. Every living thing grows, more or less rapidly for a time, and growth is generally greatest at first. Our little work has grown so rapidly, in spite of some adverse circumstances, during its second year, that we are inclined to hope it has a strong constitution, is likely to survive the dangers of infancy, and do some good in the world by-and-by. It has more than doubled its proportions in every direction, since we last wrote; some of our kind friends and advisers fear lest it should grow too rapidly for its strength, but we, who watch its development with parental interest, observe no signs of weakness, and hope, by the continued blessing of God, to see it early attain a vigorous maturity. Our lives are so brief, and already so far spent, that we are intensely anxious to do all we can while we can, in order that it may become a real blessing in the earth; and that it will, by the help of God, do this, is our earnest expectation and our hope.

During the second year we received about fifty additional students, and this though we were careful to strip the prospect of missionary service of any false halo of attractiveness, which mere sentimentality would throw around it, and to place its dark and painful

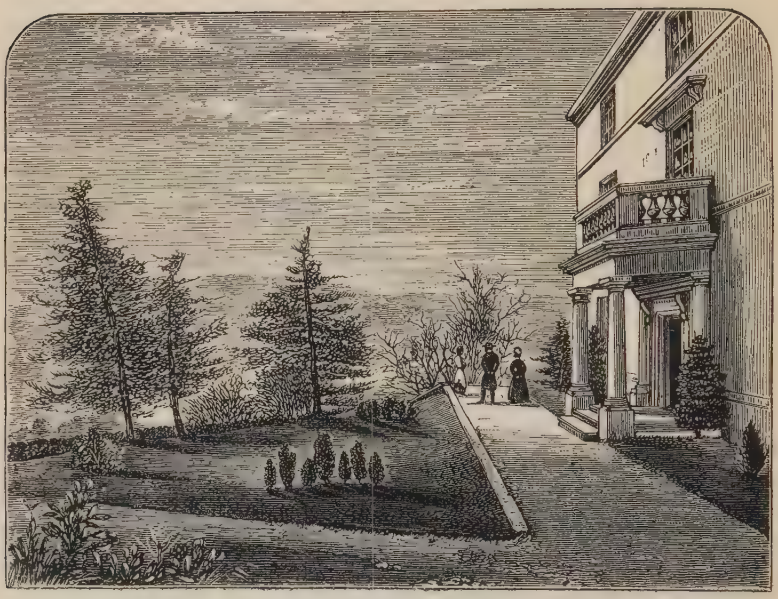
side, as well as its brighter one, before each volunteer. Self-sacrifice is demanded of every missionary. We reminded young men of the perils by sea and by land, the perils to health and to life itself, which awaited them; of the arduous and uninteresting mental toil involved in the acquirement of new languages; of the pain of prolonged separation from Christian associations and family connections; of the saddening sense of isolation which attends residence among the heathen, and of the discouragements arising from apparently fruitless labour; of the difficulty of grappling with the indifference and unbelief of the human heart, through the medium of a foreign tongue, and in those whose thoughts and feelings are at best imperfectly understood; of the utter absence of any hope of earthly gain or advancement which characterizes a missionary career, and of its other trying but inseparable accompaniments. It is in full view of these things that our young brethren responded to the Master's call, with a "Here am I, send me," and came to us to prepare themselves for their life-work. During that year also

OUR FIRST BAND OF TWELVE MISSIONARIES

went out. From China, Japan, India, Burma, Arabia, Africa, both east, west, and south, from Mexico, Rio Janeiro, Demerara, and the West Indies, as well as from New Zealand and Australia, and many spheres at home, we had already received invitations to send out young labourers into the vineyard. We could not, of course, respond to many of these so early in the day, as we were anxious to give the men a *fair* amount of training before they went forth; but we responded to a few. We hung over the dining-room chimney-piece at Harley House a frame holding a dozen photograph portraits of "OUR FIRST TWELVE." Never did we look at a picture of any kind with more interest! It carried our minds back to the workroom or office, to the hall or chapel, where we first met each one of these dear labourers, to the vessel's deck where we took our last farewell of them; and it carried us away in thought to lively Japanese towns, to the crowded cities and junk-traversed waters of China, to the scorching plains of India and Burma, and to the simple Kaffir kraals of South Africa, as well as to many other scenes in which "our first twelve" were soon located. It carried our minds *forward* too, to the great harvest home, where, as we hoped and believed, each would appear, by the grace of God,

laden with precious sheaves, and where, if never before, we should meet them again. Looking at them as the vanguard of a host to follow, we rejoiced and hoped. We loved them almost as sons—remembered them as dear young brethren with whom we had worked in the gospel, joined in praise and prayer, and to whom we were linked in bonds of almost family affection. Our hearts yearned with desire for their peace, prosperity, and success, and those who remained behind were the more drawn out to the foreign field, because their companions were already in it. In a later chapter we must give particulars of the subsequent career of some of these men, in view of which we often thank God and take courage.

STREET SCENE IN CHINA.



ENTRANCE TO CLIFF HOUSE.

Chapter III.

A COUNTRY BRANCH.

OUR THIRD YEAR brought an additional enlargement in the shape of the opening of a country branch of the Institute. Very unexpectedly to ourselves, but we doubt not in the good providence of God, a lady, resident in Derbyshire, who had come to the conclusion to devote a small estate there to the work of training missionaries, was led to ask us to undertake the working and management of it. The place was situated in the prettiest part of the Peak of Derbyshire, and in a remarkably healthful and bracing climate, and the brief experience which we had by that time gained of East London work made us realize that it would not be desirable to keep young men studying and working there during the *whole* period of their training. Great advantages for practical missionary training and for education are counterbalanced by some disad-

vantages. We felt that in many cases, and especially where a long course was desirable, *health* would be better preserved and *preliminary studies* pursued with more benefit, amid the quiet, healthful influences of the country than amid the distractions and temptations of London life. And while for some spheres, such as India and China, training in town evangelization is to be desired, yet for others, such as the interior of Africa, familiarity with country life and practice in rural evangelization is of much more importance.

There were thirty towns and villages within easy reach of Clift House, the property alluded to; and one of the great desires of the donor was that North Derbyshire itself should receive benefit from the labours of the men to be trained there. No funds were attached to this grant, nor were the trustees willing to undertake any pecuniary responsibility in connection with it. We hesitated a good deal before undertaking this additional responsibility, foreseeing that great expense would have to be incurred in adapting the place to its purpose, furnishing it, and carrying on a branch of the work there.

We were led however to accept the offer, and

HULME CLIFF COLLEGE, CURBAR,

became henceforth a branch of our work, scarcely second in importance to the London one. We could easily and profitably have laid out a thousand pounds in preliminary operations, but having only a tithe of that sum in hand, we were obliged to go to work on a most economical scale, and attempt only what was absolutely needful. We wrote that year:

Mr. Guinness took down a "volunteer corps" of our students, consisting of six practical carpenters, joiners, painters, and glaziers, and set them to work. They willingly gave up their studies for the time, much as they valued them, and for some months in the depth of winter—when country highlands are anything but attractive to strangers—they cheerfully took up their abode in the lonely, uninhabited house, and addressed themselves to a heavy task, as the place, having stood empty for some years, was a good deal out of repair.

They painted the outside of the house, rehung most of the windows, eased and repaired rusty hinges and locks throughout, whitewashed ceilings, papered rooms, and mended floors that had been attacked by dry rot. They refloored and repaired the greenhouse, which was in ruins; repaired the roofs, and cleared the obstructed lead pipes and gutters; cleaned out the numerous stone cisterns about the premises, in which quantities of sediment and *débris* had accumulated. They lowered the entire floor of one large barn, to convert it into a dormitory; made a staircase up to it, and several windows and doors in it, altering and arranging the out-houses so as to adapt them for lavatories, bath-rooms, etc.

At the same time they kept up the services and the Sunday school in the chapel on the premises, and on Sundays some of them preached also in the villages around. Their help in this line was warmly and kindly appreciated, and invitations came in so quickly, that many had to be declined. Village chapels were glad to secure the services of "a student" from London (!). One day a worthy deacon from the chapel of a neighbouring town, who had not yet made their acquaintance, came up to Cliff to invite one of them to preach on the following Sunday. When he arrived, they were engaged in an exceedingly dirty operation of *démolition*, as the French call it, and to preserve themselves from the showers of dust, had literally clothed themselves in sackcloth, having made a hole in the bottom of a sack for the head, and others for the arms. Their work had covered them with dust, so that in their "sackcloth and ashes" they presented a strangely unministerial and unscholastic appearance. The deacon, addressing himself to one of them, expressed his wish to see one of the "students," and was politely informed that the wish was already fulfilled. "You ! ! *a student !*" he exclaimed, with a look of unfeigned astonishment and incredulity, surveying the dirty object before him. Then walking away, he inquired of a man whom he knew, and who happened to be standing near, were those fellows *really* the "students from London." Being assured that it was even so, he entered into conversation with the men (who having in the meantime thrown off their sacks, presented a slightly improved appearance), and accepted their apologies for their uncouth costume. On the following Sunday he and his fellow worshippers were reminded that a man may labour successfully in word and doctrine on the Lord's day, even after having laboured in bricks and mortar during the week.

It must be admitted however that our men did not find this double work particularly easy just then, for they were so anxious to press on with their building operations that they really had no time for study. Yet they managed pretty well, for, as one of them said afterwards: "We felt, you know, that

THE CREDIT OF THE INSTITUTE WAS AT STAKE.

In the surrounding villages the people expected us to be great guns, coming from London, and having been at Moody's meetings, so we resolved to *be* great guns, if we could ! Sometimes we sat up late at night to study; and we were always reading and remembering and thinking more or less over our "subjects" while we were at our work; jotting down the bright ideas that struck us, as we sawed and planed and fitted and painted; talking over them together at meals, and praying together in our times of leisure; so that, by the time Sunday came, we were generally pretty full of good things, and wanting to give them forth. We used to start bright and early in the winter mornings for our long walk through the snow in very good spirits, for the preaching work seemed all the more delightful by contrast. We walked sometimes ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles (there and back), and often got home very late. We used to keep up our courage, both in our weekly work and on our Sunday walks, by singing 'Hold the Fort,' 'Daniel's Band,' and such soul-stirring strains, and we felt we were learning one sort of lesson if not another."

Very kind was the welcome they received from some of the Christian villagers. At Ashford and Longstone, at Ashover and Brampton, at Baslow, Curbar, Calver, Stoney Middleton, Edensor, Grindleford Bridge, Froggatt, Eyam, Tideswell, Foolow, and elsewhere, they preached in the chapels of the various denominations.

HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, LONDON, E.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EAST LONDON INSTITUTE FOR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In the course of the same year we found that it would be needful to add a wing to Harley House, in order to afford the students a more spacious class-room. The estimated cost was nearly £1,000, and we had nothing in hand for the purpose; and moreover, before we could commence the alteration, it was necessary to buy the house, which at that time we were only renting. Thinking however that the prosperity of the work seemed to demand this, we prayed for help and guidance, and made known the need among our Christian friends. God graciously prospered the effort. The lease was purchased, thus relieving us of the payment of rent; and a noble-hearted friend who happened to call one afternoon, looking over the plans and perceiving the need of the alteration, sent the following day a brief but very kind note, promising £400 towards the expenses. We thanked God and took courage. Donations of £100 also came in from three other friends, and a room capable of seating 150 was erected, together with a number of others; one for a printing room, one for a book and tract store, another for a shoemakers' room and tailoring department, and a fourth as a reading room and museum. In these the students were instructed in various handicrafts.

SEVERAL MISSION HALLS IN EAST LONDON,

of which we had long felt the need, were also opened this year. On one square mile near Harley House a hundred and fifty thousand people reside, as many as live in all Bristol and Clifton! In such crowded neighbourhoods scores of mission halls are wanted.

It was not easy to find suitable places. There were several large, cheerless, desolate, dirty-looking, old, and deserted chapels; but the very aspect of these, with their rows of old-fashioned, high-backed pews, would have repelled the classes we wanted to attract. They would have had to be converted themselves before anybody would have been likely to be converted in them; for it is vain to expect that services conducted in such dismal, sepulchral places should rival the attractions of the brilliant and beautiful gin-palaces by which they are surrounded. The children of this world, wiser in their generation than the children of light, think it worth their while to pull down the shabby, old, inconvenient public-house, and to build on the same spot one more suited to the tastes of the age, that they may retain their hold on the people. Christian Churches, on the contrary, abandon altogether their old chapels in decaying neighbourhoods for pleasanter and more modern ones in better situations, leaving the poor to the attractions of the gin-palace and the dancing saloon, instead of transforming the old chapel into a pleasant mission hall, and putting in to work it a popular missionary, suited to the classes dwelling around the building. It is a deplorable fact, but so it is; and it is easily explained.

The public-houses are self-supporting; the worse the neighbourhood the better they pay. The mission hall, on the other hand, must be sustained from without; it can no more be self-supporting than a mission among the heathen. No want of it is felt, no wish for it exists, among the people. It must be aggressive and intrude itself at first, and work its way among those who, the greater their need of its influence, have the greater objection to its existence. No missionary or minister would receive much assistance, even towards the working expenses of the place, much less towards his own support, in these localities. The funds must, in the first place at any rate, come from outside. The man who undertakes to work such spheres must either himself give, or get from others, the means to do so; the consequence is that, few having zeal or energy enough to undertake such a double burden, the deserted old chapels continue

"to let." We did think of trying one in Spitalfields, but foresaw that without larger funds at our disposal it would be a failure. We had to forego working in the localities most of all requiring help, and to content ourselves with those in which we could obtain suitable places.

In Old Ford we found a sign-painter's shed, covered with gay-coloured devices of "rum" and "brandy," and with the huge boards that are affixed to public-houses, which the owner was willing to let on moderate terms. We transformed it into a neat, homely little hall, into which neither the poorest nor the most respectable need hesitate to come. Nightly services were held there, and many wanderers reclaimed and many souls saved. The neighbours rejoiced in the existence of this little place in their midst, and a large Sunday school was gathered. We purchased also an iron church, and pitched it at Stratford, in a new and populous district, where scores of fresh streets were getting occupied as fast as they were built. In Bow itself we also secured a small hall holding about three hundred; and in all these places the students found spheres of gospel labour. They assisted also many other missions, and opened a large school in one of the school board buildings in a low neighbourhood near the gas-works. We also started this year a little mission cutter, a boat of thirteen tons, for work on the Thames and in various ports on the coast. Three or four students would live on board this vessel for a few weeks at a time, to evangelize the neighbourhood in which it might be. The vessel was called *The Evangelist*, and was purchased at a very moderate price by a special donation from a Christian gentleman.

A number of students, of some whom we will speak more particularly later on, left us this year for Africa, India, and China, as well as several for Jamaica and the colonies.

It is scarcely needful to say that all who entered the Institute on probation did not prove suitable to be permanently received. One of the most important parts of our work is the testing of volunteers for missionary service. We do not regard money and trouble as thrown away when, after a probation of one or two months, or even more, we are convinced that a young man lacks some essential qualification for missionary work. If he accepts deliberate advice to abandon the thought of becoming a missionary, he and others may have been saved from serious disappointment. Few things can be more distressing than for one who has not the needful physical

mental, and spiritual vigour to find himself alone among the heathen, unable to cope with the difficulties and dangers which surround him. Nor is it a light trial for a society, after having given much trouble and much money, and bestowed sympathy and prayers in connection with the sending forth of an agent, to have him turn out worse than useless—a burden that must at great expense be brought home again. Yet without some means of effectually testing what a man is worth it is impossible to avoid this. A few interviews, correspondence more or less full, and even numerous testimonials, do not sufficiently show what a man really is. Some in whose favour we were prepossessed by all these have disappointed our expectations on further acquaintance; and we are often constrained to prolong a probation for many months ere we can decide on certain cases.

We have the opportunity of testing men pretty thoroughly and in various ways. We test their *physical health* and strength by study, evangelistic work indoors and out, in all sorts of weather, in town and in country, by manual labour and mechanical employments, etc. We test their *mental powers* by six to nine hours a day of close study. Many flag a little under this at first from lack of habits of application, and some break down altogether, and give up of their own accord, to return to former avocations. Such men would have failed in all probability to acquire Chinese or Hindustani. We test their *grace*, their *spirit*, the reality of their devotedness by giving them hard and humble work to do: daily domestic service, manual labour at various handicrafts, selling books at the Bible-stall, tract distribution, visiting the poor, working in little mission halls and ragged schools, etc. If a man objects to, or slurs, these lowly tasks, as beneath his dignity or as disagreeable to his tastes, we question at once whether he possesses the grace, good sense, and self-denial needful for a missionary. Some who have stood the two previous tests do not stand this, and thus show its importance. Young men of mental vigour, and of any ambition, enjoy of course opportunities of gratifying the natural appetite for knowledge and self-improvement. Study tests their intellectual ability, but not their grace. Selfishness can make a good student; but distasteful service, from which no benefit to self can accrue, puts to the proof a man's sense of duty and strength of principle.

But most especially we test *the spiritual power* of applicants by setting them to various forms of evangelistic labour. If they show zeal and love for souls, if they succeed in turning many to righteous-

ness, there can be little doubt they are calculated to be useful missionaries at home or abroad. But if, even though gracious and clever, they lack evangelistic gift and spirit, nothing can compensate for the deficiency, and they have evidently mistaken their vocation in aspiring to the work of a missionary. Temper, amiability, power to work with others, perseverance, and many other points of character get developed in daily contact with a number of brethren; where real worth exists it is sure to be appreciated, and where the reverse is the case it is discovered before long. Yet we feel it right to be very patient, and sometimes wait for months before venturing to give a man decided advice as to his path in life.

The training we endeavoured to give each man was like the testing—physical, mental, and spiritual.

PRACTICAL TRAINING in various useful arts, including medicine, agriculture, gardening, carpentering, printing, navigation, swimming, shoemaking, tailoring, etc., and in habits of activity, order, and industry by dispensing in measure with servants, and requiring some amount of daily attention to domestic affairs.

INTELLECTUAL TRAINING, by cultivating habits of continuous attention and application, and by furnishing the mind with needed information. In addition to biblical and theological instruction, the studies pursued embrace the routine of an English education, when needful, together with Greek, medical and scientific knowledge, and when necessary with a view to future work—modern languages.

EVANGELISTIC TRAINING, by exercising each in school work, street preaching, house-to-house visitation, personal dealing with inquirers, and public preaching in the open air and in buildings.

To preach to orderly Christian congregations from a recognised and respected pulpit would not be much preparation for labour among the heathen. Such a congregation is of course prepared to listen respectfully and sympathetically to the preacher, and there is usually no trouble in gathering or in keeping the people. There is everything in the surroundings to help religious impression; sacred music and sacred song alternate with religious stillness and united prayer, while intelligent attention is bestowed on the preaching, which the congregation have indeed come on purpose to hear.

There is nothing of this sort in heathendom! A man who is only up to work of this proper, conventional type may as well stay at home! The missionary has to press his message on men who have no notion of its importance, no disposition even to hear what

it is about, absurdly false ideas of the preacher's motives for coming amongst them, no substratum of religious knowledge on which to work, no enlightened conscience to respond to appeals as to sin and righteousness and judgment to come, a superstitious credulity which is very far removed from real faith, no habits of order or attention, of reverence or decorum, no sympathy with the preacher's modes of thought, and imperfect comprehension of his language. He must not expect to be either sought, appreciated, or rewarded for his service, nor to find any gratification in it save that of serving Christ and saving men. East London affords opportunity for such preparation.

THE NOISY MILE END WASTE,

with its teeming thousands, gives room for gathering goodly numbers of home heathen to open-air addresses; there the people listen willingly enough to any one who speaks sufficiently loud to be heard. But the man who fails to interest his hearers will soon find it out, for they will quickly drift away and leave him no audience. He must drop all conventionalities, and all pulpit English, if he is to reach their hearts and minds; he must be warm and lively, brief and to the point, sensible and strong. He must study to be evermore adapting himself to the ever varying congregation, making himself a boy to the boys, an old man to the old men, a friend even to the besotted drunkard and slouching criminal. Then again the London lodging houses for tramps and casuals, and homeless waifs and strays, are an admirable training school for acquiring practice in dealing with the degraded and sunken among men. The Sailors' Rest and the Asiatic Home bring our students in contact with foreigners from many lands; the hospital introduces them to the sick and dying; and the parks on a summer afternoon to the free-thinkers and sceptics, the radicals and socialists, as well as to the thoughtless, careless pleasure-seekers who forget God.

The Asiatic Home is a large and substantial building standing in the West India Dock Road, Limehouse, within a couple of miles of the Institute, erected for the reception of oriental waifs of all sorts in London. It provides for them decent board and lodging, of as congenial a kind as is practicable, as well as protection from the villanies of many kinds to which they are exposed in London. Aid is also given in finding them employment, or passages to their homes. They are expected to pay a very moderate sum for all these

advantages, and they have the benefit of the labours of a devoted missionary, who speaks many of their languages.

This Home shelters some five or six hundred persons each year: lascars, firemen, cooks, stewards, servants, Indian conjurors, ayahs, coolies, etc., etc.; natives of India, Burma, Ceylon, China, and other parts; so that the company is generally a strange compound of Malays, Chinese, Africans, Arabs, Japanese, and South Sea Islanders.

Amongst these our oriental students find a sphere in which they can labour to advantage, and very interesting are the incidents which sometimes occur in their gospel work there. Proud and irritable Mohammedans are often roused to violent opposition, and Jews and idolaters will join in the controversy.

TUTOR'S REPORT AS TO PROGRESS IN STUDY.

The Rev. Anson J. Towell, our headmaster, wrote as to that third year:

During the year now closing the men have made no small progress in the various studies of the house, and their mental and moral and social development has been of a satisfactory kind and measure.

The *Bible-classes* have trained them in the habit of seeking, at the very fountain of all truth, the principles of Christian life and work. They have used all helps to ascertain the precise meaning of words and phrases, and when they have once got to know the mind of the Spirit, they have held fast the precious doctrine as a golden treasure.

The *Theological Classes* have helped to give system and proportion to the truths acquired in the Bible studies. But the text-book has always been used in the Bereæan spirit, and the result has been that the systematised truth acquired is in no aspect extra-biblical.

The historical studies too have been conducted in the fear of the Lord. The good old book has been employed as a light to show the operation of the Master behind and above what the mere historian ascribes to human principles as the ultimate account. Thus they have been taught to connect the past and the present and the time yet to come as one whole, in which the same unchanging principles are operative.

In the classes for Greek and Hebrew the men have made some fair progress. They have learnt to regard these studies as parts of the thorough training that a man who is called to devote his life to the ministry of the word should by no means neglect.

In all the classes the fact that the life-work of the man is missionary has been steadily kept in mind. It has never been lost sight of that they will have to present truths, in a majority of instances, to minds and hearts very dark and sinful, and the modes of instruction have therefore been cast in a mould calculated to be specially helpful.

The general discipline and training of the men, the house-work and the practice

of useful arts, has proved highly beneficial in many ways. There is, first of all, the acquisition of many habits that will be of great advantage to them in foreign fields, where *to know how to do* a piece of work is of essential importance. And then there is the no less valuable development of self-help and brotherliness, endowments so needful to the true missionary. Nor must it be forgotten that the physical exercise demanded by housework, gardening, shoemaking, at the forge, in swimming, etc., tends to produce a healthful tone of the frame that renders the hours devoted to study of more avail than they could otherwise be.

It has been pleasing to notice that in the midst of these varied engagements in the house there has been preserved and strengthened, as paramount to all, *the spirit of the evangelist;* the brethren have been instant in season and out of season, proclaiming the good news.

The following year, 1876, we received 43 new students: English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Syrian, Russian, Canadian, American, Spanish, French, Swedish, one from Poland, and one from Egypt. Four of these were converted Jews, two converted Druses, two or three converts from Popery, and the rest belonged to the different evangelical sections of the Protestant Church. Twenty-two missionaries went out in the course of that year: one to Damascus, two to North Spain, three to Kaffraria, South Africa, one to Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa, some to Jamaica, and others to China.

The evangelistic work also made progress, and another mission hall to the previous ones was added, in Devas Street, Bromley. This was in a district of which the policeman warned our students that it was one of the worst on his beat, and that the children gave him "more trouble than any youngsters in London." This fact was accounted for partly by the people being mostly Roman Catholics. A hundred wretched, ragged, wicked little children were gathered by the students into the school, and our hearts were soon gladdened by seeing a greatly increased degree of cleanliness and tidiness, and eager little faces looking up into our own, and drinking in the story of the Saviour's love. Many of them were apparently converted, and small-pox breaking out in the district, two or three were taken to the better world, rejoicing in Jesus.

Gospel work in the villages of Derbyshire was found also to be greatly needed. The difficulties to be met and overcome there are unlike those encountered in London. Stolid, self-satisfied indifference is more prevalent than open vice, and ignorance puts London scepticism out of the question. But in some cases we met with deplorable darkness.

HADDON HALL, NEAR BAKEWELL, DERBYSHIRE.

Calling one day at a very respectable stone house on the roadside, at the top of a hill, on our way home from Castleton, to ask for shelter from an approaching storm, we were kindly received by a well-dressed, nice-looking young wife, with whom we got into conversation. It was a lonely spot, a mile or more from the nearest town. Did she go to church? No! Nor her husband? No! Did she read the Bible at home? No; she was no scholar, she could not read. Had she not been to school? Yes; but they did not learn anything there. Did she know anything about David? No! Or Daniel? No! Had she ever heard of Joseph or Abraham? No! Did she know who Jesus Christ was? No! What! had she never heard of Him? No, she thought not; she did not remember the name. What! not about His being born at Bethlehem, and the angels, and the shepherds? No; she never heard anything at all about it. Was He a man, did she think? She smiled; of course He was, at least she supposed so; what else could He be? Did she know about God? Yes; God made the world. Had she ever heard that God was manifest in the flesh? This was very simply explained till she understood what we meant, and then the question was repeated. No; she had never heard of such a thing; but she was a very bad scholar. Perhaps they might have said that at church or at school; but she never listened or understood what they did say—nobody did. She thought theirs must be a bad school, for though she went regularly when she was a child she never got any the wiser. Had she ever heard how Jesus Christ died? No! how was it? The story was told; she listened to it as to something absolutely new. Only once,

when the word "Holy Ghost" was used, her face brightened, and she said: "Ah! I mind hearing that word about a ghost in church, but I did not know what it meant."

It was affecting to find such ignorance in one of the superior class of the "cottage homes of England," in a well-to-do, thriving young wife, who sat knitting fast, with skilful fingers, a good warm stocking for her husband while she talked with us. The husband, a mill-stone maker, was away at his work. Could he read? Oh, yes! he was a fine scholar. Had they a Bible? Yes, a big one. Did her husband ever read to her? Sometimes of a Sunday. Did the minister ever call to see her? Oh, no; he never called anywhere, as far as she knew. Would she like to learn more, and to be able to read? Oh, yes! she would be very glad, but she did not know how she could.

In lonely hamlets and little villages among the hills and dales of Derbyshire the Cliff students are preaching the gospel from year to year. They have a night-school for men and lads during the winter, and hold temperance as well as religious meetings.

Evangelizing among Sailors.

The cutter *Evangelist* continued her useful work during this year. A Christian worker, who spent a few weeks on board, writes:

Sunday last we began early with a service among a crew of English-speaking foreigners; then we visited four very large steamers and held services fore and aft: in one nearly all the crew were Irish Roman Catholics, and at first I thought there would be no chance of our succeeding, but we had a most encouraging service, which ended with cordial expressions of kindness on their part, and a welcome, if not an eager, reception of tracts and Testaments by all the hands.

The next steamer, "No service ever aboard here, sir!" "So kind of you to come." "How soon will you come again?" and so on.

Then it began to blow and rain; we ran to a snug berth, just in time to escape a heavy "sou-souwester."

August 30th. Yesterday I visited two large German vessels, and spoke and read and sang German hymns to the men; also a French barque from Havre, on which the men, after conversation, freely received "portions" of Scripture. On some of the English vessels too we had good meetings. This evening we sailed over to Cansand and Ringsand, in Cornwall, and I preached at both places, fine openings, but wanted more tracts to give away afterwards. If I were to stop here all the year round, there would be as much work as I could do, and in winter time far more, for double as many ships come into harbour then.

Sept. 2nd. Yesterday we visited sixteen vessels, the last about eight in the evening, far out at sea. I had a long conversation with the mate, a sceptic, in German. Thank God! he seemed much impressed, and quite gave in at length. Meantime Mr. Walker had a talk to the crew, who, though foreigners, understood a little English. The cook's wife, a Spaniard, converted many years ago

CUTTER "EVANGELIST."

rom Popery, offered him a half dollar piece as a memento of the visit! We are to have a service on board, by invitation, on Sunday, as also on another ship near. Coming home, boarded another ship sailing out; and after returning to the cutter were sailing home, singing on deck, "Let the lower lights be burning," when one of the ships in the fleet answered with "Depth of mercy," sung by some fine sailor voices. We joined in this song, and followed with "Whosoever heareth, shout, shout the sound"; and then left the cutter in the little boat in quest of the vessel. It was dark, so we sang "Hold the Fort,' and they responded, so guiding us to a right course. At last we found her, a large, three-masted schooner. They hove us a line, and as I ascended the side the mate

reached me a hard sailor hand, saying, "You are welcome on board the *St. Deverick.*" All soon found their way down to the cabin, where I spoke on Psalm xxxii. ; it was a happy season ! The Lord had been working on board in the conversion of the mate, carpenter, and several of the crew. The captain was not on board, but we learned he was a fine fellow, with one great desire, the salvation of souls, and the Lord gives them to him. We stayed till ten o'clock, and promised to visit them next morning early, that we might see the captain before they put to sea !

Sept. 26th. Last night we went on board the training ship *Ganges ;* had tea, were shown over the ship, and invited the men to join us in a service in the schoolroom at eight. About 400 men and boys were present, the captain, to whom we were introduced, said, "What I say of preachers is this, they do no harm, and they may do some good !" Evidently he had no high opinion of our mission.

Oct. 9th. Do send us a supply of French and Italian gospels and tracts ! To-day we visited twelve Italian and Austrian vessels, eight or ten men on each, and most of them desired a gospel. I have only fifty left. The great demand is for St. John's Gospel ; the more you send of it the better. In it is the gospel declared by the Lord Himself. There is often a demand also for the *Biblia ;* but when I say the Bibles are only for sale, they shrug their shoulders and reply, "Got no money."

Oct. 12th. We have had some rough weather lately. We are going to write and ask one of the brethren to pack up and send us our class-books, that we may continue our studies when work is out of the question.

Oct. 16th. We have visited fifty-five vessels during the past week, chiefly foreigners, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, but we had nothing to give them ! Could not this be remedied ? Are there not Christians who, if they knew of this opening, would give of their substance to put God's word into the hands of these poor sailors ? One vessel we visited was from the west coast of Africa. The men told us that the captain, a coloured man, had treated them like brutes on the voyage, and that they would be glad to get away from him. They seemed thankful for the words we spoke, and a few tracts. Then we went alongside a vessel from Bonny, and a man called out as we approached, "Is it religious, sir ?" "Yes !" "That's good ! Come along !" They had had fever on board, had lost one of their shipmates at Bonny, and had had to throw overboard the body of another at the Scilly Islands. Two had just been sent ashore to the hospital ; the rest, thankful to be spared, were very willing to listen to us.

In a day or two we shall again be wanting Norwegian, Swedish, Greek, Italian, and French tracts and gospels. It must be a trouble to you our writing so often for supplies, but what are we to do ? The vessels are here, the souls of the men are precious, we are here to seek them ; surely if the matter is laid before the Lord in united prayer, and then made known to Christians, we shall be kept supplied.

It was in the course of this year that there occurred

THE TERRIBLE BULGARIAN ATROCITIES,

which inflicted such bitter suffering on multitudes of unhappy Christian towns and villages around Nish and Pirot. One of our students left England in company with a friend, who was devoting himself to the relief of the intolerable distress that prevailed. They visited twenty villages in one district, in which there had been 800 houses and 6,000 inhabitants. They found but 285 houses remaining and a population of 1,100. The survivors from the massacre had fled to Servia. Our student, Mr. Hessenauer, wrote:

Some totally burnt; men, cattle, all gone. In others, half the houses destroyed, and numbers of people packed into those that are left. Others again, though not much burnt, are abandoned altogether by their inhabitants. Those who remain are compelled by the Government to forced labour: building police stations, carrying provisions to the army, ammunition, luggage, etc. Many leave their homes on such service with wagons, oxen, etc., and never return again.

The Government have gathered their crops, and is now allowing a scanty portion per head to the most needy. Whole plains and plots of ground belonging to the villages are covered with splendid maize, now rotting under the snow, because there are no hands to reap it, or if hands are there, they are deprived of the necessary tools and vehicles. Beautiful piled stacks of wheat surround some of the villages, but their owners cannot touch them, the Government having seized them. They have to pay their taxes as usual, to a horde of *zaptiehs*, whom they have also to feed, and who, if they are not able, throw them on the ground and beat them without mercy. Sometimes on the roads we have met companies of refugees, returning with any little property they may have snatched up and saved in their flight, to find, instead of their loved homes, only a heap of ashes to welcome them after their weary wanderings. The few cattle some possess are growing into skeletons, while the hay is still standing in cocks in the fields, deluged and destroyed by the rain. The inhabitants of these villages have evidently been peaceable, industrious, and even opulent. They do not like to tell us much about personal abuse and outrage. . . .

The villagers were hospitable; they had sixty-four houses, now they have three. For some days they and their children lived on leaves in the woods. They had 550 head of cattle, 6,700 sheep; now they have altogether only 130 animals. Robbed of everything, they are forced to work for the Government, and this is about the condition of all the villages. Some of them are completely burned, and the poor people coming back from Servia live in the woods. On the 18th we started again to see four other villages in another direction. Three of these were utterly destroyed, and the people destitute of any utensils or tools. The blankets Mr. Mackenzie bought in England have arrived, so I am able to help them; also two bales of old clothes reached me. I gave most of these away in a village called Rudeene, to people who were what we should call naked. They came on Sunday (for they could not get permission before), and filled our courtyard. It was so deplorable a sight, I could not repress my tears. I had to fit each person according to size, etc. The whole day was taken up with the work, and yet I think I never spent a happier Sunday.

The report for our fifth year, 1877, was entitled

"OTHER SEVENTY ALSO,"

as, by that time, no less than seventy missionaries, after a longer or shorter period of training, had gone out from the Institute into mission work; more than one every month on an average. We wrote in that report:

We offer no apology for the existence of our Institute as an additional agency for the multiplication of earnest missionaries. We make no pretence to rival or equal more important organizations, but only claim to *supplement* them.

It was after He had called, commissioned, and sent out His twelve apostles that "the Lord appointed OTHER SEVENTY ALSO, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come."

There was room and need for "the seventy," as well as for "the twelve." Much practical wisdom in missionary matters may be gained from a consideration on the action of Christ in the choice, training, appointment, and commission of His ambassadors.

The First Missionaries.

1. What was their worldly position? Poor and uninfluential. Some were fishermen, and most were men of that class, ignorant and unlearned. "Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble" were called.

2. What was their spiritual character? They were born of God. Believers. Lovers and followers of the Lamb. Disciples indeed.

3. What special education had they received? They had heard and learned of the Father. They had been with Jesus. They had received from Him the words of God. They knew the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

4. Who sent them forth? Their Master, the Son of God. As the Father had sent Him, He sent them, and He Himself was received or rejected in their persons.

5. What was their work? Preaching the gospel, and healing the bodies and souls of men. Testifying to the truth. Confessing Christ. Speaking by the Spirit of their Father.

6. What was their sphere of labour? The country at large

Every city and place whither Christ Himself would come. They did not settle down, but were itinerant.

7. How did they travel? As their Master—on foot. Without luggage, and carrying no clothes but those they wore. Not singly or alone, but "two and two."

8. How were they supported? Without gold, silver, or brass. By the hospitality of those among whom they laboured. By inquiring for the worthy, and making their abode with them.

9. How were they protected? They were sent forth as sheep and lambs in the midst of wolves. They were to be wise as serpents, harmless as doves.

10. How were they treated? Like their Master. They were received by some, rejected by others. He foretold they should be delivered up to councils, scourged in synagogues, brought before governors and kings, and persecuted from city to city.

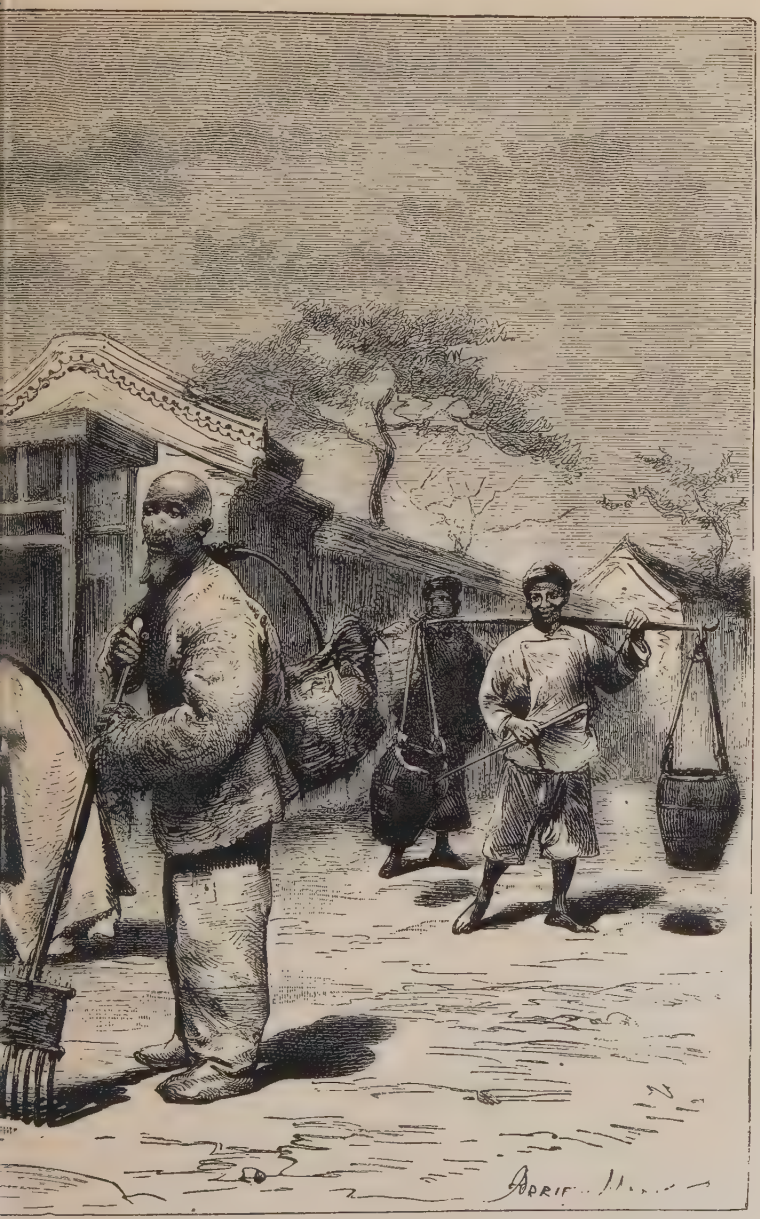
11. How were they sustained in spirit? By the conviction that it was enough for the disciple to be as his Master. By the faith and fear of Him who is able to preserve and destroy both soul and body. By the supreme affection which they bore to Christ. By the hope of His coming glory. By the assurance that loss of life in His service is everlasting gain.

12. What did they accomplish? The work that Jesus gave them to do. They instructed and healed great numbers of persons. They witnessed to the character and works of Christ, and conveyed to others the truths He taught. They gathered in the first-fruits of the harvest, of the multitude which no man can number.

The Master called, trained, endowed, and sent them forth; He supported, protected, and guided them; He crowned their labours with success as seemed good in His sight; and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

We have no fear therefore in encouraging young Christians in these last days to hear His call and heed His command; no fear in offering them the opportunity of studying His word, and exercising themselves in His service by way of training; and no fear in aiding them to go into the "regions beyond" in obedience to His great command.

CHINESE PEEP SHOW (MANURE COLLE



TH LARGE PITCHFORK IN FRONT).

VARIED CHARACTER OF APPLICATIONS.

At this time we had forty or fifty students in London and thi. y in Derbyshire. We wrote in the Annual Report for 1877:

Our four houses have all been full during the last twelve months, there having been from forty to fifty students in London, and nearly thirty at Hulme Cliff College, our Derbyshire branch. The number varies continually, as some go out and some come in. It is rarely that a week passes without bringing us fresh applicants. One day a minister will write about some earnest convert to whom he has been made a blessing; and then some Christian lady commends to us so. ? young man, who has grown from boyhood to manhood under her own observati. , it may be in his native village, increasing in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man, and who is burning at last with a desire to devote his life to Christ's service.

Then perhaps there will come a raw, conceited effusion from some young man, who thinks so much of himself that we think nothing of him, and promptly reply in the negative to his application; and then an interesting letter will reach us from some sincere and experienced, though perhaps ignorant, Christian man, who has felt constrained by some address he has heard, or some account he had read, about the heathen to leave all and follow Christ. Then again it will be a missionary labouring in foreign lands, who writes to introduce to us some promising native, whom he longs to see trained for an evangelist; or some father dwelling abroad seeks a training for his converted son that may fit him for gospel labour in the land of his adoption.

Or perhaps the application is personal instead of by post. One day we receive a visit from a genuine Egyptian, with his strange, antique physiognomy, as if he had stepped down from Cleopatra's Needle, and with his experimental knowledge of Mohammedanism. By some blessed providence he has learned a purer faith, and he says to us earnestly, in Italian, or Arabic, or broken English: "Oh, teach me more! Let me learn the gospel well, and then go and preach it to my dark, dark countrymen. I will work hard, I will scrub, I will do anything you wish, only teach me."

Another day it will be a Portuguese-speaking Brazilian, who is introduced to us, as grieving that his secular duties preclude his preparing himself by the study of Scripture for the evangelistic service he longs to render in his own benighted land; or it may be a fine tall Gael from the Highlands, who comes to Harley House wanting to increase his ability for the work he is already doing in the Master's name.

Anon it will be a Kurd from the mountains of Armenia, whose sincere, expressive countenance tells more than his tongue, which lacks English enough to express the feelings that have driven him in weary but venturesome pilgrimage thousands of miles from his home, to learn the way of God more perfectly, that he may teach it to others; and then it will be a pair of bright young American brothers, who have sacrificed secular advantages to devote themselves for a few years of study, that they may the more efficiently "do the work of evangelists" on the other side of the Atlantic. Another time it will be a young Bulgarian or a Spaniard, highly commended to us by experienced Christian friends as suited for and desiring to work for Christ in their own countries; or a Swedish sailor, who has been in all parts of the world, and speaks five or six languages, and is wishful to devote his life to missions to the heathen.

From men such as these we are constantly rejoiced to hear Isaiah's exclamation, "Here am I, send me"; and men such as these are continually giving God thanks that our Institute exists, to aid them in acquiring the information and experience they need, and in procuring the introduction they require to missionary service.

Applications for admission to the Institute reach us also from many who do not appear to us to be in any way suited for mission service; these are simply declined. All applicants who appear likely to be useful, and who are well recommended, are received on probation; but full admission to the privileges of our training house is only accorded after a month or two of actual experience of the individual.

We seek sincere piety and true consecration of spirit, in the first place, natural ability and force of character and general vigour of mind and body next, and acquired ability and educational attainments last. The more a man has of these of course the better; but *they* can be gained by patient and persevering study, and one object of our Institute is to afford the opportunity for this. No training can give a man either grace or strength of character; and we consequently look for these indispensable requisites before accepting an applicant.

Forty-three additional students were *received* this year, including two Brazilians, two Russian Jews, an Armenian, an Egyptian, and two Africans. Thirty-four missionaries *left us* in the course of the year for the mission field in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Brazil, Bombay, and various parts of China and Africa. One, Mr. Bowers, who left us for Brazil, was a young man who had won the love and respect both of tutors and students, a godly, quiet, firm, yet gentle Christian, full of patience, and actuated at all times by high principle; he was a blessing among his brethren, and a useful, earnest worker for the souls of others. He was tall and strong, and looked so healthy that we should have thought him one of the last to be suddenly laid low in death. The state of Brazil lay heavy on his heart, with its millions of people groaning under a corrupt and oppressive priesthood, and an opening occurring in which it seemed that his services would be valuable, he sailed for Pernambuco, and arrived out there in the middle of March. He had been for some time studying Portuguese, and was therefore able to preach twice in that language on the two following Sundays. Before the third Sunday arrived however he had been seized with yellow fever — that scourge of Brazil — and laid in an early grave.

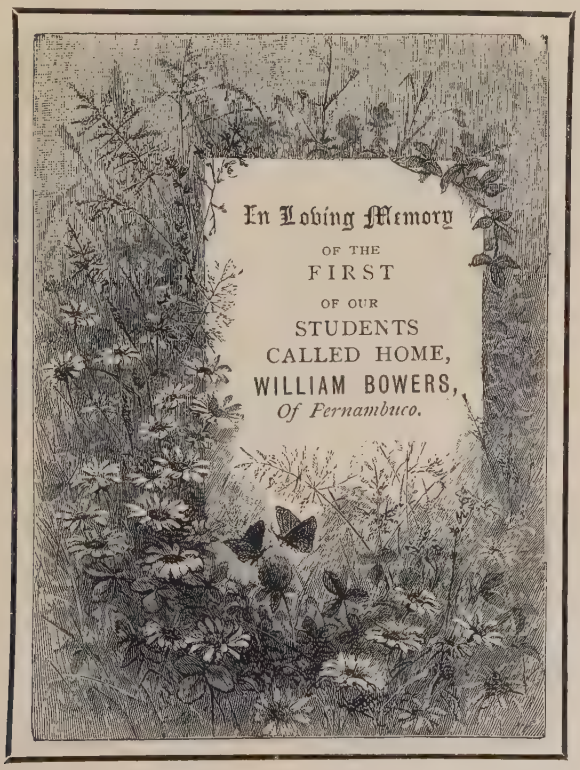
He was the last of the seventy to leave the Institute, and the first to reach his heavenly home. Gone before he had fairly shouldered his burden; gone ere he had started in the race! It was a painful and dark providence, and made us realize, for the first time in con-

nection with this work, what we have often had to realize since : that it is easier to have communion with God in His thoughts and in His purposes than in *His providences.* It was but a few brief weeks since, in perfect health and calm hopefulness, filled with simple trust and holy purpose, he had bidden us farewell, introducing to us his betrothed wife, and saying that he hoped she would join him in Brazil in the course of twelve months. His mother, who gladly gave him up for Christ's sake, and his sister, who tenderly loved him, had sat beside him at our farewell meeting, and the large circle of friends in the provinces and in Scotland had joined us in prayer for him that night, for his gospel labours and his sincere and consistent Christian character had endeared him to many hearts. We could only say on this occasion, "Thy will be done," and believe that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." He was preaching in his delirium, and when prayer was offered at his bedside, repeatedly interjected a clear "Amen."

The Evangelical Church of Pernambuco wrote

We received him into our midst as a blessing from the Lord Jesus! He was elected pastor of our Church, being accepted by all with love and obedience in the Lord. He entered immediately on his charge, delivering addresses which greatly edified us in spite of his imperfect acquaintance with the language. . . . But medicine, tender care, and earnest supplication, all was fruitless. You can imagine our grief, which found relief only at the feet of Christ, where death is felt to have no victory and the grave no sting. The interment was effected at four in the afternoon of the same day, in that part of the public cemetery set apart for believers (*i.e.* Protestants). The remains were followed to the grave by the members of the Church and believers of the other congregation. The Lord was not pleased to let this cup pass from us; we bow as Jesus bowed in the garden on Olivet, "Nevertheless, not as we will, but as Thou wilt."

When the tidings reached us, a brother in the Institute immediately volunteered to be "baptized for the dead" by going out to Brazil to fill the place of dear Bowers, should it be deemed advisable. This brother, Mr. Fanstone, is still labouring in Pernambuco, and is to a large extent a self-supporting missionary.



THE LATE HENRY CRAVEN, OF LIVERPOOL.

First Pioneer Missionary on the Congo. Sailed January, 1878. *Died at Cabinda, October,* 1884.

It was in this year that the LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION, which afterwards attained considerable proportions, and is now one of the most important Central African missions, was founded. It was the first Christian mission on the Congo, and to its history we must refer again a little later on. One of our students, Mr. Henry Craven, sailed in January, 1878, for this then newly opened and

little known region, and was followed shortly after by Messrs. Telford and Johnson, and in due time by *fifty other missionaries* from the Institute, of whom thirteen laid down their lives in Africa.

The Erection of Harley College.

Further extensions had this year become requisite in London. Up to this time our work had been carried on in several separate houses at some distance from each other in the East of London. We had retained the original home, 29, Stepney Green, and taken another large house in Burdett Road. The classes were conducted at Harley House, where the students spent the day, but at night the party were divided under different roofs, a plan the advantages of which were largely counterbalanced by disadvantages, and which we had long been anxious to abandon by concentrating our London establishments into one at Harley House. But how was this to be done? We should have need of half a dozen ordinary London houses to give each of our fifty students a room to himself, as we were anxious to do, for privacy is a privilege specially prized by the servants of God. It is not only a comfort, but a means to grace to be able to enter into your closet and shut the door. If we erected a new building for the purpose, we could easily provide a small, but well warmed and well ventilated room for each, and at Bow the men would be nearer their mission halls than in Stepney, and thus save much walking at night in the far from pleasant streets of East London. Altogether we felt a strong desire *to build* in the small field at the back of Harley House. We prayed about the matter many a time, consulted an architect, and got a plan. We found however that a large sum of money would be required. Apart from the cost of the new building, twelve hundred pounds, which had been kindly advanced by a friend for the purchase of the lease of Harley House, had to be paid off before we began, and this alone seemed a great difficulty to us.

But what are difficulties to the God of missions? Oh, how easily He can overcome them! He can lay his finger on the mainsprings of human action, and move the hearts of men. Two kind friends of our work combined to extinguish this claim, and two noble donations of £600 each did it. This rejoiced our hearts as an earnest of the fulfilment of our desire for a new building, but we found that £4,000 or £5,000 would be required to erect and furnish a suitable college, prepare and lay out the ground and

LECTURE HALLS AND DORMITORIES OF THE INSTITUTE IN LONDON
(*erected in the grounds of Harley House*).

approaches, etc. How was it likely that such a sum could be raised? We were already so closely occupied, that we felt we could not undertake to collect it, and it seemed as if we might have long to wait for our desire to be accomplished.

We laid the matter before the Lord, and before one to whom He has given, not only wealth, but what is better, "great grace" to use his wealth in the service of the God who gave it. He considered the case; we knew if he approved of the object he would *aid it*: but he did more, he virtually undertook the task, and to our joy and surprise, after full consideration of the subject, he quietly said to us one evening, "I will tell you what I have decided to do in this matter: I have concluded to devote £3,000 to the object."

What could we say—to our friend, to our Father in heaven? The stone was rolled away, the desire of *our* hearts and of *many* hearts fulfilled; more than we asked or thought given; an inestimable advantage conferred on the work; a benefit secured for hundreds, and, if it please God, for thousands of young evangelists in days and years to come.

Let our readers judge if we felt glad and grateful, moved and melted with the goodness of God, and resolved in future to fear no evil for our beloved Institute, which had thus received a fresh and striking proof of His favour.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." We rejoice to know that this liberal friend will be no loser in the day of Christ, and we commend his *example* to those who have similar power, to undertake single-handed great works in God's service. How many might start and sustain a mission in some heathen land, who now content themselves with merely giving a subscription!

This noble donation enabled us at once to take steps for the erection of the proposed building.

An extension of the lease of Harley House was negotiated for, and our friend R. H. Hill, of Lombard Court, Hon. Sec. of the China Inland Mission, who is at once a civil engineer and an architect, hit upon an original but most suitable design, which combines the useful, the ornamental, and the economical in no ordinary degree. The building contains two large and lofty lecture halls or class-rooms, one fifty feet and the other thirty feet long, by thirty-four wide and twenty feet high, together with fifty smaller rooms having each a good sized window, and ample space for much more than "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." The building thus affords prophet's chambers for fifty students, together with a spacious and cheerful class-room and a lecture hall, lighted from above and surrounded by a gallery, which gives access to the upper tier of bedrooms. A meeting of 400 or 500 persons can assemble in the larger hall. The building stands well out in the open ground behind Harley House, surrounded on all sides by garden, and entirely shut in from the noise and dust of the high road.

The ground-plan arrangements of the building are simple, but the design is unique. The wood cut gives the elevation, which is by no means unpleasing, and well adapted to the purpose. It was opened on October 8th, 1879, with a day of special services, in which many friends took part, including the Rev. S. Hebditch, now in Australia, the Rev. Sinclair Paterson, the Rev. H. E. Brook, the Rev. T. Davidson; J. Hudson Taylor, Reginald Radcliffe, S. A. Blackwood; the Rev. J. Stephens, and others.

HOME HEATHEN.

During its construction an incident occurred which caused us vividly to realize that we may be in daily intercourse with nominal Christians who are virtually heathen, and may unwittingly lose many a precious opportunity of evangelizing souls, which, though dwelling in London in the nineteenth century, emphatically "sit in darkness."

When the walls of our new building were rapidly reaching their destined height, we gave a supper to the bricklayers employed; after which the gospel was simply and lovingly put before them, and earnest prayer offered both for their spiritual and eternal welfare. It was specially asked of God that no fatal accident might be permitted to occur while the building was in course of erection.

A few days after this a remarkable thunderstorm passed early one morning over the East of London. One clap of thunder especially followed so instantaneously on a vivid flash of lightning, and was so awfully loud, long, and explosive in sound, as to electrify all who heard it, and made every one involuntarily question, "Am I struck?" It was soon after six in the morning, and the men had just begun their work on the building. One of the labourers was standing on an upper scaffold, with his arm slightly extended at the moment, and *was* struck by the lightning. Mercifully he escaped very serious injury, but one arm was for the time paralysed, and he felt as if it had been torn off. He was carried to the hospital, where skilful and active measures soon alleviated the mischief, though it was many weeks before he could return to work.

He had been much impressed at the supper, and especially with the prayer offered for the safety of the men; and his own marvellous escape from what might have been sudden death of course recalled it to his recollection. A short time after the accident Mr. Guinness had a conversation with him, and found that he could neither read nor write, that neither he nor his wife and child ever went to any place of worship, nor did his parents before him. He was of course very ignorant; but his little boy had partly taught him his letters. He was made to read a few simple words in the Testament, and the gospel was explained and urged. He listened with the greatest attention. In the course of conversation he was asked, "Do you ever pray to God?"

"Oh! yes, sir, every night; I have for many years—ever since I can remember!"

"Indeed! and what do you say?"

"Our Father charten 'evn, 'allord be Thy name,"—imperfectly and in parrot-like style stumbling through the Lord's Prayer, without apparently attaching any *meaning* to the sounds, and ending with—

> Matthew, Mark, Look, on John,
> Bless the bed that I lay on,
> Four corners to my bed,
> Six angels there lay spread,
> Two at my 'ed and two at my feet,
> And two to guard my soul when I'm asleep.

Adding seriously, "That's the six, sir! and anything else I don't know nothing about—that's every word I know—*prayer*, sir!" After a pause, "My little boy can say these prayers as good I can, sir; that's just what I was teached, and I try to teach 'im the same."

It was evident the man attached no meaning to either of the forms of words he had used since his childhood, and also that he regarded them as of equal value—employed them in ignorant superstition as a sort of charm, a charm given him by his father, and which he was in duty bound to give to his son.

"Do you know who Matthew and Mark are?" he was asked.

"No, sir, I don't."

"What do you mean by asking them to bless the bed?"

"I don't know no more than I was teached; my father teached it to me, and he's no scholar, no more's my mother. He used to teach me when I was a little boy, so I teach my little boy the same."

"But where do you think Matthew and Mark are?"

"Don't know, sir, unless they're in 'evn."

"And if you are on earth, and they in heaven, how can they hear your prayer?"

"Don't know, sir; it's what I was learnt!"

When reasoned with as to the folly of praying to human beings instead of to God, and urged to address his prayer to God alone, he assented, and seemed to feel the rightfulness of this. "There's only one Father rules the lot of us, I believe."

His feelings seemed deeply moved when the gospel was explained to him; and he wept when prayer was offered for and with him, and gazed with profound interest on a picture—a head of Christ crowned with thorns—which happened to be in the room, observing its detail with much intelligence, and at parting he promised to go the following day to our mission hall in the neighbourhood.

This man has been for years a consistent member of the Church,

and is bringing up his family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Another time, a tall but stooping figure was shown into our room in the dusk of the evening, and introduced himself as living next door to this same hall, and as wishing to ask a favour which as neighbours we were in a position to grant. In the conversation which ensued, we found that he had been an officer in the army, ruined through drink and vicious habits, a man who had nearly killed himself with alcohol, having at one time run through £1,300 in seven weeks. He had brought himself and his poor family to poverty, and was now keeping a "wardrobe shop," which we found to signify an old clothes store. He was very conscious of his sin and folly, and had given up the drink altogether, but he never went to any place of worship, nor did his wife.

"Why don't you go into Harley Hall sometimes, as you live next door?" we inquired.

"Me! go in there? Oh, dear no! I shouldn't think of such a thing. Such places are not for me. I know too well what I am; I'm altogether too bad to put my foot inside any such place."

"But the worse you are the more you need a Saviour! Such places are to help you to find the Saviour."

"Oh, dear no, sir! Such places are for decent, steady, religious people. I know many of the people who go there, and I often drive away the noisy boys from the door when the preaching is going on! but to go *in*, no! I shouldn't dream of such a thing. I am a bad fellow, or at least I have been, but I never pretend to be anything else; I don't go to chapel!"

And he evidently considered it a proof of *some* remnant of right feeling and self-respect that he abstained from all profession and appearance of good!

Contact with spiritual ignorance such as this is good preparation for work in heathendom! Our young brethren are all engaged in some form or other of evangelizing. By open air preaching, by house to house visitation, by cottage meetings, by services in mission halls, by homely addresses in the lodging-houses, by children's meetings, tract distribution, etc., they seek to reach and influence the souls of our neighbours; and, thank God! not without some measure of encouragement and success. It is a little difficult for them to pursue with energy such labours, while at the same time spending their principal strength, thought, and time on *study;* but it is good prac

tice, for though study may after a time be laid aside, mission work, whether at home or abroad, must always be pursued amidst, and in spite of more or less of distraction and counter-attraction. Moreover we feel it would be impossible for them to maintain spirituality of mind, freshness of zeal for souls, and a due sense of the inferiority of merely mental work, without such exercise in actual gospel ministry; it is a good antidote to selfishness, indolence, and pride, and the best possible preparation for future labours.

One of the fruits of the evangelistic work which we thus carried on in East London was the development of our mission hall at Stratford into a self-sustaining Christian Church under one of our married students, Mr. Towner. The original building was replaced by a substantial brick church, seating 1,000 people, and a steady good work has been carried on for many years in that densely populated and needy neighbourhood.

Our Institute had by this time lost the nature of an experiment, and claimed to be regarded as a proved success. Four questions had been raised when we undertook it, to which at that time we could not return any other answer than "we shall see."

1. Would suitable men be found, and be willing to be trained for the work in the way we proposed?

2. Would the training be beneficial to them, so as to render them decidedly more fit to enter on mission work?

3. Would openings be found for them when they were trained? And

4. Would they succeed in doing valuable missionary service?

Five years' experience enabled us to return to all these questions an unhesitating answer, and that answer a uniform *yes*. We wrote that year:

First, over 700 men *have been found* willing and anxious to give themselves to Christ's service among the heathen and desirous to enter our Institute. At first we held meetings among Christian young men, and sought to call out their zeal and devotion; now we have no need to do this; they come to us of their own accord, in larger numbers than we can receive them, and *not a few* of those who apply to us for help in preparing themselves to be useful in other lands are men of the right stamp, men of simple faith and earnest spirit, of strong character and of physical vigour, adapting them for the service to which they aspire; men of teachable spirit, willing to submit to the weariness of study, and to the restraints of a period of training, for the sake of attaining their object, the honour of preaching Christ in the "regions beyond."

Secondly, the training they have received in the Institute, though sometimes of shorter duration than we could have wished, *has* unquestionably been, under the blessing of God, helpful to these young men in a variety of ways; spiritually, intellectually, and practically, they all, and especially the foreigners, have gained much during their tarriance of a few years with us. They have proved themselves capable subsequently of acquiring the Chinese and other languages without difficulty; many of them have indeed been able within the first twelve months to preach in Chinese, and we believe they all look back on their sojourn in the Institute as on an invaluable period in their lives. To many, if not most of them, it has proved not only a preparation *for*, but an introduction *to*, the mission field, into which, without its aid, they might never have succeeded in entering.

Thirdly, not one of the men we have been permitted to train for the Master's service has failed to find opportunity for it when he was ready. On the contrary, we have sometimes been constrained by demands for service to send out men that were not so ripe as we could have wished. Former students of the Institute are now working with about twenty different societies and associations; many have gone out and made their own way, and some are sustained by private individuals. The foreigners generally return to work in their own lands, and those who from health or any other cause were unfit for foreign work have found spheres of usefulness in connection with home missions.

Fourth, and lastly, *they have succeeded as missionaries.* God has condescended to bless and own their labours. We cannot review the tidings we have received of and from them during the past year without realizing this, which gives us more encouragement than anything else. Were there a telescope that could render visible distant scenes, we would direct it in turn to India and China and Africa, to Australia and America and the West Indies, and show to our friends the dear missionaries formerly students in the Institute in their present homes and spheres. This is impossible; we must be content to give from a few in each land pen-and-ink sketches of their doings and surroundings.

The work was now fairly established, and the men who had gone out from it scattered far and wide over heathendom. It had triumphed over many difficulties and survived many trials; but as is often the case, when one form of trial is removed another takes its place.

Our Sixth Year, 1878, was marked with many sorrows, so that we entitled the report of it

"SOME ARE FALLEN ASLEEP."

The friends that we lost during its course included the head-master of the college, our valued friend Rev. Anson J. Towell, an able, devoted, and spiritually minded man—a ripe scholar and enthusiastic teacher; Henry Tayloe, a beloved evangelist, who had gone out from us and done much successful work for the Master in Jamaica; James Telford, one of the pioneers who fell asleep on the Congo; and three tenderly cherished members of our own family: a beloved aged mother, and last, not least, our own two precious little

daughters—children of seven and eight years of age, who were taken away *in one day*, after a week's illness, by that terrible malady diphtheria. Death is no respecter of persons or of ages, he "gathers the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between"; nor does he give much warning of his approach. None of the above, save the last, who had been long feeble and ailing, were ill for more than a week. Messrs. Bowers, Tayloe, and Telford were all carried off in a few days by tropical fevers; and Mr. Towell had only sought medical help a few days before his death. Our precious little Agnes was only eight days ill, and her sister Phœbe but four days, cut off in their beautiful bloom like flowers by a sudden storm. Illness, like an eclipse, came suddenly on, and ere we were well aware, the light of life was extinguished! We were led to realize that at all times we are "nearer home, nearer far, than we think!" Our hearts were almost broken by the last of these bereavements, but we were helped to realize that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We were destined to have much experience of bereavement and death in connection with the Congo mission later on. Our brother Telford was the first of nine of our missionaries who were to lay down their lives for Christ in the course of the next few years. The following lines were written on the occasion of these deaths, which all occurred within a short time of each other.

THE BRIGHT BEYOND.

BEYOND the lowering clouds there is outspread
The broad bright blue; and the sweet wind of heaven
Shall bear away and scatter in thin space
The misty gloom. Avaunt, ye saddening shades!
Hide not the eye of day! BEYOND the near,
The visible, the sorrowful, the dark,
Shines the eternal *goodness* of the Lord!
Firm on the Rock of truth I plant my foot,
And dare the tempest! Howl, ye sweeping winds!
Hark! Ye are but the base of those grand chords
Which thrill the heavens! Ah! this conflict dire,
This war of good and ill, these clashing swords,
These tears that glitter in ten thousand eyes,
These hands stretched heavenward, and these heavens that stoop

To human help,—I know ye, and I feel
In sympathy with that high, holy *end*
For which creation travails, and for which
The heaving bosom of eternal Love
Is flecked with blood, and the hot tears descend
From the Redeemer's eyes.

SIN, THOU ART DOOMED
DEATH, THOU SHALT SURELY DIE! The grave shall be
The birth-place of a new and beauteous life.
Already o'er the battlefield the light
Of evening is descending, and the day
Of waving palm branches and victory
Waits for the signal from the hand of God
To spring into existence. Joy is sown
In the dark silent soil, and the unlovely earth
Teems with the seeds of immortality.

Thank God, I see the sequel: with this hand
Across the lines on life's disfigured page,
Yea, 'mid its freshest records, ere they dry,
I write their contradiction! Faith can see
LOVE through these strange disguises, and behind
The veil of grief and the entangled thorn
Can recognise its covenanted God.

March 30th, 1879.

STUDENTS RECEIVED AND MISSIONARIES SENT OUT IN 1879.

FORTY NEW STUDENTS were received into the Institute in 1879, six of whom were foreigners; and forty fresh missionaries went out, three of them taking their wives with them. One of these was a medical missionary, who undertook work in Armenia; another was a Swede, who settled in Spain; and two Portuguese brethren returned to evangelize in their own country. An Egyptian brother returned to Egypt, and a Russian to Russia; while two Arabic-speaking Syrians went, one to the Sahara and the other to evangelize among the Druses of the Lebanon. Three or four joined the Congo mission, and four went to the West Indies. Two brethren, Messrs. Bartlett and Brewster, devoted themselves to Bible carriage work, and were enabled by this means to bring the glad tidings of salvation to over 300,000 persons of the classes who do not frequent places of worship, selling at the same time 50,000 Bibles and Testa-

ments, and distributing half a million of gospel tracts. We give some particulars of their work in the chapter on home missions.

The college work continued as usual in London, and the following sketch, written at the time, will give an idea of the

Life at Cliff.

Could we but assemble our London friends in this lovely spot, how they would enjoy it, and bless God for having made it a nursery for missions throughout the world! Is there a pleasanter, sweeter spot in all England than Hulme Cliff, girt round with the hills of Derbyshire? We have travelled over England from north to south and from east to west, but we do not know a place we should prefer to this for such a purpose.

Hulme Cliff is a hill among hills. Behind it rises a height of 800 feet, a heathery upland moor; before it winds a narrow, verdant valley. Up the moor the hills rise to perpendicular sandstone cliffs, with miles of moorland stretching from their summits, north, south, and east. Down in the valley rushes the glittering Derwent, filling the air with the sound of ever-falling waters. Hill rises beyond hill all round, and clefts open to narrow valleys and rocky gullies with lovely undulating country here and there. Close around are clustering trees, and beyond them cultivated fields and waving woods; but we see no roads, no dusty highways, and hear no sound of traffic. The woods are green with summer foliage, and far off hills gray with mist and distance; the air is fresh and cool, for there seems always a breeze stirring here, and the voice of the waters, breeze, and birds mingle from morn till night. As I write the latter are singing, as though there were no sin and no sorrow in the world. No other sound reaches me but these tranquillizing voices.

We call this OUR GALILEE—our refuge from close, crowded, noisy, dusty, ill-savoured, enormous London.

This morning they breakfasted, as usual, at 7.30. At 8 o'clock they gathered with the whole household for reading, our bow window dining-room being completely filled with a party of about forty. We sang of the Rock that is higher than any earthly help or refuge, and then I expounded the glorious 15th of John, after which two of our number led in prayer. The whole work of the Institute was laid before God in earnest supplication, those of our number now crossing the Atlantic, those just starting for Brazil, those leaving next week for South Africa, all our missionary brethren being specially remembered. And the humble cry went up that God would supply every want of the Institute, meeting the large current expenses and the special needs pressing on it just now in connection with the new building in London. Were not these supplications heard in heaven? Will they not be answered?

> "In some way or other the Lord will provide;
> It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,
> And yet in His own way the Lord will provide."

At 9 o'clock the gong sounded for studies, and since then I have scarcely heard a sound except the voices of the birds; but after dinner the place will

present a busier aspect. All will be at work in the farm buildings, in the garden, and in the fields, every man having on his working jacket. One will be at the carpenter's bench, another at the forge—for we have a capital little forge, and make our own hinges, bolts, bars, etc., and repair the farm implements. Some will be working in the garden, some hoeing in the fields, some out on errands to the railway, five miles distant, some drawing coals from Hassop; and one will be leaving us on his way to South Africa.

Then at 6 o'clock in the evening, after tea, all will again be gathered in the classroom for quiet study, keeping steadily to their books until 9 o'clock, when the household assembles for evening prayers, gathering under the shadow of Jehovah's ever-sheltering, everlasting arms, to taste the blessedness of renewed confession, communion, and consecration at the throne of grace. In the prayers which ascend, the work of the students in the surrounding villages will be remembered—the cottage meetings, the frequent visitation from house to house, the open-air services, the meetings in halls and chapels in places widely scattered: all these will be pleaded for in prayer, for the brethren take a warm interest in their work. In many of the villages near have precious souls been saved. In Calver, Curbar, Eyam, Foolow, Baslow, Bakewell, Pillsley, Froggatt, Grindleford Bridge, Youlgrave, Little Longston, Great Longston, Tideswell, Over Haddon, Ashford, Beeley, Hollins, Stoney Middleton, Taddington, Calton, Lees, etc., gospel meetings have been held—in some occasionally, in others frequently, in some regularly from week to week. The word has sounded out from this little centre in every direction for many miles all round. Some of the places are three, five, seven, eight, and ten miles distant, so that the journeys of the students to preach in them (being made on foot to and fro) afford an excellent training, which will be helpful to them in their future mission work in other distant scenes. Of the men trained at Cliff many are now labouring in Africa, in Jamaica, and in China, and in other far off lands. The name of dear Telford, whose remains sleep on the banks of the mighty Congo, is well known and loved in this neighbourhood, where his simple earnestness and devotion won for him the esteem of all who knew him; and most of the brethren now working in the Livingstone Inland Mission passed the greater part of their preparation time at Cliff.

Next session most of the men who are studying this term will be up in London, gaining the very different experience of city life and labours, while they will be replaced here by new comers.

The possession of this country branch enables us thus to give our students the double advantage of town and country training and work, in just that proportion which may seem best for each, reference being had to his probable future sphere. We regard it especially as our African nursery; but sometimes a young man comes to us who has had too much of town or city life, who is pale and thin and stunted in development by sedentary employment or long office hours, whose nerves have been overtaxed by the pressure of business, and whose health, though sound, has been injured by want of fresh air and exercise. Such a one, even though not intending to go ultimately to Africa, is materially helped by a session spent amid these beautiful, breezy uplands, in the quiet, yet healthful and active, pursuits of country life. God bless the dear donor, whose heart led her to consecrate to His service, for the benefit of the young recruits of His mission army, her sweet home amid the hills of Derbyshire! Already the place is dear to many

a heart, and clothed with holy, happy memories; and as the years go by, and the numbers trained in it increase, in many a remote corner of the world *Hulme Cliff College, Curbar,* will be remembered with pleasure, and prayed for with sincerity and love.

HULME CLIFF COLLEGE, CURBAR (WEST FRONT).

The following paper was read at a farewell meeting held at Cliff, at the close of the session, by a Roumanian student, who had spent only five months in the college, and knew *no English at all* when he entered. We give it in a slightly abbreviated form, but scarcely altering a sentence; and we think our friends will agree with us that the measure of acquaintance with our language evinced by it, after so brief a period of study, is remarkable.

Its simple testimony to the spirit that reigns in our quiet, secluded Derbyshire home is pleasing, as giving the impression produced on one who had never dwelt in a similar moral atmosphere, and who came to us rather as a visitor than as a student, seeking refreshment and repose after having been somewhat severely tried by sickness, as well as by mental exercise and conflict. Mr. Ségall is, we are thankful to say, now in full health and vigour, and has entered on an appointment as missionary to the Jews.

A FAREWELL SPEECH AT HULME CLIFF COLLEGE, *June 22nd*, 1880.

"Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"
—PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

SOME of you may perhaps think that this text is not at all adapted to our present occasion, as we are now gathered to bid one another farewell and to depart from this place. But allow me to put you one question: "Why *do* you bid farewell one to another?" You would of course reply, "Because we are going away." Well then, why do you not go to Chatsworth, for instance, and pay a farewell visit to the Duke of Devonshire, or to any other person you don't know, or know only by name? It would be very ridiculous if you did so, and the duke would show you the door! Then, you see, we do not take leave of *any one*, but only of certain persons with whom we are acquainted, and with whom we have been dwelling together. And, again, there may be acquaintance, and even dwelling together, without the doing what we are doing now. In Germany and France, for example, there are houses in the cities with six, seven, eight storeys, wherein sometimes more than fifteen families are dwelling together without knowing one another, or bidding farewell when one of these leaves the house! In a German university you find many students who are together several hours a day in the same building, in the same auditory, hearing the same lectures; and yet they do not know each other's names. Thus, you see, something more than acquaintance, more than dwelling together, is wanted to produce a cordial farewell meeting. There must still be another cause: there must be ties which join men as we are united here, not only externally but internally; and I think we shall enjoy much better our meeting, if we see, by explaining this text, *what kind of ties these must be*, and ask whether such ties have connected us.

"Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" When we speak of brethren or brothers, which is the same in the Hebrew language, we mean human beings who are bound together by any ties of union, as natural connection or consanguinity, common interests, common feelings, common sufferings, common hopes, etc. But is *their* dwelling together always in unity? The history of mankind shows us it is too often the opposite, and I think each of us knows this by his own experience. Let us take, for example, people who are bound together by the most natural tie, common parentage. Shall we find amongst them

always peace? O friends, it is sad to say, and yet true, that even in domestic circles there are disagreements, discords, quarrellings, fightings, which sometimes end in murder and death! So was it between the first brothers, Cain and Abel; so between Esau and Jacob; so between the latter's sons; so between the children of king David himself; and so, more or less, in many a family still to-day!

And what of more distant relations? "Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we be brethren," said Abram to Lot; and he gave him the good advice *to depart* and *separate.* You will find, with very few exceptions, that when relations will live in unity they must *not dwell together.* The time does not allow me to illuminate this by examples, but I think each of you knows about it, perhaps too much!

Or shall we take whole nations, as the English, French, Germans, dwelling together, do they live in unity and concord? Wherefrom come the political parties: Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, communists, socialists, nihilists? Is this unity? Each of these parties desire to diminish, and, if possible, to destroy their rivals; and the aim of the communist is to annihilate all institutions, arrangements, and orders of God and mankind. If we look through all the history of the world, we will find no nations dwelling together *in unity.* I remember you of one fact only, of the great Revolution in France! They went through the streets of Paris and announced to the people "*fraternité*"! But at the same time and in the same city hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children fell as victims on the scaffold; thousands were beheaded with the guillotine; and human life was valued less than that of a sparrow, so that blood flowed like rivers through the streets. These are the results of ties of merely a national or social character, of mere human fraternity

Of which kind of brethren then must speak the psalmist? and which sort of men *can* dwell together in unity? If we turn to the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and read there in the twelfth chapter, *vv.* 46–50, we shall find them! Whosoever doeth the will of God is *Christ's brother.* What is God's will? You know it, all who are here! God's will is that we accept His only begotten Son as our Redeemer, as our Saviour, as our God, as our Friend, and even as *our Brother.* And then? O friends, and then, when *we accept Him as the Ruler of our souls,* when we give *Him* all we have and are, when we say, "Not what I will, but what Thou

wilt," *then* shall we no more hate our fellows! How can we quarrel or hate, if we follow our blessed Master, who came into the world even on account of love to mankind! He the Son of the everlasting God, He the King of heaven and earth, by whom and to whom are all things, He is not ashamed to call *us* brethren and to love us! And you will find, dear brethren—I dare call you brethren now—that where such brethren dwell together there will be indeed peace, complaisance, sweetness, and concord! Look into the Church history of the first centuries, read what heathen authors, the greatest enemies of the Christendom, say about the primitive Christians. They speak with the greatest bitterness of them, but they *have* to bear testimony to their unity and to their love to each other.

And now let me ask you, have we also dwelt in unity in this place? Could anybody use the words of the king David, and say, "Behold, how good and pleasant" it was to see the students at Cliff College living together, and praying together, and studying together, and working together in unity? I think each of us may affirm it with a good conscience. We have been here, men from every quarter of this earth, from north, south, east, and west; we have not at all been relations by blood, yet all washed with the blood of Jesus Christ, and made through Him *brethren*. There have been in this college Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, American, Portuguese, Frenchmen, German, and Roumanian. There have been here Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Churchmen (as you call it), etc., and we have yet known each other only as Christians. We had the same aim, the same interests, the same sympathies, the same spirit, the same hope! These have been the ties which bound us, and made our dwelling together good and pleasant. And for my part I thank the Lord that He brought me here to Cliff. When I came here some doubts I had imbibed in the university troubled my soul very much. I believed in my heart, but could not believe some Christian truths in my head. But here, through your good examples, through your living Christianity, I learned to trust in God with childlike faith.

Therefore, as we depart now from each other, it is not only right but our duty to give our Lord and Saviour thanks for all the mercies He granted to us during the last session. It has not been *our* love which held us here in harmony. No; I showed you plainly the result of mere human love. We are by nature selfish, and seek always what is good and agreeable for ourselves. It has been *the*

Lord's superfluent kindness and special blessing on this Institute, which made us bear with one another in patience, sympathise with each other, and love as brethren!

We depart now, dear brethren, but we do not separate. . . . If any one is leaving his parents, or his relations, or his friends, or his native country, to no more see them again, he may perhaps remember them a short time; but very soon he begins to forget them, and if not, death will surely dissolve every relationship and all natural ties. Most of us shall no more see Cliff, or meet in London, or perhaps even in this life; and yet we shall ever be in communion by mutual prayer, so that neither space nor time is able to separate us. And even death, which destroys and annihilates every natural connection, will only *bring us together and unite us for ever and ever!*

Thus we say farewell, dear Cliff! We shall never forget thee and the blessings received here! Farewell, beautiful hills and valleys, which are only a feeble resemblance of the beauty of the eternal regions! Farewell, *dear brethren;* go ye forth, and I will do the same. Let us go forth and fight the good fight, and be sure that the victory will be ours because Christ fights for us.

I did not come here with the purpose of being a missionary, but God's thoughts are not ours! I would not *now* be anything else. Short will be our troubles, and long our reward! And then we shall, we will, we must see each other again in the heavenly land, because the Lord has promised it, and His promises are never mutable; we shall sit with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, with the apostles and all the saints, and with our own converts, and praise in harmonious hymns Christ's wonderful love to mankind! Amen.

JAPANESE LADIES FERRIED OVER A RIVER BY SWIMMING.

In this year also we received by deed of gift the useful mission buildings in Bromley by Bow, consisting of a chapel and school-rooms, which had been erected some years previously by the valued friend who contributed so largely to the building of our college. The immediate neighbourhood of the chapel is a large area, containing 600 or 700 closely built dwellings, in most of which two, and often three, families reside. It occupies a peculiarly isolated position in the neighbourhood, and inclosed by its four boundaries are upwards of 30,000 human beings, of whom but few comparatively ever enter a place of worship. The student who took charge of this building wrote:

> The impression of their spiritual condition conveyed by contact with the people is that of the most utter indifference to everything relating to their eternal welfare. Without the aid of any sensational means, we have, during the last twelve months, seen the gospel making a saving impression on some of these precious souls, and we hope that an influence for good has been spreading itself among the homes and in the hearts of the people. Every house in the neighbourhood has been visited about six times with gospel publications: and the visitors have been well received, especially of late.

Several years later this chapel was considerably enlarged, and made to hold about a thousand persons, while good rooms for night schools, mothers' meetings, etc., were added at the back. It is now thronged on Sundays, and the work carried on there during the week will be described farther on, in our chapter on the home missions.

Our Report for the year 1880 was entitled "The Livingstone Inland Mission," as during that year we became *responsible for the entire management* of a mission on the Congo bearing this name, which, in company with a few friends, we had founded some years previously. It was not officially connected with our Institute at the beginning. We were members of the committee by which it was originally formed and by which it was managed, and so deeply interested were we in the field that we gladly pleaded its cause both by voice and by pen. All its staff in Africa had been students in our Institute, but we had not been officially responsible for its support and guidance.

Its growth had been rapid, and though not yet quite three years old it had already taxed pretty severely the time and resources of the small group of Christian friends to whom it owed its origin. No one of them was free to give more time or attention to its development,

and as one principle of its constitution was that no salaried officers should be employed in its management, it became difficult to see how its rapidly increasing necessities were to be provided for. Its late kind honorary secretary, the Rev. A. Tilly, of Cardiff (who was also to some extent its *father*), was too much engaged in pastoral work in connection with his chapel in Cardiff to be able to make adequate efforts on its behalf. Under these circumstances we were led, though shrinking greatly from the assumption of so serious an additional responsibility, to agree to adopt the Livingstone Inland Mission as our youngest child, and to give it henceforth a favoured place in the family of our own special efforts on behalf of missions, undertaking both its management and support in connection with this Institute.

The story of this mission is so interesting that we must reserve it for a separate book, and merely mention it here as having formed a serious addition to our responsibility in the course of our seventh year. It was an effort to evangelize an immense district then recently opened in Central Africa, and which in this close of the 19th century had never received the gospel message. Not without hours spent in anxious consideration, not without many an earnest prayer for guidance, did we venture on a step which must, as we clearly foresaw, largely increase our responsibilities, already sufficiently heavy.

But when we thought of the vast regions of the Congo Valley with their utterly unevangelized populations, and recalled our blessed Master's parting injunction to "preach the gospel to every creature," we had no question that it was *His will* that the gospel should be sent, and sent speedily, to these dwellers in darkness and in the shadow of death. And when we looked round on the large group of earnest missionary students gathered about us day by day, many of whom have no higher ambition than to give their lives to serving Christ in Central Africa, we could not doubt that it was our duty, not merely to *prepare* them for such work, but to aid them in undertaking it and in carrying it on.

We gladly and gratefully recalled how the Lord had helped us in establishing and sustaining the Institute, with its many branches, and trusted He would aid us also to sustain and extend

The First Christian Mission on the Congo.

There is a common saying among poor mothers, and a saying as

true as it is common, to the effect that "God never sends another mouth without sending food to fill it"; and surely He never lays before His servants a fresh branch of service, without at the same time supplying the strength and all the other resources required for its accomplishment.

We felt that if the claims and needs of Central Africa were realized, no true disciple of Christ could help wanting to do all he possibly could in response; and we knew that all *can* do more than they think, that ability increases with exercise, and that of giving, as of all else, it may be said, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." The event justified our confidence; for during that first year, in which £5,000 were required for the development of this young and difficult mission, £5,000 more were sent in, causing through us thanksgivings to God.

Fifty-three brethren went out from us into various mission fields in the course of that year: eight to Central Africa, seven to South Africa, one to North Africa, five to North America and two to South America, three to Spain and Portugal, two to Germany, and one or two each to Norway, Russia, France, Switzerland, China, Egypt, Turkey, and the Cape Verde Islands. Most of these are still labouring diligently in the gospel, though some have "fallen asleep."

The year 1880–1 was again a year of building, both in England and in Africa.

Like the sons of the prophets in Elisha's day, our students in England and our missionaries in Africa complained that the place was too strait for them, and we were constrained to make them places where they might dwell.

Growing work needs, of course, growing accommodation; and the growth of the Institute and its operations during the fourteen years of its existence may be gauged by the amount of accommodation it requires and uses now, compared with that which it possessed at the outset.

We had to erect that year a new entry to Harley House for tradesmen, goods, etc.; so much of packing cases for departing missionaries, boxes, barrels, hampers, tracts, and other heavy luggage were constantly coming and going that this addition became a necessity. It was constructed, with a room over it, for £250. We had to add a schoolroom to the mission hall in Devons Road, and to build several houses and chapels on the Congo.

But especially this was the year in which we felt we could no longer delay erecting at Cliff buildings better adapted to our purpose than the existing ones.

For five years we had occupied the premises in Derbyshire without attempting, save in the roughest and most temporary way, to adapt them for a college. We wished, before going to any considerable expense, to try the experiment of having half our students in the country and half in London, so as to learn by experience whether a country branch would afford greater advantages than a corresponding extension in London.

At first therefore we merely turned the lofts over the farm buildings into rough, makeshift dormitories, so as temporarily to accommodate some twenty or twenty-five students, and made use of such rooms as there were for class-rooms and dining-room. The work was carried on thus for five years, but under considerable disadvantages; and we always intended, if we retained the place at all, to endeavour to adapt it better to its object.

The house, having been built for the use of a private family only, was not of course fit for a college. But, together with the adjacent buildings and the twenty-one acres of land on which it stands, it is devoted by trust deed to the purpose of a training home for missionaries, and can never be used for any other object. It is a valuable property, situated in a healthful and very beautiful neighbourhood. It came into our hands, as our friends will remember, in the providence of God, without our seeking it; and though we at first undertook to carry on work there only for a time, leaving ourselves free to give the place up again to the trustees if we found it best so to do, yet our experience of it had convinced us that it was our duty to retain the responsibility, and to endeavour to put the Derbyshire branch of the Institute on as permanent a footing as the London one.

It is indeed in every way a most valuable adjunct to the Institute. As a rule, it is not well to keep a student in London during the whole of his course. Great advantages for practical missionary training, and in certain other respects, are counterbalanced by some very great disadvantages. In many cases, and especially in those where a prolonged training is desirable, *health* is better preserved and preliminary studies are pursued with more benefit, amidst the quiet, healthful influences of the country than amid the distractions and temptations of city life.

At Cliff our students learn gardening and farming, can have practice at the forge and at the carpenter's bench, in rough building and fencing operations, in driving, riding, and the care of cattle, and in long pedestrian journeys to distant villages. About a hundred different students had spent a longer or shorter time at Cliff since it came into our hands, and its beneficial effect on them had been marked. The Derbyshire party quite eclipse the London party in point of general vigour and spirits. The bracing breezes of the Peak, and the healthful agricultural occupations in which they engage during a part of each day, rapidly develop the physique of the young men, without producing any counterbalancing lack on the mental side. The greater seclusion and the absence of city distractions permit of quiet, steady progress in study, and the improvement of the Cliff students has been all we could wish.

Since the Livingstone Inland Mission became a branch of the Institute, we have realized still more the importance of being able to give men this country training, as fitting them the better for life in Congoland. Cliff House has also been of real service from time to time a sa pleasant convalescent home for returned invalided missionaries, and for students from London needing change of air.

Having for these and other reasons (as, for instance, the comparative economy of using a freehold country residence instead of a large house in London) decided to retain and continue working the Derbyshire branch of the Institute, we felt that we ought not longer to delay converting the house into a college.

Part of the existing buildings were modern, good, substantial, and available; other parts were old, and altogether unsuitable for our purposes. There were some outbuildings constructed in good faced stone, which were of no use in their existing form, but the materials of which being good, and on the spot, were valuable for building purposes.

After full and prayerful consideration of the subject, we concluded the time had come when we should undertake in the name of the Lord the erection of a second college for His young servants; and a legacy of £1,000 falling due just at the time confirmed us in the purpose. An extra house was taken in Bow for the temporary accommodation of the Cliff students, and the premises were delivered over to the care of the contractors in November, 1880.

For some months confusion reigned supreme. Much had to be destroyed and pulled down before anything could be built up, and

it was not till the spring that the new house began to emerge out of the ruins of the old.

The alterations and enlargements were, on the whole, most satisfactory. They were confided to the builders who had erected the college at Bow, and the contract comprised the taking down of a large amount of old and useless masonry, the rebuilding of a portion of the existing house, and a large addition to it on one side of a substantial wing, which connected the old house with other existing buildings, and made all into one large mansion, containing forty rooms.

As now completed, the college is somewhat irregular in form, owing partly to the nature of the estate on which it stands, and partly to the direction of the previously existing buildings. We studied adaptation, comfort, and economy more than architectural appearance, but the result is by no means unpleasing. The college is substantially built in faced stone, to match that part of the original house which is incorporated into it. The main structure faces the west, looking over the lovely valley of the Derwent, and is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, consisting of two three-storeyed, bay-windowed ends, and a two-storeyed recessed centre. The south front, fifty feet wide with portico, is old, the only unchanged part of the building. The north front, eighty feet wide, is three storeys high; and there is besides a long extension facing westward, containing offices and dormitories, which makes the total length of the western front of the house two hundred and twenty-six feet.

A broad terrace runs round the house, which stands a hundred feet above the river and the road, and has on every side beautiful and extensive prospects.

Inside we have provided spacious and cheerful class-room (45 ft. by 22 ft.), dining-room (40 ft. by 20 ft.), library, tutors' rooms, and studies, together with bedroom accommodation for forty students, and rooms besides for returned missionaries or other Christian workers, to whom a tarriance in the bracing air of the Peak may be beneficial.

The whole is lighted with gas produced on the premises from gasoline by one of Edmundson's admirable "Alpha" gas machines, and it is warmed throughout by hot water pipes, heated from an exterior furnace. The climate of north Derbyshire being severe in winter, this last provision is a valuable addition to the healthiness and comfort of the place.

THE NEW CHAPEL AT CLIFF

A new chapel was erected on the grounds and an observatory. The farm buildings, which originally stood close to the house, were removed to a distance, and some hill side acres of the farm were converted into ornamental grounds, adding much to the beauty and attractiveness of the spot.

In March of this year we wrote:

As regards the finances of the undertaking, we can gladly raise our Ebenezer! "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." We have been able to meet each instalment as it fell due; between four and five thousand pounds have already been paid, and though considerably more will be due when the works are finished, we have every hope and confidence that all that is needed will be provided by Him in whose name and for whose service this college is being erected. Some nobly generous donations have cheered our hearts and strengthened our hands. Three donors gave £500 each, and several others £100. We have not yet received a legacy due, and on which we had calculated as a help in the undertaking; but two or three friends have kindly advanced us the sum (£1,000) in loans, two of which are without interest.

It was in this year also that we were enabled to procure and send out to the mission on the Congo a steam launch for the lower river, with a couple of small boats for loading and unloading.

In the year 1880–1, forty-four new students were received, and thirty-eight left us for the foreign field. We will give their names in an appendix.

Besides these, we lost in the course of this year two students by death, Mr. James Bradburn and Mr. Frank Eldershaw. The former was suddenly called home by one brief week of illness in January, and the latter by small-pox just at the beginning of the vacation. He left Harley House in apparently good health, and went down to Scotland by sea. He was ill when he reached his friends, they thought with typhoid fever, but he became rapidly worse, and the symptoms of malignant small-pox soon developed themselves. He had to be removed to a hospital, where after a few days of suffering he passed away—full of peace and even triumph in Christ,—to be for ever with the Lord. He was so healthy and vigorous a man, that it was a great surprise and shock to all his companions and to ourselves to find his course so quickly ended. *Not on the Congo only are young men prematurely cut off!* If we have lost two in the mission to that country this year, we have also lost two here at home, exposed to no special risks, and surrounded by every advantage. Mr. Eldershaw intended to join the Livingstone Inland Mission and seemed well fitted to be useful in it. He was a godly and very amiable man, always ready to serve others, and always warm-hearted in his work.

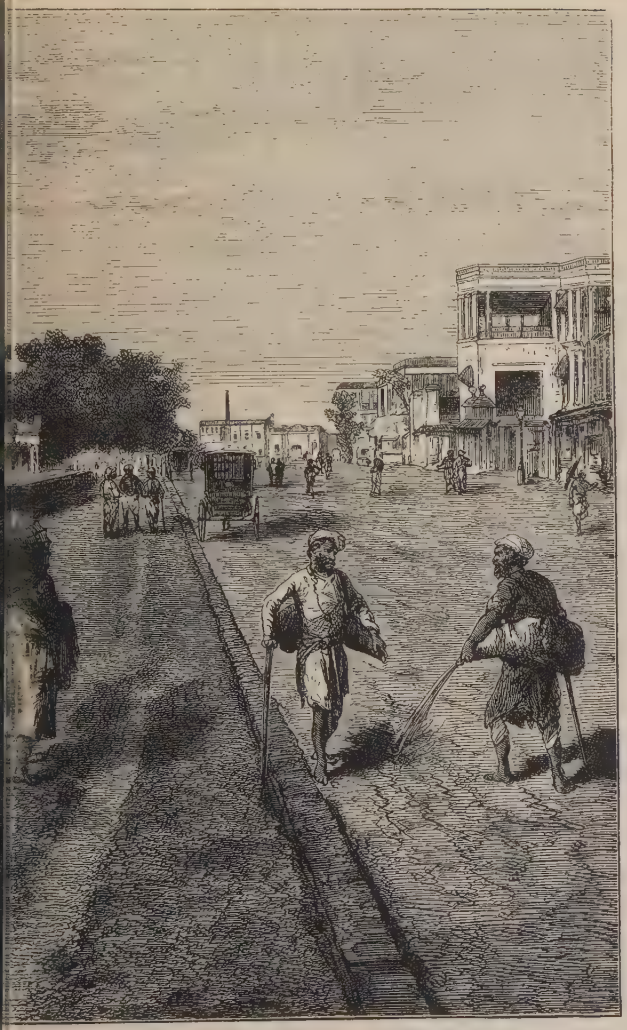
In the following year, 1881–2, fifty-one missionaries went out from us, that is, one a week on an average. Three sisters were also sent out that year, and several invalided missionaries, who had been at home on furlough, returned to their fields of labour in India and Africa. Twelve of the missionaries went to the Congo, five to India, three to China, five to South Africa and one to East Africa, four to the United States, three to Canada, one each to Labrador, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, and thirteen went to different posts in Europe, including some in Germany and Finland, as well as in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Besides the above, a number of "probationers" spent a longer or shorter time in the Institute, though they were not in the end received as students. Two or three students also were dismissed, proving in our judgment unsuitable men for the work, and two withdrew, the strain put upon them here of a couple of hours' evangelistic work daily, in addition to six or seven hours of study, proving too hard for them.

Such withdrawals we do not regret; it is one of our great desires that the Institute *should* thus act as a sieve, and strain out all who are not physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually *strong men*, fit for the arduous life of a missionary. We dare not enlist men who are *weak* either in body, mind, or spirit, as recruits for the foreign mission army, but only those able and willing to "*endure hardness* as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." Hard toil, hard study, hard times, hard tasks in every way, must, if he be faithful and efficient, fall to the share of the missionary; and if a young man is either unfit or disinclined to face such here at home in England, it is clear that to send him forth to encounter them in heathendom would be a folly. Mechanics at home work nine or ten hours a day, professional students often more, and tens of thousands of poor, weak women and girls toil from twelve to fourteen hours daily, and rarely have any change or recreation. Six or seven hours of study and two of practical work are therefore *the minimum* we think it wise to require from our students. At Cliff, the work being mainly healthful out-door manual labour, more study can be accomplished, and *nine* hours are consequently spent in the class-room. In London, the practical work being *evangelistic*, and somewhat exhausting to heart, brain, and nervous system, rather *less* study is desirable. In *both*, Sunday mornings are left free for worship, and Sunday afternoons and evenings are consecrated to Christian service.

The evangelistic work of the students is of course simple in character and varied in nature. It does not consist of preaching to large or critical audiences every evening, or demand any very elaborate preparation. It is conducted mainly in mission halls and schools, by house to house visitation, open-air meetings, tent and Bible carriage work, tract distribution, sick visitation, and ministry to the dying, classes and evening schools, village meetings, etc. Work of this character is a change from close study, and change of occupation is itself recreation. Seven hours a day are still left for meals, domestic duties, private devotion, and leisure; and each man has one afternoon and evening a week completely free and at his own disposal. We consider it important that the daily routine *should* make a demand on unselfish consecration, and tend to form a habit of living for others. Study, even when pursued, as it is by our students, with the noblest ends in view, has as its immediate result and object *self improvement*, and to studious minds it is the highest form of self indulgence. Irksome to the restless energy of boys, it

VIEW IN



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is delightful to the mature minds of men. Hence, to afford them leisure and opportunity for a course of study merely would not be to test the *Christian devotedness* of volunteers for mission service, but their mental abilities only; and its result would be to make good students but bad missionaries. Two or three years spent in seeking *self* improvement exclusively would be a poor practical preparation for a life to be spent in seeking the improvement of others. Habits of unselfishness, of loving devotion to the interests of others, of daily labour for the salvation of souls, need to be formed and fixed quite as much as habits of study, and we dare not cultivate the intellect, and neglect the cultivation of self denial, evangelistic zeal, devoted diligence, and practical sagacity in soul-winning work.

We are quite aware that this feature of the Institute keeps out of it a certain class of Christian men who would otherwise gladly enter it, and that it has led to the withdrawal of a few who have entered it. This is no matter of regret to us, but the reverse. We do not intend to depart from our original purpose, *i.e.* to have a *Training* Home, not a mere college or *teaching* home, for missionaries. We see no reason to think that missionary work is an exception to the rule that applies to all other work, that practice alone makes perfect. Doctors and engineers, artists and sculptors, even carpenters and masons, must do *practical work* as well as theoretical study. Why not missionaries? Of course the consecration of two hours daily to such practical work diminishes the time for study, and precludes the degree of intellectual progress which might otherwise be attained; but *this price is not too much to pay for the result secured.* The moral is higher than the mental, and the spiritual is higher and more important still. Not what a man knows is the great thing, but what a man is.

VACATION EXPERIENCES.

We should hardly give a full impression of Institute work if we did not add a little description of vacation experiences. As most of the students are limited in means, we do not make three terms in the year or give them more than one vacation. That is in the autumn, when they can generally obtain engagements in connection with evangelistic work, or spend the time usefully in their own homes. Many Christian friends who are carrying on special summer missions, in tents and otherwise, are glad of the help of some of the students. Three or four will go to help in the mission to the fishermen in the North Sea fleet, living on board the mission schooner, and evangelizing the men on the ships of the fleet, which remain out at sea often for three and six months together, sending the fish caught to London daily by a steamer kept for the purpose.

In 1883 we wrote:

One brother has been carrying on a mission in a remote hamlet on the moors near Cliff, where, though a chapel existed, no services had been held for a long time. The dwellers in the scattered farms for miles round have been cheered and blessed by the means of grace thus brought to them, and the gospel has been gladly received by many. Another brother, a Frenchman, has been distributing the Scriptures and preaching Christ among the colonists in the province of Oran, Algiers. Some have been helping in tent and Bible carriage missions, and others preaching in Scotland and Ireland, and our brethren Orest and Liljestrand have continued their labours in Finland with much blessing.

Meanwhile our East End thousands cannot of course be neglected, and some of our party are always at work in Old Ford, Bow, and Bromley. In July we had many large gatherings at Harley House. A farewell meeting on the 2nd, at which several brethren were commended to God for the work to which He had called them, and took leave of the Institute as students, after longer or shorter periods of residence. There have since left our shores Bedros Aslanyan, M.R.C.S., who goes out to labour as a medical missionary at Erzeroum; George Hessenauer, M.R.C.S., and his wife, who hope to establish a medical mission in connection with the Society of Friends in Judæa; Messrs. Upcraft and Murray, joining the staff of the Bible Society in China (as Messrs. Brown, Harman, and Walley have also done this summer); Mr. Sturman for the China Inland Mission; Mr. Barrosso for Spain; and others for other spheres.

On July 3rd another large assembly filled the garden at Harley House, a gathering of the friends connected with a mission hall at Clapton Park, where our brother, Mr. John Bain, has laboured for some years with marked success and blessing. Glad and thankful we felt as we looked round the well filled tent and marked the glow of grateful Christian love towards Mr. Bain, which brightened every face as he moved about among his flock. The tie between an evangelist and the converts God has given him is a deep and tender one, and few joys are purer or sweeter than that felt by such a one in the fruit of his labours. To be permitted to come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him, is a portion

every gospel labourer should covet. Mr. Bain, having finished his course as a student, ceases to be connected with the Institute any longer in this capacity, but will remain attached to it for a time in the position of evangelist.

On July 4th we welcomed some three or four hundred men connected with the North London Railway to tea in the tent, and to a gospel meeting in the college hall afterwards; and we have the joy of knowing that this meeting was the turning-point in at least one man's life, as well as a time of blessing to many.

On the 10th a similar gathering of policemen filled the hall, and, as a result, a branch of the Association of Christian Police was formed for Bow, and a weekly Bible-class was established, to be conducted by a member of our household.

We were anxious to gather the tram drivers and conductors also to a feast. The duties of these poor fellows are however so incessant, that it is difficult to find an hour when they are free. It was suggested that six o'clock on Sunday morning would be the best time, and we invited them consequently to breakfast at that hour. A considerable number responded, though they did not fill the hall as the other parties had done; but we had reason to think the invitations had been imperfectly distributed. "Lots more of us would have come, ma'am, and glad, if we had known of it," said one of the men; "we don't like this getting no Sundays! Wish you'd have such a meeting every week!" We think of trying to do something of this sort for them. Their lot is a very hard one—long hours of daily toil and seven days a week! What chance have they of hearing the gospel?

On the 20th our Ben Jonson Schools had their annual tea at Harley House, and many other schools and mothers' meetings and Bible-classes subsequently enjoyed such refreshment as a London garden may afford.

By the end of July, some of our valued helpers having returned from their holiday, we were able to leave London, though a larger party of students and returned missionaries than usual were spending the vacation at Harley House, making, with probationers on trial for next session, a party of about thirty.

Very pleasant and refreshing did the quiet, breezy hills of Derbyshire seem after the noise and heat of July in London. And we were privileged during the month of August to welcome a considerable number of Christian friends from various parts of the country at Hulme Cliff College. The students' large rooms, converted into temporary dining and drawing-rooms, give plenty of space to a party of fifty or sixty visitors, for which also there is bedroom accommodation, while the house generally is roomy enough to avoid any sense of uncomfortable crowding with such a company, even when the weather is unfavourable for out-door exercise. Much pleasant social intercourse and Christian conference was enjoyed during these brief bright weeks of summer sunshine, and the fresh realization was granted to us that they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. There is little opportunity in the busy life of Christian workers in London for any real social intercourse. They see each other's faces at great meetings, but know little of each other's hearts or minds, and there arises a danger of each becoming too much engrossed with his own peculiar sphere of work, and forgetting to sympathise with the aims and interests of others. It is well at times to meet Christians of all sorts in circumstances where you can really learn to love each other, to enjoy together an occasional Elim in the wilderness. Missionaries in heathendom were very often on our hearts and in our prayer-meetings, and the Congo boys in our midst did not allow of our ever forgetting the dear labourers in the Dark Continent.

We had indeed council meetings during the month both for the Congo mission and for the Kabyle mission, many of the friends belonging to both having joined us at Cliff.

Our dear friend, Mrs. Henry Reed, the donor of our steam launch for the Upper Congo, with her young family, spent their last month in England with us before returning to their distant home in Tasmania. This visit had important and unexpected results to us personally, for it has led to our two younger children accompanying these dear friends on their return to the colony. A long voyage had been prescribed as the best tonic for these dear children, neither of whom are very robust in health, but it seemed a remedy altogether out of reach at the time it was medically suggested. We had been tempted to take some anxious thought as to how best to arrange for their benefit during the coming winter, as East London was ill suited to their state of health, and we could not leave them alone at Cliff. Mrs. Reed's kind and cordial invitation to them to return with her and their young friends to Australia seemed to us therefore a gracious providence, in keeping with all our Father's tender care and knowledge of our every need. Though startled at first at the thought of parting with our children to such a distance, the more we dwelt on it the more we saw the advantage of the plan, and felt that the thing was of the Lord, and that we could not say nay, especially as the young people of both families were earnestly desirous of our acquiescence. A second summer at the antipodes after a six weeks' sea voyage was evidently, as a matter of health, more to be desired than a winter amid London fogs; while the earnest Christian devotedness and prayerful consistency of life of our dear friend Mrs. Reed, inspired us with perfect confidence in committing our treasures to her care for a time. So consent was given, and outfits prepared, (outfits of smaller size and different character from those which it so often falls to our lot to provide!) and on September 13th, on board the P. & O. steamship *Ballarat* at Gravesend, we took leave, not only of Mrs. Reed and her family, but of our own youngest son and daughter.

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During the month of September we held meetings in various parts of Scotland; at Wick, Tain, Dingwall, Forres, Elgin, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, and elsewhere, seeking to deepen in the minds of young Christians the sense of responsibility to the heathen world, and to call out recruits for the missionary army.

GARDEN PARTIES IN EAST LONDON.

While the West End season is running its course, we in our far east are not without our afternoon teas and garden parties! They are wonderfully different from those of Kensington and Belgravia, it is true; somewhat deficient in the presence of rank and fashion, wealth and beauty; but marked possibly by quite as much true pleasure and heartfelt enjoyment.

We judge of everything by comparison. Our grounds at Harley House have a struggle for existence with London fogs and smoke, and are poor, townified concerns at best; when we come up from Cliff, where the vegetation thrives and enjoys itself in the pure and

pleasant breezes of the Peak, we look down on them completely! But when our visitors come to us from the crowded courts and narrow streets and dingy houses in which, alas! many of them have to dwell, *they* seem to feel as if they were obtaining a peep of paradise! "Only think now! Who would ha' thought it? Such a place as this here in Bow Road! Ain't it lovely now? Why, 'tis real country!" We often pity ourselves and our neighbours because of the chemical vapours and unpleasantly odorous smokes that blow over us from the Stratford factories; but our visitors remark on the delight of our "pure fresh air," and one dear old man, who had been long ill, said as if he really meant it, "I do believe this beautiful change of air will do me good, ma'am!"

As our receptions are pretty numerous, each party numbering from one to three hundred, we are glad to have the college hall or the tent to fall back upon in case of rain, though tea is always served in the garden when fine. We entertain thus, in the course of the summer, many a mothers' meeting besides our own, various "classes" of lads and lasses, the little children of our Sunday schools who are too young to be taken for the "day in the country," the mission hall adults, the police, the railway and tram men, the shipbuilders, etc.; and we get precious opportunities of speaking to these men and commending the gospel to their acceptance on such occasions.

Are there not many who might gather such companies as these in their gardens occasionally, as well as more congenial ones? Is it not what our Master *meant* us to do? Surely Luke xiv. 13 is a *precept to be obeyed* by Christ's disciples.

The following is also a vacation sketch, which we entitled

SOWING THE SEED;

OR, MR. BREWSTER AND HIS BIBLE CARRIAGE.

ONE day, some five years ago, two earnest servants of God were seated in an office in Manchester, conferring together as to the best mode of utilizing for the spread of the gospel in the markets and fairs of England a Bible carriage, which had been built by one of them out of his savings, at a cost of no small amount of self-denial. He felt sure that, if well worked, this agency ought to prove a useful and important one; but how to get it well worked? that was the problem!

Bible carriage evangelization is no child's play, no easy, amateur kind of mission. It demands vigorous health and strength of body and mind, much business ability and tact, a powerful and untiring voice, a popular, pleasing manner and delivery, knowledge of music and knowledge of *men*, and especially of the sort of men who form what we call "the masses." It demands patience and good humour, cheerful courage, and, above all, no slight share of the spirit of Christ,—compassion on the ignorant and on those who are out of the way.

It involves real, stern labour and physical fatigue, much exposure to all sorts of weather, perpetual unsettlement and personal inconvenience, and the bearing of a good deal of the offence of the cross. It is not therefore, as the friends in council well knew, every evangelist who is fit for the work; and though one of them, the late Henry Moorhouse, was remarkably fit himself in some respects, he had already ceased to be so in point of health and strength before the date of the interview to which we allude. He was already feeling that his earthly house of this tabernacle must soon be taken down.

A few days previously the students at Hulme Cliff College had dispersed for their autumn vacation, which it is understood shall if possible be spent in evangelistic work. Passing through Sheffield, Mr. Brewster and his friend Mr. Bartlett had heard of the construction of this Bible carriage, and at once felt a longing desire to work in connection with it. Procuring the name and address of the owner, they started for Manchester, and presented themselves at his office just as the discussion to which we have alluded had reached a conclusion in an arrangement that the original builder and owner of the carriage should sell it to Henry Moorhouse, who should be thenceforth responsible for its working.

Mr. Brewster introduced himself and told his story, which was listened to almost in silence, but with close attention, by the invalid but experienced clever and dlscerning evangelist. "You're tired and hungry; come along and have some lunch," at length he said, and led them to a neighbouring restaurant. Then abruptly, while the meal was in progress, he put the startling question, "When could you start?" The reply was, "Immediately!" "So be it then!" and forthwith practical details were discussed.

Moorhouse explained to the volunteers how this carriage was

intended to reach the thousands who are unreached even by special services, tent and theatre meetings, etc., but who are freely reached by the "quacks" and "cheap jacks," selling their nostrums and their wares in the markets and by the roadside. For hours together the people will crowd in successive groups around these itinerants and their stalls or vans, and that a profitable trade is done is proved by the fact of its continuance. If such men can do such work for a living for themselves, cannot the ambassadors of Christ stoop to it, for the sake of the eternal life of many?

The van was quickly stocked and prepared, and an encouraging start was made at Eccles, near Manchester. Time would fail to trace its history month by month since that day. Suffice to say that the spirit of Henry Moorhouse in heaven must rejoice (if conscious of earthly facts) at the decision to which he was led that day, and that both the Christian man who built it, and the Christian lady who has kept the van supplied and stocked with Bibles and gospel literature, must be glad and thankful on every remembrance of it; while our dear Brother Brewster and all who have shared his arduous and self-denying labours will never regret in eternity that they have spent some of the best years of their youthful manhood in working a Bible carriage.

Mr. Brewster never returned to Clift and to his studies! He entered on a more practical course of training, and he has graduated in a nobler college, the great world college of successful work. He will probably never be a M.A., but he has proved himself a master of *hearts*, and been permitted to turn multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. He may never attain worldly distinction, but we have Divine authority for saying that he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!

Lingering sometimes a few days, and sometimes many weeks, in a place, he has taken the Bible carriage to *seventy-four* large cities and towns, besides passing through countless smaller towns and villages, from London to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The extent and reality of the work accomplished may be judged from the fact that *over two and a half millions* of Bibles, Testaments, gospel portions and books, Scripture rolls, text cards, periodicals, "Words of Comfort," "Grace and Truth," "Blood of Jesus,"—two and a half millions of messages from heaven to lost and ruined

sinners, have been not given but sold, from this van since the day that Mr. Brewster took charge of it.

And this is but half its work. Day by day to hundreds, or thousands as the case may be, the gospel has been preached and sung, reaching thus, it is calculated, about *three millions of people*, not the same set over and over again, but a constantly changing audience, drawn from the classes who most need to hear the glad tidings.

When the van visits a place the second time, saving results from the first visit often come to the knowledge of the evangelists; where this is not the case, the seed must, from the nature of the case, remain to a large extent bread cast upon the waters, to be gathered after many days.

At Norwich late one Saturday night a man partially intoxicated purchased a penny packet of books, saying, "They'll do to read lying in bed to-morrow." He was a backslider, and God used one book to restore his soul. He came to the meeting on Sunday evening thoroughly broken down, was led back to Christ, and is now in fellowship with a Christian Church.

In Leeds market they stood in a line with the "quacks" and "cheap jacks." On one side of them was a Jew selling sponges, who heard the gospel. One day holding up a small piece of sponge he offered it for "von penny." No one buying it, he put it into a pail of water by his side, and squeezing it out, silently held it up again. "I'll give you a penny for it," exclaimed a bystander. "No no, my vriend," said the seller; "theesh men who do breach from dat carriage tell us dat ven a man ish converted he ish shanged. Dis shponsh ish converted, it ish shanged; now I shall vant two pench for it." He had heard and understood something that had been said from the van, and learned at any rate what conversion meant!

A gentleman at Oldham said: "I know young men who used to carry packs of cards in their pockets, but who since this Bible van came here are carrying twopenny Testaments and reading them too."

At Blackpool, the northern Brighton, the van tarried more than seven weeks, and afterwards visited all the chief towns of Lancashire.

Repeated visits in the summer have been paid both to Blackpool and Yarmouth, in both which places a grand work was done, immense crowds gathering daily round the van and listening with the deepest interest.

After a long tramp of twenty-three miles one day, Mr. Brewster drew the van up in the marketplace of the ancient minster city of York, and seeking out the toll collector expressed his desire to sell Bibles in the fair. Catching sight of the van the official exclaimed in surprised indignation: "What on earth should you bring that great thing here for? Bibles! Why, every one in York has a Bible! You may as well be off with your Bible van!" Meekly came the modest reply, "If we may have a stand, we wish to stay, even though we should not sell a single copy." "Oh! well, that's your concern; of course you can have a stand if you pay toll."

Saturday evening came. The van was opened and lit up. A large crowd gathered immediately. Who would wish for a better text to preach from than the Bible seller has, as he explains the nature, contents, value, and effects of the book he holds in his hand? A rapid and eager demand sprang up; several local Christian friends had to be enlisted to help to supply books to the throng of outstretched hands. For more than an hour a brisk trade was done, and at last the toll collector appeared, saying: "You really must stop; every stall-keeper in the market is complaining. You are attracting all the people, they are doing no business." Daily for twelve weeks the evangelists preached and sold the gospel in this city.

When Mr. Moorhouse in 1880 entered into rest, he left the Bible carriage to Mr. Brewster, on whom the responsibility of working it has since rested. One and another have been raised up from time to time to help him; his present colleague, Mr. H. D. Hind, sings the gospel as well as preaches it. The work is carried on in faith: both the stocking of the van and the support of the evangelists, hire of horses, and all other outlay, has to be met by the freewill offerings of such as sympathise with the effort. But the Lord has supplied every need so far, and our brother's faith is strengthened to believe He will still do so.

BUILDING AGAIN, OR BERGER HALL, BROMLEY.

In 1884 it was needful for us again to invest in bricks and mortar, and on this wise we wrote in the report for that year:

We have just made a new departure in connection with the home mission work of the Institute, and must try to enlist the prayerful sympathy of our readers for one of our poor East End districts, inhabited by worthy but weary, toil-worn thousands, who see more of the shady than of the sunny side of life.

Bromley in Kent is a pretty and pleasant locality, where mansions and villas and charming country residences abound. But Bromley by Bow, E., is a very different place! Poor and plebeian, utterly uninviting, covered with rows of working-men's houses, interspersed with gin-shops, pawnbrokers, pork-butchers, and fried fish stalls, with soap and candle factories, iron works, starch works, colour works, and buildings for all sorts of industries, some of which are anything but fragrant. Intersected and shut in by railroad lines and canals, low-lying, crowded, comfortless, with not a field or a flower, and scarcely a tree or a shrub to be seen.

For many successive generations our students have worked in Bromley, where we have occupied three or four different stations. One of these was "the old palace" of King James, which has of late been a factory girls' home, instead of a scene of courtly festivity, as in the olden times, when it was a royal hunting lodge for Epping Forest. In the garden of this old palace our gospel tent for summer use has been pitched.

While the cold winter weather lasted, and the tent could not be used, our gospel meetings had to be confined to the "old palace" itself, to *George-street Chapel*, a building holding about 400 in a separate part of the district, and to *Harley Hall*, where our dear son conducted the Sunday evening services last winter, and where, week by week, men and women, weary and heavy-laden with sin, found their way to the feet of Jesus, and received peace and pardon.

So greatly were these meetings blessed that the little hall soon became too small to contain even the converts, to say nothing of the congregation. Those Sunday evening services will never be forgotten by some of us—the solemn hush that fell on the crowded hall as, one after another, hard, toil-worn hands were lifted to ask for prayer, and rough men, and women too, broken down with the sense of sin and need, would follow us into the inquiry room, seeking the Lord.

What a joy it is to remember those times now as we look round on the happy faces of these dear people and hear them give bright and clear testimonies to the saving strength of our great Deliverer! The little hall being all too strait for us, we were fain to return at the earliest moment possible to our summer quarters, and as soon as the weather permitted the tent was re-erected in the garden behind the old palace. It was improved by a nice wooden floor, and a good platform with a sounding-board overhead; lit with gas and made quite inviting, as a temporary substitute for a building. Thither we adjourned in the month of April, and though the canvas church held three times the number that could be accommodated in the hall, it also was soon filled. Two rooms in the old palace were used as inquiry rooms for men and women respectively, and they were constantly needed, for the blessing that was given in Harley Hall equally attended the meetings in the tent.

The men's Bible-class, conducted by our daughter, increased in numbers and strength, so that in little more than six months it had grown from a dozen to about a hundred members, many of whom had been brought to the Lord, either in Harley Hall or the old palace, and were full of zeal in His service.

Very often during the spring and early summer we were perplexed as to what *was* to be done with the people who had been gathered and blessed through this work when once more the tent should have to come down this winter. To return to Harley Hall was impossible, unless we were willing to lose three-fourths of the

congregation, disband the workers, and restrict our influence for good in a neighbourhood sadly destitute of gospel agencies.

Many a time had we considered and discussed the position of affairs without seeing just what was best to do. No eligible site for a new building was to be found, even if we had been possessed of funds to erect one. We had, it is true, a freehold site in Bromley, on which stood a small chapel, but it would not half hold the congregation at the tent, and it afforded no sufficient accommodation for night-school, Bible-class, and other week-evening work. But it had ground at the back, and was capable of enlargement. Would it be possible to transfer the tent congregation to this place? Some of the men were sounded as to this, and at once replied, "Why, it would suit most of us better than the present place; we live around there, and should find meetings so near home handy."

This decided the question as to the best plan to adopt. It was clearly to enlarge, adapt, and modernize the existing chapel, and to add four or five good rooms to it. This would involve the outlay of a considerable sum, but would, on the other hand, save an annual expenditure in rents for unsatisfactory mission premises, and would provide a good and permanent mission centre in a quarter where it was greatly needed.

But it would require at least £1,500 or £1,600, and how were we to raise this sum in addition to all that our foreign missions demanded, during the summer vacation, when the streams of Christian liberality run low, and when our own energies and strength were about exhausted?

It seemed difficult if not impossible. Yet we could not bear to think that the fogs of November and the frosts of January should find our Bromley friends with no better shelter than that afforded by canvas, and in peril of dispersion should winter storms necessitate the striking of the tent. Besides, even the old palace, in the garden of which it was standing, and without the rooms of which we could not have carried on the work, was to pass out of our hands in the autumn, the lease having expired, and the building being so very old that we did not care to take a new one. It was evident that fresh quarters were absolutely needed unless the work were to come to an end, and evident also that there was no time to lose, as the erection of new buildings takes time.

While we were still asking ourselves what was to be done, we received very unexpectedly one evening a visit from

A Deputation of a Dozen Working Men

interested in the mission, urgently praying that immediate steps might be taken towards providing permanent shelter for the tent congregation, and speaking gratefully of the blessing which the neighbourhood had reaped from the work there. The petition had only lain *one week* for signature, but had *five hundred names* appended to it, and would, so the deputation assured us, have received double the number of signatures had there been another week to spare before we left town.

We assured the dear men that we were as anxious as they could be for a building, explained how we were situated, and invited them to unite in prayer that God would help us in the matter. Very earnest supplications ascended, and we parted full of faith and hope, feeling that it must surely be according to the will of God that this thing should be done, and done speedily.

Note now the goodness of the Lord in supplying the need of His people! After the men were gone, we sat down that same evening and told the story of their visit and its object to two friends, sending the petition itself to one of them. We explained that we were at the time too weary to undertake the raising of a large sum of money, but suggested that by the promise of a good donation for the purpose in the autumn they should set us free to build. We prayed over the letters and posted them, trusting that, if it were His will that the thing should be done, God would prosper the effort. Within a week of that prayer we received promises of *over a thousand pounds* for this object, and felt free to authorize our architect to accept the contractor's tender for the work to be executed, plans and specifications for which we had already procured. They were put in hand at once, and completed in the middle of November.

Berger Hall, Bromley, as the new building is called, in remembrance of the Christian friend who originally erected it, who afterwards gave it to us, and who has now helped liberally in its enlargement, consists of a large hall seating about 1,000, a smaller one adapted for 300, two large classrooms to accommodate 80 or 100 each, and two smaller rooms, together with kitchen arrangements for tea-meetings, "robin dinners," etc. It is admirably adapted for a home mission centre, both in locality and construction, and attracts the people all the more because it has dropped its exclusively ecclesiastical character as a "chapel," and become a homely "hall." Our daughter was accosted one day lately by a nice, bright working man, just outside the building, as it was approaching completion. touching his cap, and with a smile, he said, "Seems as 'ow we was soon to be at 'ome now, miss"; and then, in answer to the question how he liked the new name, "Like it? I should think I do! Why, I worked for Mr. Berger for eighteen years!"

The interest indeed of all the dear men of the Bible-class in their "new home" is very keen, and argues much for their future helpfulness in connection with the work to be carried on there.

On November 11th we gathered, with thankful hearts, the members of the men's Bible-class for their "first anniversary" meeting. How good it was to look back upon the year of blessing, of which that gathering was the result! One after another of those strong, earnest working men stood up to testify to the saving grace of God, which had brought them into peace and joy during the past twelve months; the occasion itself was not without fresh evidences of the same power, for several men at its close were seeking the way of salvation, and found it in trusting Him by whom alone we come to God.

OUR MEN'S NIGHT-SCHOOL.

BY GERALDINE GUINNESS.

"WILL there be any one there?" we said to each other wonderingly, as, a little before seven o'clock, on a dreary autumn evening, late in the month of October, we mounted the wide wooden staircase of the old palace. It was the first evening of our night-school, and though the men had seemed very pleased when it was announced at the Bible-class on Sunday, we felt a little doubtful whether their thirst for knowledge was sufficient to bring them out on such a night.

THE FIRST EVENING.

How pleasant the dear old room looked, with the warm firelight glowing upon the quaint carved mantelpiece and ceiling! As we entered, we saw with pleasure that one man was there already, sitting alone over the fire. He was a stranger, with a very pale, tired face, which brightened however as we shook hands with him, and gave him a hearty welcome. We had only time for a few minutes' chat before the door opened, and several others, amongst whom we recognised old friends, came in.

How shy and awkward they were at first, and how uncertain as to what was to happen to them! To make them feel at home we produced a roll of brightly coloured Scripture prints which we had brought with us, and requested their assistance in nailing them up. They seemed somewhat reassured when this was done, and the familiar faces of Moses, David and Goliath, Daniel, the prodigal son, and many others looked down upon them from each panel of the old wood wall.

Then we set to work. The evening slipped away very quickly, and the time soon came for us to gather round the fire for a hymn and Bible talk. This was the pleasantest part of all, several of those present being Christians, and very happy ones too, as their simple, heartfelt prayers at the end testified. A warm shake hands all round, and we separated, looking forward to our meeting the following week.

At the next night school we found our numbers were increased from ten to twenty men, all of whom were very anxious that the class should be held twice instead of once a week. We were able to arrange this, greatly to our own as well as to their satisfaction,

one of them exclaiming on hearing the news, "Praise the Lord, miss!"

The numbers went on increasing, and we began to feel our quarters rather small. Just at this time

BERGER HALL, OUR NEW MISSION CENTRE,

lower down in Bromley, was opened, and with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret we took leave of the "old palace," where so many had been turned from darkness to light, and transferred the night-school, among other things, to the new building. The two large class-rooms were soon filled, but with the help of a third lady teacher we managed very well, until a difficulty arose.

Hitherto we had reached that more respectable class of working men who possess a Sunday suit, and appreciate the advantages of a frequent use of soap and water. But the fame of our school was spreading, and we soon found ourselves inundated by a very different set of men, "natives" of the lowest and poorest part of Bromley, in which Berger Hall stands.

On our arrival the second night after we had commenced our work there, we were somewhat dismayed to find awaiting us in the large class-room a dozen or more of such ragged roughs as we had never come in contact with before. They were sitting in a group round the fire, enjoying themselves, to the perplexity of our own respectable men, who were holding themselves somewhat aloof, and evidently wondering what would happen when we came in. A single glance was sufficient to show us that it was useless to attempt to mix these new scholars in the same classes with our other men; and as we had neither room nor teachers for them that evening, we were obliged, though very reluctantly, to send them away, retaining only a few of the more decent. Next evening, when in some trepidation we entered the class-room, we found that not only had all the poor fellows returned, but they had brought with them others also, and that moreover one of them was quite drunk. It was very difficult to dismiss them all again, and before they went we had a long talk with some of them, and no less than six signed the pledge that night, and they did it earnestly and prayerfully; amongst them was the man who had come in the worse for drink.

Feeling that these men had, by their very poverty and need, a strong claim upon us, and that we could not refuse to help them, we decided that we must manage a *separate* night-school for them, and

before they left we promised to them to do so, and arranged the evening they were to come.

And they did come, more than twenty of them that first night! Rough, ragged, and dirty though they were, we soon found out that, despite the stand-off and almost defiant manner which so often accompanies the hard struggle with an unsympathetic world which such have to make, they had warm, grateful hearts, which responded at once to the loving interest we could not help feeling in them.

The ice took some time to thaw however! Poor fellows! it spoke sadly for the lovelessness of their lives, that they received our overtures at first with a kind of suspicious, resentful surprise, which plainly showed that our conduct and its motives was a mystery to them; this soon changed however to a pathetically wistful appreciation of what they seemed to feel was "too good to be true."

Little did we guess that first evening that many of our new scholars, who seemed so grateful and so easily led, were amongst the worst characters of Bromley, renowned for their desperate lives. We heard afterwards that it would be hard to tell how many times some of these very men had been in prison.

The next evening at the *regular* night-school we were congratulated on our safety by two of our "respectable" men with undisguised pleasure: "We do feel so thankful, miss, as 'ow you didn't have no disturbance last night. Tom and me, we didn't feel comfortable about your bein' alone with those fellows, so after work we just cleaned up a bit and come round to watch on the stairs in case there would be a row, which we *was* expectin' of, miss." It was on asking the reason of this kind, but, as we thought, needless care, that we were enlightened as to the lives and characters of our apparently gentle and tractable "roughs."

We keep the two classes distinct during school-time, but unite them for the address at the close. The plan meets with the warm approval of our Christian men, who are delighted to help us reach their hitherto neglected neighbours. We furnish all who desire it with a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter for a penny at the close of the evening's engagements.

It was pleasant to see the grateful surprise with which our efforts to render the hall cheerful and home-like were greeted. The pretty appearance of the room, with its red table-cloths, bright pictures, and glowing firelight, elicited strong expressions of approval. "Well, miss," said one, "it *do* seem as 'ow you means to make a real 'ome

'ere for us working men"; and another remarked with an emphatic and appreciative nod, "Guess there's been artists here to-night."

About sixty remained behind for supper that evening, and this gave a capital opportunity for conversation. Very interesting were the talks we had with some of the men as they sat about at their ease, disposing of the good hot coffee and bread and butter. That first evening we made them our guests, and charged nothing for the supper.

One little group especially attracted attention by their evident enjoyment of this unexpected meal. In response to some expressions of kindly interest, one of them, a fine-looking young fellow of about twenty-three, said, "Well, miss, it's 'ard times with us now; 'tain't often we gets a meal like this. My mate there can tell you the same, for I know he's pretty 'ard up, worse than I am myself." The "mate" indicated, drawing his chair a little nearer, remarked: "It's quite true what he's a-sayin' of, miss. I don't generally manage to get enough victuals for more than *one meal in two days, miss.*"

Poor L——! He looked like it, with his thin, pale face and despairing, hunted expression! Another told how he had been out of work for more than thirteen weeks, and when asked how he managed to *live*, said, "My sister that's married, she gives me a crust now and then, and I gets along some'ow." Poor fellows! our hearts went out to them in earnest longing that we might be enabled to bring some brightness into their sad lives, as well as to lead their wandering feet into the way of peace!

P—— was there again that night, the man who had come in on a previous occasion quite tipsy, and who had then signed the pledge. It was delightful to see him looking so much better already, and to hear his earnestly repeated assurance that "he would keep steady *if he anyways could*"; and "miss," he added, "if I could tide myself over Saturday night, just from six o'clock till ten, I am sure it would be all right." This remark of course led us to think whether it would be possible to hold a night-school on Saturday, thrice instead of twice a week, and also let the men come at six instead of seven on Saturday evenings—the time of greatest danger to them. By the following week we had arranged this, and were amply rewarded by the gratitude of those who availed themselves of the open doors.

P—— was one of the first to arrive. When questioned as to how he managed to keep steady on Saturday evening *last* (when there was no night-school), he answered, "Well, you see, miss, I had

nowheres to go, and so as I was afeared of being tempted into one of them public-'ouses, *I went to a theatre instead*, but I didn't like it, nohow, miss!" Alas for our poor brothers, when their choice lies between the theatre, the "public," and the one-roomed family home!

That first Saturday night all the men went into the prayer-meeting in the large hall after school was over, where a bright, earnest gospel address was given. To many of them the glad tidings seemed really *new*, and several were deeply impressed, as we found out at coffee afterwards.

That evening commenced a blessed soul-saving work, which has, thank the Lord! been going on in the night-school ever since. How unspeakably it has gladdened our hearts to see one after another of these dear men brought, not only to sign the pledge and give up drink, but, far better, to take Jesus as their Saviour and great Deliverer! As we write this many well-known names flash through our minds—names that are now, we trust, written in the Lamb's book of life.

Great Need of a Coffee-Palace.

The effect of this night-school has already been felt in the neighbourhood. Nearly two hundred men are now on the books, and the average attendance is about ninety. Some of the men tell us that on night-school evenings the neighbouring public-house is nearly emptied of its customers, and that the landlord wishes, in no measured terms, that "Berger Hall" had never been opened! We, for our part, greatly wish that his house might be closed, or at any rate converted into a coffee-palace!

Bromley, which has a population of *sixty-four thousand souls*, does not, as far as we know, possess *one* of these helpful and highly appreciated places.

On every side public-houses, brilliantly lighted and well-warmed, stand invitingly easy of access; but if a man has "*turned teetotaler*" and will not avail himself of *these*, there is no resort for him but the cold, damp, miserable street-corner.

"Why does he not go home?" Well, we asked one man whom we knew, and whom we found one evening lounging suspiciously outside a public-house, just that question, and the reply was, "Well, miss, you see, it's just this; mother, she's always a-jawin' of me, cos I can't get no work, and *I can't stand it*, so I come out here. But I

ain't a-been *inside.*" The lack of work so severely felt among these men at times means lack of daily bread, and what husband or father could bear a home where the mother and little ones are pining for food!

We should gladly open coffee and cocoa-rooms had we the funds meanwhile we have fitted up, as a little earnest of good things to come, one detached room at Berger Hall for the purpose. It will accommodate twenty or thirty men at a time, and has been placed under the management of one of our Christian men, who has volunteered to conduct it at his own risk.

Looks and expressions of delight followed the announcement that we were going to open even this little coffee and reading-room. "It's just what we've been a-wantin' of, miss, and 'twill do a deal of good," said the men, and we believe that it *will* be a real comfort and help to them, small as it is.

But will not some of our friends who "dwell in ceiled houses," and can secure either privacy or society as they please, help to provide a larger and better place where their poorer brothers who want to shun evil ways and bad companions may safely spend an evening hour in comfort? Coarse and rough, and often very hard is their day's work—when they get it, and pitiful and depressing in the extreme is their unsuccessful quest of it, when none is to be had! There is a *grain* of comfort in turning into a warm and well-lighted coffee-palace, even if a man has not a penny to pay for a cup of coffee! But there is more, there is deliverance for the time from temptation, and there is a kindly sympathy from fellow toilers, and, it may be, Christian love and counsel. What are these worth to the discouraged, heart-wearied men with whom we have to deal?

A Later Sketch. By E. F.

It was in the fog and gloom of a raw October evening that we first made a sketch of our men's night school, then in its infancy. More than eight months have passed since that time, bringing us to bright summer days, and the long, warm evenings of July. With what different feelings we can now write about the school, after months of varied experience—of shadow and sunshine, disappointment and success! If these months have robbed us of the eager, expectant confidence with which we began the work, it has only been to bestow some "better thing."

Many have been the lessons acquired in our night-school, where

not only the men, but their teachers too, have been learners. The former have made much progress in their simple studies; and we, through the Lord's mercy, have been taught precious lessons also—lessons as to the weakness of human purpose, the helplessness of the unsaved, the terrible tenacity and subtle strength of sin; ay, and something too of the omnipotence of Divine goodness and the reality of Divine help. We have learnt to say with a deeper dependence, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," and to believe with a more rooted faith in the wide and everlasting love of God. Truly there has been One in our midst, of whom we can say, with Job, "Who teacheth like Him?"

The following jottings will give our readers a little idea of the working of the school, and will serve to show that in it the men have gained something more than mere book knowledge.

It is Tuesday evening, and everything is going on steadily. All the classes are full, and teachers and pupils alike bright and busy. As we take a leisurely survey of the interested, attentive groups, we are startled by hearing a peal of good-humoured laughter from the front of the hall. Going up to the quarter whence it proceeds, we find ourselves by the first class, whose members—about eighteen intelligent, respectable men—are seated in a circle round their teacher, with the exception of one, more forward than the rest, who is sitting apart, intent on a Latin Principia. A series of questions on the subject in hand are going rapidly round, and are being as rapidly answered by the class, who evidently have their wits about them. Ah! we have found out the cause of the laughter. One poor unfortunate, who was wool-gathering when his question came, has answered very *mal à propos*, and has paid the penalty of his blunder by being well laughed at by the rest, and corrected too! They are quick, these men, and there is evidently a spirit of good-natured emulation among them, which helps forward the work. Now they turn their eyes to the blackboard, across which the teacher has written in very large letters the single word "Why?" The men smile and nudge each other, and one, bolder than the rest, says, "You are fond of that word, aren't you, miss?"

"Yes, why am I?"

"Because you want us to think before we answer, and not to have opinions we can't give reasons for."

"Exactly; now, G." (G. is by no means the most thoughtful in the class), "can you tell me your reason for the answer you gave to my last question?" G., whose opinions are not infrequently quite unsupported by any reason whatever, looks dubious for some moments, then says, "It wouldn't be any use, miss, for you would only ask me why that was my reason." This raises another laugh, and half a dozen volunteer a correct answer.

A simple talk—to which the men listen eagerly—on the nature of the reasoning faculty and the value of asking "why," with practical illustrations, follows; then books are brought, and the class is soon absorbed in an interesting work on ancient history. But we must not linger here, or stop to watch them at the next lesson, which consists of some—to them—puzzling problems in elementary arithmetic, but take a look round the room. The lowest class is struggling over "a,t—at," "i,t—it"; others are doing dictation, reading, writing, or arithmetic. If we wait long enough, we shall hear a little bell tinkle, then a hymn is sung, and each class settles down for twenty minutes' study of the word of life.

We find this plan of separate Bible-classes much better than the old one of giving an address to the whole school, as each teacher knows the various members of her own class, and to a certain extent their needs, difficulties, and temptations. These quiet, earnest little talks over the Bible have proved to be truly golden opportunities of reaching the hearts of the dear men. How many have said to us lately, as we have subsequently had the joy of pointing them to Christ, "I have been unhappy, miss, about my sins, and wanting something better, ever since I came to the night-school"! Many of the men, of course, are Christians, and we find that the word spoken *to them* oftens stirs up, first a curious interest, and then a great longing in the hearts of those who are as yet strangers to God. Prayer follows, then coffee and personal conversation, both of which are very much appreciated, as we see by the bright faces of the men.

"A stranger has come to see you, miss, about the emigration; he's a-standing at the door." So I went down to the door and brought him in, a nice, steady-looking working man.

He had never been in Berger Hall before, and knew nothing about our night-school, so his surprise and admiration were extreme when he saw the large hall, with its red-covered tables, and happy groups of men all hard at work.

He was a painter by trade, but had long been unable to obtain regular employment. At last he made up his mind to seek a new home for his young wife and children in Australia, where one of his brothers, also a painter, was settled and doing well. It was with real pleasure we were able to go into the matter with him, and put him in the way of accomplishing this desirable object.

When we had finished our business, he rose to go, asking if he might come the next evening and join the night-school. This we gladly agreed to, and he has been most regular in coming ever since.

One night, a week or two after, he brought in with him one of his mates, a respectable, good-looking man, who wished to learn to read. We welcomed him warmly, and he was soon quite at home in our midst. He soon interested us greatly by his earnestness and evident longing for better things. An opportunity for conversation occurred one evening soon after he joined us, and we were enabled to point him simply and clearly to Christ. Our Lord's words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," were fulfilled in this case. It was just that. R. was as ignorant as he could be of the wonderful way of salvation! He said he had not been in a place of worship for more than twenty years, and had never prayed since he was a little child at his mother's knee. The glad tidings were to him a revelation, and one, he felt, that suited his need. So in simplest faith he accepted the Saviour, and went away rejoicing in the sweet sense of pardon and peace.

A few weeks after this another stranger found his way to the night-school; a serious, sensible-looking man of about thirty years of age. He joined the first class, and listened to what was going on with very evident appreciation. We were speaking that evening in the Bible-class of the one great difference between the Christian and the non-Christian—Christ in the heart—how it transforms a man and glorifies life. This theme touched a chord in the hearts of several men in the class, who responded to what was said with much warmth and sincerity. At this juncture our new friend M—— asked leave to speak a few words, and it being readily granted, he faced the class, and said very earnestly:

"It's just this that I want; just this that brought me here to-night. It's some weeks now since my two mates B—— and R—— have been coming here, and I can't make them out, they are so changed. I never hear them swear now, and they are altogether different.

am here to-night to find out what they have got, and to get it too if possible."

How our hearts thanked the Lord as we heard him! In the quiet talk we had together afterwards, he told us with tears in his eyes that he wanted to be a Christian more than anything else in the world. As we showed him how, through the marvellous love of Christ, this was blessedly possible for him that night, he broke down, and, with a deep realization of his own unworthiness, came to the Cross, and found what he needed at the feet of Jesus. How his face shone as he rose from his knees! As we pointed him to the words, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me," with other similar passages, he said several times very earnestly and wonderingly, "O miss, I have often read all this before; but to-night the texts seem so different somehow; I can't understand it!"

Thus we have very specially to thank the Lord for the influence the night-school has been gaining during the last month or two in Bromley and the neighbourhood, and that it is getting to be *known* as a place where spiritual blessing may be sought and found.

The first time we saw S—— at Berger Hall was about two months ago. We were surprised to learn that the bright, respectable, manly fellow before us was just out of prison, where he had been for many weeks. He told us that whilst there the chaplain had continually read and prayed with him, and just before he left greatly surprised him by saying, "You will thank God yet that ever you came here."

"I didn't believe him then, miss," he added; "but I see now what he meant."

The disgrace of being there, the misery it brought on his wife and children, above all, the terrible consciousness of sin that had haunted him all these weeks, and which, under the good chaplain's ministrations became insupportable, had brought him at last to a point, and he was ready, like the prodigal son, to "arise and go to his Father."

"I came here to-night, miss," he said, "to turn over a new leaf, and to leave the old life behind me. I have been miserable for some time now, and can't endure it any longer. If it had been twelve miles here, I would have come." There was something in his earnest voice and honest face and manner that convinced us of the reality of his purpose, and we felt that, ignorant as he was as to *how* he was to leave the old life and start a new, there was nothing to hinder him from doing so before he left the hall that evening. Through the Lord's goodness he was enabled before we parted to put himself

into the hands of his Saviour for forgiveness and life and power. An evening or two afterwards he brought his wife, who with equally glad and simple faith received Christ. They are now, according to the testimony of those who know them well and by their own confession, "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Some months ago, as we were reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" with one of the night-school men, we came to a picture representing Christian running full speed *downhill*, away from his jeering companions and his weeping family, who would fain detain him, towards the Celestial City.

H—— an earnest, intelligent man, who had tried hard for some time to lead a Christian life, looked gravely at it for a moment, then said sorrowfully, "Ah! miss, they have made a mistake here. He should be *struggling up hill, not running down!*"

Poor fellow! he had learnt that much by bitter experience! On one occasion, though out of work, and dependent in measure for support on the kindness of those of his mates who were more fortunate than himself, he signed the pledge, threw up his old companions, and struggled on bravely alone for many weeks, in the midst of much difficulty and many temptations. But at last absolute starvation stared him in the face, and driven to despair by four days' vain tramp in search of work, during which time he had hardly tasted any food, with no home, no shelter, and no friend,—cold, wet, miserable, hungry, hopeless—he yielded to the temptation of a former mate and entered a public-house, where he was treated *gratis* to several pints of beer. His word once broken, and the fatal step taken, further progress in the same path was inevitable. The next time we saw him he confessed with mingled shame and despair the sad story of his failure and its cause, adding, in tones of such bitter disappointment as made our hearts ache, "O miss, I did pray to God and trust Him to keep me; but He didn't, and it's hard work living on nothing but faith!"

Hard work indeed! What if our faith were similarly tried! Would it stand the test?

We are glad to say that H., who was far too independent to take a farthing from us that he had not earned, has now found constant employment, and is keeping sober and steady.

A WINTER AFTERNOON IN BROMLEY.

How quickly the days fly by! This is Wednesday already, and the afternoon for our mothers' meeting in Bromley. It is miserably cold and foggy out of doors, and very uninviting; but the poor dear women will assemble all the more numerously on this account, so we must not be daunted. A brisk walk of about a mile brings us to our destination, down in one of the poorest and most crowded parts of the great east of London. On the way we pass Harley Hall, in the schoolroom of which our factory girls' classes are held three nights in the week. These classes have been well attended lately, and some of the dear girls have been got away out of London altogether to a quiet home in the country, where they are being trained for domestic service.

Of all the unfavourable positions in which a young Christian girl could be placed, surely none could be worse than that of these poor factory hands! Some of our friends, accustomed to the same class in Scotland or in Lancashire, still more those acquainted with "the young ladies of Lowell" (Massachusetts), have ideas of factory girls differing widely from our own! Whether the difference rise from the lower wages earned by the young women in these parts, or from the lower condition of society from which they come, or from the excessively unfavourable surroundings of this crowded neighbourhood, we will not say; but it is a fact that our factory girls down here, who number many many thousands, astonish our visitors by their words and ways, and require no small tact to manage. We love many of them dearly however, and have found a warm and glowing return of affection from them. But they are all busy with their daily toil at *this* hour; not till after six will they come thronging in to their evening class. For the present, it is not with the bright, boisterous, noisy, merry, mischievous young things we have to do; but with weary, careworn, anxious, and often sorely suffering mothers, to whom kindly sympathy of another kind is however equally welcome.

The fog seems to be thicker here in these dark little streets. How the gaslights in the public-houses flare out! and what numbers of children are swarming everywhere! even this weather cannot keep *them* at home. Poor little pets! Their only nursery, their best playground, is—the street!

Here is the chapel at last; we must go in by the schoolroom

door. What a bright, pleasant contrast the room is, with its warm fire and cheerful lights, to the dismal streets outside! No wonder the poor women like to come in for a little rest and change. There must be over sixty of them here to-day.

Many of the houses they leave are sad enough. Often even in this wintry weather we find them with no fire, no food, and the husband ill or out of work week after week. If this cold continues we must give them a bun and a cup of tea next Wednesday. It is a real pleasure to do this, or they seem to enjoy it so much.

Our meeting here lasts for nearly two hours. Mutual greetings and friendly inquiries after "baby" come first; and then when the money has been taken in, and the work given out, we read aloud some short temperance story, or one of Power's capital tracts. But the best part of the meeting comes when the reading is over and the work folded up, for then we join in singing some bright hymn, the Bible is brought out, and a passage read from its familiar page. And while they listen to the old, old story which always seems to come as though it were new, and as we tell them about that home where there is neither sin nor sorrow, how many sad and weary aces seem to brighten, though *some* eyes fill with tears! After the meeting is closed with a few words of prayer, we can go in amongst the women and talk to them while they linger, and find out much about their hearts and homes and circumstances. They always seem so glad of a sympathetic listener, and any little counsel or cheer. Many, many *sad* cases of distress we meet in this way, and it is our joy to be able to help not a few. But best of all we are sure that, in this as well as in our similar meetings elsewhere, there are those whose hearts have been brightened in the midst of their sorrow and care by acquaintance with the love and sympathy of the best of friends. Few, even in this suffering world, more need the comfort of a "very present help in trouble," a sympathising High Priest who has grace to help in time of need, than the poor mothers of East London.

AN EVENING WITH THE HARLEY HOUSE MEN IN EAST LONDON.

Our London students are occupied with mental work daily till five p.m. Then they close their books and turn from the theoretical to the practical, from study to soul seeking.

After tea and some spiritual preparation they go forth in groups into our crowded thoroughfares, or to mission halls in quiet back streets, to pursue their calling as fishers of men. The following sketch of an evening's work is by Mr. MacGill, now superintendent of the Manchester City Mission, who for a time helped us in London.

Feb. 16th, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,—

As requested, I made a run round last night to see the students at their work. It was an exceptionally beautiful evening, and I was therefore enabled to see matters in the best form.

Beginning at the Bow Road station, I found the young men busily engaged in getting up their open-air platform, a substantial table seven or eight feet long, on which were mounted, with a good harmonium and a large board erected at the back to assist the voice and carry the sound into the noisy thoroughfare, about a dozen students. They were singing, distributing tracts, playing the harmonium, and delivering short gospel addresses, and were attracting fair audiences and holding them. One who had newly arrived at the college was speaking to a London crowd for the first time.

From Bow Road I went to Hackney, where the Bible carriage was at work under Messrs. Brewster and Hind, assisted by a number of junior students. The Bible carriage is placed in an opening used by the tramway company, about forty feet in width, close to a great thoroughfare traversed by all classes, the working people and lower orders preponderating. From two to three hundred persons were gathered in the space around the carriage. The platform was brilliantly lighted up by naphtha lamps. Seven or eight women and four or five men formed a choir, and one of the students led with his cornopean, while Mr. Hind played the harmonium, and another student was busily occupied in selling Bibles, etc., among the crowd. I got on to the wagon for the purpose of studying the appearance of the audience, and Mr. Brewster called my attention to the fact that there were at least nine men to every woman, and asked me if I thought such an audience could be gathered from the streets of London by any other means. During the quarter of an hour that I remained there, a hymn, two short addresses, and a considerable amount of selling was the work done, and at least two audiences came and went. They sold one hundred and eighty Testaments during the evening, and must have addressed several thousand persons.

From Hackney I returned to the Bow Road, and found that the students had succeeded in drawing to the inside meeting from seventy to eighty people, and at the door I found two foreign students, a Swiss and a German, stopping the people and urging them to come in. They had succeeded in getting into the place a number of men who otherwise would certainly not have been listening to the gospel.

I then went to Harley Hall, and found another student addressing between twenty and thirty people, who were listening with great attention.

Thence I proceeded to George Street Hall, where an intensely interesting meeting was being held. The chapel was fairly filled, and a young Dutch student was preaching. His address was pointed, clear, earnest, original, and delivered with great fervour; and his broken English only served to give interest to the whole. The people listened with rapt attention. There were present at the

meeting among others about twenty young people, lads from fourteen to eighteen, and girls from sixteen to twenty, who had during the last week or ten days been brought to Christ.

From George Street I went to the factory girls' classes in Bromley, where Miss Guinness and the female missionaries were engaged in teaching seventy or eighty girls and young women. I look upon this as one of the most interesting operations connected with your college, one of the most difficult, and yet one of the most hopeful. The factory girls of this neighbourhood are of a much lower type than anything I have seen, though I have worked among Scotch factory girls for eight and twenty years; and I consider that exceptional means must be adopted for reaching and elevating these young people.

From the factory girls' class I returned again to Bow Road, and found the students closing up their night's work, having had several anxious souls to speak to at the end of the meeting. They were hopeful and bright, and had evidently enjoyed their service for Christ.

I adjourned with the students to the college, and there met several others returning from the different mission enterprises they had been engaged in. Two young fellows arrived from a mission in Whitecross Street, where they had been addressing a "cocoa supper," conducted by Miss Hastings, of the London School Board; another arrived from your hall at Saxon Road; and a third from your mission enterprise conducted by your Mr. Bain, at Clapton, where he said a very blessed work was being carried on, largely attended meetings, and anxious persons to speak with every night.

This is the mere outline of what I saw in my night's expedition. I was highly gratified, and consider that there is a great deal of very living and hopeful work being done, that the men have the right material in them for future mission work, and that the training they are receiving is admirably fitted to educate them for that purpose.

I am, dear Mrs. Guinness, faithfully yours,

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

The most recent addition to the Institute has been

A FEMALE BRANCH

for training young women for the mission field. It often happened that our students were engaged to be married, and, as we felt that every missionary's wife ought herself to be a missionary, not only in heart, but in actual practical suitability, it seemed wise and right to offer the young sisters advantages and opportunities for self-improvement and practice similar to those we had provided for their future husbands.

Accordingly in 1884 we secured a substantial residence opposite Harley House, in the Bow Road, and by adding two storeys to it in height, and building out a large dining-room, we made it suitable to accommodate twenty students, together with the offices of the Institution and the family of the lady superintendent.

The new branch was opened early in 1885, and "Doric Lodge, as it is called, has since sent out many young sisters, some as wives and some single, to China, North Africa, the Congo, South America, and other lands.

We are increasingly convinced of the importance of well-trained female agents amongst the heathen, and of the fact that multitudes of women who have the natural and spiritual qualifications which would render them invaluable as missionaries among the heathen are wasting their time at home here in England, in doing work which has little or no bearing on the spread of the gospel in the earth. We rejoice, consequently, to be able to offer to such the opportunities for self-improvement and for practice in home mission work, by which alone they can be really fitted for the foreign field. Consecration of heart is by no means the only necessary qualification. Every kind of knowledge is useful. Miss Bessie Nelson, of Sidon in Syria, giving some hints from her own experience, says:

A missionary lady needs all the knowledge of housekeeping that she can acquire, for the wages are so small here that it is the best economy to keep servants. They need a great deal of instruction and constant oversight, and it does not take them long to find out whether the mistress knows more or less than they. What is true of cooking is true of all other departments of housekeeping. In a school particularly there is constant need of a wise head to plan all the details of the household, so as to secure the economical and orderly working of every part. . . . Dresses will have to be cut and fitted; every missionary lady should therefore be a good seamstress. Some will be sick, and, even if there be a physician at hand, it is very convenient to be saved the necessity of consulting him about every little ailment; a practical knowledge of simple nursing at least will therefore be most serviceable. Ability to lead in singing and to accompany it is a necesssity also, if music is to form any part of the worship; but above all, the habit of *teaching children* is important. Grown people here have to be taught very much as children are taught; the power to interest them and gain their love and confidence is of the greatest value. A ready pen is needed, and, as one has to spend hours in entertaining people who call, there is a field for the exercise of conversational powers. . . . Now it is hardly to be expected that one person can excel in all these directions, but I have found so many ways in which I might have prepared myself to be a better missionary, that I sometimes feel as if I would like to say to young ladies who have a desire to become missionaries, but are hindered by work close at hand: Your housekeeping or your nursing, or your music lessons, or your dressmaking, or your teaching in the dull round of the public school, your composition, writing, or social engagements may, any or all of them, if thoroughly mastered, serve as a preparation for usefulness in the mission field.

There is perhaps nothing for which I have been more thankful than the familiarity I had gained with the English Bible; and if I had been twice as familiar with it I should have been twice as thankful. It is so easy to commit to memory in a new language the verses or passages familiar in the English.

Above and beyond the matters enumerated in the foregoing extract, we should say that the power of soul-winning among rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and children alike, is the *main* art which a would be missionary needs to acquire. Opportunity for the practice of this art lies in rich abundance around every one of us, and until success is attained in *it* at home, it is little use to send either man or woman abroad.

Is it not a thousand pities that multitudes who might be efficient witnesses of Christ among the heathen should spend their days in giving mere secular education or in the exercise of some manual art? How many ladies we know who are spending their lives in teaching!—but teaching what? not that knowledge of God which is life eternal, but merely the branches of ordinary education. Will they not regret this expenditure of their life when they stand before the judgment seat of Christ? If they must teach, why not teach in China, India, or Japan the highest and best of all knowledge?

Already from this branch, which had been in operation on a small scale some years before it found a home in Doric Lodge, about a dozen young women missionaries have gone forth—two to the Congo, five to Algiers, two to China, and others into home work and to America. We give a measure of medical instruction to each, and these students are many of them efficient helpers in our home mission work, not only amongst the women and children, but as teachers in the men's night-school.

SYRIAN LADIES VISITING.

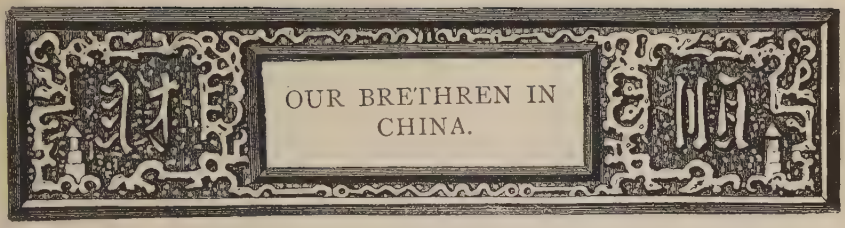
Chapter IV.

FORMER STUDENTS AND THEIR PRESENT SPHERES.

It would of course be impossible in the limits of a brief sketch to give any adequate idea of the varied and widespread mission work being done now by men who have passed through the Institute. Between 400 and 500 of such are now scattered throughout the earth, labouring among all sorts and conditions of men. To all parts of the European continent, to all our colonies, to India, China, Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, and Syria, to the Mohammedans of North Africa, the savages of Central Africa, and the Hottentots and Zulus of South Africa they are teaching the "wonderful words of life." Not a few —especially of the fifty who went out to the Congo—have already fallen asleep, but there are still preaching Christ in

EUROPE.		
United Kingdom	101	
France and Switzerland	13	
Spain and Portugal	5	
Germany	3	131
Russia and Finland	5	
Italy and Sicily	2	
Roumania and Bulgaria	2	
ASIA.		
India, China, and Japan	53	69
Turkey, Syria, and Asia Minor ...	16	
AFRICA.		
North	13	
South	34	88
Central	37	
West	4	
AMERICA.		
United States	45	
Canada	25	88
Jamaica	12	
South...	6	
AUSTRALIA		16
NEW ZEALAND		5
		397

We will give brief notices of a few of these missionary brethren, and of the spheres in which they are labouring.



Most of our former students who are now labouring in China are doing so in connection with the China Inland Mission, founded and directed by our valued friend Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, M.D. This mission is the most extensive and the most aggressive in China, and has been wonderfully prospered in its endeavour to send ambassadors for Christ into all the eighteen provinces of this million peopled empire during the last twenty years.

When it commenced operations in 1866 there were only 97 missionaries connected with all the Protestant societies put together in China. and they were all concentrated on the seaboard, leaving eleven great provinces, each one as large as a European kingdom, without a single witness for Jesus. Now in 1886 there are 152 missionaries, and 36 wives of missionaries, most of whom had themselves gone out as missionaries in the China Inland Mission *alone*, nearly double the number of the entire staff in China twenty years ago. These occupy every province in the empire except one, where a settlement has as yet been found impossible, and where one of our brethren was very roughly handled, nearly killed indeed, by the Chinese last year.

By extensive itineration in all directions the missionaries of the C.I.M. opened up province after province to the utmost bounds of the enormous empire, and long before settled stations would have been possible—scattered the printed word of life, and preached the gospel in evangelistic tours.

Nor did they confine themselves to China proper only, but visited also in the vast outlying districts in Mongolia and Manchuria and the Corea, in the Shan Mountains and in North Burma. With heroic faith and courage they went thousands of miles beyond European help or protection, and casting themselves on the Chinese, living among them, wearing their clothes, eating their food, speaking their language, healing their diseases, they did more than any other agency to induce friendly relations between the natives and the Europeans.

SEVEN YEARS' WANDERINGS IN CHINA.

At a recent meeting of the China Inland Mission, held in the Mildmay Conference Hall, a curious looking map, intersected by an irregular network of scarlet braid, was suspended above the platform. It represented the Chinese empire, with its eighteen provinces, and the adjacent territories of Mongolia, Manchuria, Corea, Tibet, and Burma. A drawing in the corner of England on the same scale, smaller than China's smallest province, gave one some idea of the vast extent of country included in the map. To its utmost limits, and in every direction, ran the bright red line, which marked the journeyings of our former student, Mr. James Cameron, who has, during the past seven years, traversed China in her length and breadth, and entered some of her outlying territories, distributing the Scriptures, and preaching the gospel. It is easy to trace such journeyings on a map; but as the traveller gave, in briefest outline, his unpretending account of his itinerations, one felt that only a God-given zeal and patient endurance could have carried him over those more than 20,000 miles, with all the attendant privations, perils, and fatigues.

Mr. Cameron generally journeyed on foot, partly from necessity, though often by choice, as he found more opportunity of doing his Master's work in this way. Occasionally he travelled on horseback or on a mule; in the north a cart might now and then be hired, but these springless conveyances left their traces in many a bruise on the traveller's person. Wheelbarrows were the fashion in the southern province of Kwang-si; mere trucks divided into two seats by a wheel let into the centre; two, and sometimes four persons ride on these, one coolie pushing the load.

Starting in 1876 from Gan-king, about 500 miles inland from Shanghai, after six months spent in studying the language, Mr. Cameron went westward into Si-chuen, on the border of Tibet He found himself the first foreigner to enter many of the towns on his route, but was able, almost everywhere, to sell some Scriptures and tracts. Now and then however he was threatened with violence, as at I-chang, a treaty port on the Yang-tsi, where the people rose against the foreigners, broke in the wooden front of the house in which he was staying with a fellow worker, Mr. Nicoll—another of our former students—and stole or spoiled much of their property. At a town in Kiang-si, the landlord of his inn was beaten for having harboured the "foreign devil."

There was some river travelling at this point of his journey, through the magnificent gorges of the Yang-tsi; but Mr. Cameron always took a land route by preference when there was a choice, as he could hardly go a mile on foot without meeting wayfarers to whom he might deliver his message, or sell one of his books. In the numerous hamlets on his road he usually found ready listeners to his preaching, as well as a fair sale for Scriptures and tracts. Near Tibet, he was amused by the exaggerated accounts of Chinamen who had entered that country, and described it as a barbarous land, abounding in perils for the traveller. They advised him to carry thither, as a preservative from evil, some *earth* from Sichuen, if he would return from Tibet in health and safety! He found however that the only distinguishing features of Tibet, in so far as he penetrated it, were the sparseness of population and the poverty of the people. The border town of Litang was swarming with the bald pated lamas, who are the priests of Tibet. In every Tibetan family every other son born is destined to belong to this lazy brotherhood! Priestcraft never surely attained such terrible proportions elsewhere.

Mr. Cameron managed, under disguise of the Chinese dress he always wore, to enter a lamasery with a crowd who were offering gifts to the chief lama. He observed that this high priest gave the people in return a small piece of ribbon supposed to act as a charm, with which the priest ridden devotees went away looking extremely happy. As they came in and went out, each turned round one of the upright rollers or prayer wheels, standing in rows on each side the building, this being their mechanical form of supplication.

The road for long sections was seldom below an elevation of 12,000 ft.; and there is a magnificent mountain, Kenda, which is 22,000 ft. high, in this district. Mr. Cameron passed southwards into Yunnan after his excursion into Tibet. Popery had long been planted among the five millions of this province, but he found there no Protestant mission. (The China Inland Mission has now several stations there.) Serious illness delayed him some weeks. About this time he had suffered much from cold, long, trying walks; climbing over snow-clad mountains in Tibet, with the poorest fare and most wretched accommodation at the end of each day's weary course, had been too much even for his iron frame.

The principal food of the Chinese in this western region is a decoction called "tsan pa," made of brick tea boiled and mixed with

WOMEN OF LADAK, TIBET.

flour, salt, and butter. After a visit to Bhamo in Burma, Mr. Cameron ended this westerly tour of about five thousand miles at Singapore, where he enjoyed some much needed refreshment in the company of Christian friends.

But in his life "parting seemed to be the rule," to use his own words; and he soon started again on his lonesome way. This time he went through the southern province of Kwang-si, where his wheelbarrow coolies were poor, sickly opium smokers, only able to perform their labours under the influence of that deadly drug. The missionary's medicines were in great request in this part of his travels, and the people he was enabled to cure brought him presents of fowls, tea, and cakes, in proof of their gratitude, and in many villages became ready listeners to the gospel which he preached.

It will be seen by our map how he now returned into Yunnan, to traverse its eastern side, among a miserable people, so poor as to look pinched with want, yet greatly given to opium smoking. In the capital, Yunnan-fu, where a station is now established, he had attentive hearers, some coming to his inn for a quiet talk; and many carried to distant homes the sheet tracts which he, standing in the gateway of the city, distributed freely. Some months later, months of toilsome but untiring missionary travel, we find him in September, 1879, far away in the north-east at Tien-tsin, where he was gladdened by the success of Dr. Mackenzie's medical mission. From morning till evening patients suffering from all manner of diseases were coming to the temple given by the viceroy for a dispensary, and every comer heard the word of life.

Mr. Cameron's last journey was far away to the north, not only to the Chinese provinces of Shen-si and Shan-si, but into the outlying districts of Shin-king and the borders of Corea; he also crossed Manchuria; and his wanderings ended at Chifû. He had entered every province but one of the great empire, and his journeyings had traversed, in various directions, an area as extensive as all Europe.

And year after year, and all these thousands of miles, the one great object of Mr. Cameron's journey was never lost sight of; and while his were primarily pioneering explorations, the good seed of the kingdom was sown on every possible occasion. Many a wayside talk did he hold with strangely mixed companions. "Every three or four miles," he tells us, "one would come to a tea shop, and seated there, with a beggar it might be on one side sipping his two cash worth of tea, a merchant or literate on the other, some

half dozen listeners in front, all full of curiosity about my affairs, I would speak to them of the way of salvation through Jesus. Sometimes at night I was able to get a small room in an inn, or a small corner in a large room, or only a corner in a large bed, no screen of any kind anywhere, and at once the tidings would spread, 'a foreigner is come,' and the house would be speedily filled with Chinamen crowding into my room, or room corner, and on to my very bed, staring, examining my clothes, questioning, as only Chinamen can question, about my great-great-grandfather, and every family detail connected with me; for hours my visitors, usually including my landlord and his wife, would remain; even the *literati* would come, and borrow books, which they returned to me before I journeyed away. Among many of the magistrates I met with kindness, and preached the gospel in the houses of several."

Most solemnly the thought used to press on the missionary's mind that to most of those he met in the many millioned provinces of China and the regions beyond on which here and there he touched, the message of life was heard now, not only for the *first*, but probably also for the *last* time. Surely if any sowing of the good seed needs more peculiarly than another to be followed up by prayer, it is such work as this!

We have referred already to some of the trials and privations of such journeyings as Mr. Cameron's; many more might be mentioned. How much of isolation, for instance, is implied in the simple entry in his record, "I arrived at Pakhoi, *to find* 18 *months' letters awaiting me!*" But it is not for *us* to dwell on trials to which *he* alludes but rarely, and in the most passing way. The steadfast spirit of the great missionary traveller of old who could say, "None of these things move me," reappears in Mr. Cameron's diary, with deep thankfulness for mercies by the way, especially for the fulfilment of the promise, "He that hath forsaken brethren and sisters for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold," for many a sweet, refreshing experience of brotherly kindness and welcome to Christian homes was given him to enjoy. Rather would we sympathise with him in the only real cause of despondency and discouragement he met with, the *sore want of labourers in a field so vast*, and in some respects so white unto harvest.

"I felt again and again," says Mr. Cameron, "meeting as I did, not with Chinese only, but Tibetans, Miao-tsï, Mosos, Minkias, Shans, Kahch'ens, living without God and without hope in the world,

Oh that I could divide myself into many parts, so as to carry the message of salvation to all of these!"

If this is the feeling of the *servant*, what must be the yearning of the *Master* over these perishing multitudes, and what His desire to see His disciples go as His witnesses among these millions, impelled by the power of His constraining love, and inspired by the hope of His speedy coming!

MR. BALLER'S JOURNEYS.

OTHERS of our former students have also itinerated very extensively in China. In 1880 MR. BALLER, in a long journey across the centre of the empire to Kwei-chau in the south-west, escorted a party of missionary sisters to their distant destination.

To reach the borders of this province the party had to travel for weeks by native boat, and to traverse the province of HU-NAN, among whose twenty-five millions no missionary as yet resides. On entering Kwei-chau itself (the country becoming very mountainous) the river ceased to be navigable, and the journey had to be completed on foot or in sedan chairs, the travellers having to spend the night in native inns at the end of each stage.

They passed through much interesting and beautiful scenery, the river winding in and out among splendid hills and mountains, covered with wood to their summits. Mr. Baller describes portions of it as a very garden of the Lord for beauty; but the river in this part is dangerous; sunken rocks, rapids, and boiling caldrons being met with continually, it requires great care to steer clear of eddies. The boats are towed up the river, and heavy ones require as many as twenty men to pull them against the current.

Much missionary work was done on the road, both among men and women, though differences of dialect created some difficulty in intercourse. Two English sisters and one Chinese sister were of the party. Mr. Baller's journal has many such entries as the following:

Went forward a little, and found a woman with a child strapped to her back. She listened with the greatest attention, and repeated what we said, proving she understood us. She appeared specially interested in the story of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and expressed several times her great wonder that He should have stooped so low as to die for us. In the evening, just before dusk, several men came down from the village opposite. They gave willing ear to the truth, and gladly took copies of the gospels and small books away with them.

We have had a profitable day, having a good many opportunities of speaking

to different people. Our sisters had very attentive audiences of women, both ashore and on board the boat. They showed great willingness to listen to the word, and were almost invariably kind and agreeable.

In March the river navigation ceased, and they had to engage coolies for the land journey.

Mr. Baller has travelled extensively in other parts of China, and could therefore compare this Kwei-chau province with others which he had visited. He writes of it as follows, and we would call special attention to his statements about the tremendous increase and miserable results of the opium growing in these south-western provinces. Instead of being true to its name, a "noble land," Kwei-chau is evidently a deeply degraded land in consequence of the opium vice.

Our nine days' journey overland was a most enjoyable one, and the weather fine; but the poverty stricken appearance of the country we passed through contrasted unfavourably with the well-to-do air of Hu-nan (or south lake), which is perhaps one of the richest provinces in the empire. In many towns little could be bought. Indeed they were the most woebegone cities I have seen anywhere in China; the people poor and miserable looking, and I suppose *seven-tenths of them smoke opium.* They appeared apathetic and indifferent to everything. The amount of opium grown here is really fearful, both on Hu-nan and Si-chuen sides of the capital the whole country is *covered* with it. It *looks* lovely; the poppy flowers just in bloom presenting great varieties of colour, the petals of some pure white, the others delicate pink with white edges, while others are deep red or crimson, or else a magnificent dark blue. The cultivation being so extensive, opium is very cheap, can be bought for 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb. The devil has made it very easy for the poor people to become slaves to the accursed habit of smoking it. We saw them gathering in their opium harvest. It is only within this generation that opium smoking has become so common. Kwei-chau, the scene through which we passed, is the finest I have seen anywhere. Our road lay over great mountains; and as we crossed some elevated pass, we could see good high hills down below looking like molehills in the gray morning before the mist has lifted. Their cone-shaped tops appeared above the clouds lying in the valleys, like hills on a vast white sea.

The travellers had a kind and hearty reception at the city of Kwei-yang from the dear missionaries already resident there, who soon secured a second house for the newly arrived ladies. Mr. Baller's mission being accomplished, he left in a few days for his distant home at Wu-chang, accompanied by a native evangelist, an umbrella maker, going round by Chung-king, in the Si-chuen province, to see Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll, and to I-chang in Hu-peh. We are sorry to say that after a while both his own health and that of his dear wife began to fail seriously at Wu-chang. It was therefore decided that they should remove to Chifù, the sanatorium of the China Inland Mission, on the sea coast of the northern province of Shan-Tung. This place

SAIL HELPING WHEELBARROW.

has a much finer climate, and a great deal of work is carried on there by the mission, in which Mr. and Mrs. Baller are assisting for the present.

Mr. Henry Taylor went to China soon after Mr. Baller, and at one time itinerated extensively in Ho-nan province, in the centre of China; but such was the inveterate hostility of the people that

he failed to effect a settlement there, and ran many risks of his life even in visiting its towns and cities. He afterwards settled nearer the eastern coast at the city of Kin-hwa, in the province of Cheh-kiang, where he had some encouragement in his work. Five men and one woman were baptized in 1880, and there are now many native Christians in communion. These converts have not been without persecutions. A murderous assault was made by the soldiers on the native preacher, who suffered severely from the effects of it. The authorities however took up the case, and punished the culprits, and it is hoped the results will rather further than hinder the work.

This dear brother, Mr. Taylor, seriously injured his health in the course of several missionary journeys which he subsequently made, and fell asleep in Jesus at Chifù while still young.

Mr. Dorward, of Galashiels, met with much success in reaching the people. Many and extensive were his journeyings in the province of Gan-hwuy, near the eastern coast. This important province, with its population of nine millions, is, as will be seen by a glance at the map, divided into two sections by a northerly bend of the Yang-tsi-kiang. Mr. Dorward was permitted to carry the gospel to four of its western counties not previously worked. He has been blessed with good health, so that he was able to travel on foot immense distances without suffering. In eight months he travelled eighteen hundred miles in this province, mostly on foot. He mentions that in some districts through which he passed foreigners were little known, and at times the people said he was the only foreigner they had ever seen.

Mr. Dorward wrote:

We saw some fine specimens of industry, the sides of the hills cultivated at nearly every available spot, and covered with young crops. In many places they are terraced, and wheat was grown on parts so steep that one would have thought it impossible to till the land. The houses of the country people are often found up to nearly the top of some of the hills. I have seen much gambling lately, and sometimes think the Chinese have every influence that is bad, with little that is good to counteract it; so that God is quite removed from their thoughts.

While travelling on these journeys we are not surrounded by many earthly comforts; but what a privilege it is to be permitted to give up a few of earth's luxuries for our Lord and Master! Our food may sometimes be poor, and our accommodation uncomfortable; but we are privileged to dispense to the perishing the bread of life, and we remember Him who said, "the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

In 1881 Mr. Dorward commenced itinerating in the distant province of HU-NAN, to which he has been designated by the director of the mission, and in which he hopes to find his life work. This is the large province which lies to the south of the Tung-Ting lake, and has a population of sixteen millions. It has no mission station in it as yet, nor had any missionary ever traversed some of the routes over which Mr. Dorward has gone. His itinerations in these provinces will be continued systematically in different directions, until the way opens somewhere for residence and localized labours.

This journey occupied him five months and a half, and the distance traversed was very considerable. He was accompanied by two native helpers; and the expense of the whole party during this long pilgrimage did not exceed £30, a fact that seems almost incredible, but which shows what rigid economy he practised. This sum *included* the porterage of books, which is itself an expensive tem. Many hundreds of gospels and many thousands of tracts were disposed of, while Christ and His salvation were preached to large multitudes. The journey commenced on October 19th, 1880, and continued through the winter. Our brother met with opposition from the turbulent people occasionally, and cries of "beat the foreign devil" were raised, but no actual assault was made, and on the whole he seems to have been exceedingly well received. Of the city of You-chau he says:

After breakfast we went into the city with two native brethren. Before offering our books for sale we walked through the greater part of it. As we stood at the west gate some of the people gathered round, and we spoke a few words and offered our books for sale. We then went along several streets selling books. A few stones were thrown at me, and some cries of "beat!" were to be heard. Once while I was standing they tied my tail and a boy's together, and at the same time a man was going off, having given me too little money for the book he bought. When I walked off, and began to pull the little fellow, he was greatly frightened, but another man stepped forward and broke the string. Some were inclined to be rather rough, and others inclined to be well disposed. One old man, while buying the books, said as an apology for their rudeness, "It is because they do not understand." Yes, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." On the whole our reception in Hu-nan has not been so warm (!) as I feared it might be.

They had some difficulty in passing the Tung-Ting lake, and visiting many places around its shores. Their lives were graciously preserved in storms and dangers, both on this lake and on the rapids of the river. They passed through cities of 5,000, 6,000, 10,000,

20,000, and 25,000 inhabitants, and some even larger. At a town called Hun-Kiang, five hundred miles from their starting-point, they formed a depôt of books and Bibles. In January they encountered some little trouble from the underlings of the Ya-men, at a town called Yang-chau, about 660 miles from their starting-point.

Shortly after this their supplies of money ran out, and as it was impossible to get them renewed nearer they had to turn aside to Kwei-yang, in the distant province of Kwei-chau, the nearest station of the China Inland Mission, but two hundred miles distant from them!

Since then, in 1884, the mission opened a central station in this vast province of Hu-nan, at the city of Shasi. Had there been one it would have saved our brethren this walk of two hundred miles there and two hundred miles back. The journey however was not all loss. Missionary work was done, both going and coming, and one week was spent in resting with the missionaries at Kwei-yang, who were greatly refreshed by their visit. They prayed Mr. Dorward to tarry with them, but he is too earnest about his work to delay needlessly, and left them to continue his wanderings. He is now appointed superintendent of the work in the province of Hu-nan, and has five colleagues and three native Chinese assistants.

What a noble sphere for a young disciple of Christ, an unevangelized province of 25,000,000 people! Is there not many a young man wasting his one precious life in merely earning for himself food and raiment, who *might* be, like this dear young brother, spending it in preaching Christ to multitudes among whom He is not yet named?

MR. PARKER IN KAN-SUH.

From a very remote part of the Chinese empire, its extreme north-western corner, Tsinchau, another of our former students, Mr. George Parker, writes:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Guinness,—

During the year past I have visited most of the cities in northern Kan-suh, which have thus had the gospel brought to them for the first time. I travelled 3,200 miles, occupying 208 days; sold 10,000 portions of Scripture in Chinese, besides Arabic, Persian, Tibetan, and Manchu. My last journey was taken during a severe winter, and most of the time I was weakly through a troublesome cough, which forced me to turn back before I reached my goal. I have got quite well since I came home, and am looking forward to a good year along the Tibetan and Mongol borders, west and north. During two years I have gone over the greater part of the province. I hope it will soon be portioned out amongst three brethren,

as there are souls asking for instruction in places widely separated. I am thankful that they can read and have the Scriptures in their hands.

Although I was hindered in my journey north-west by sickness, I met traders from most of the cities in "the regions beyond," returning home in time for the new year, with whom I had long conversations about the localities in which they have been resident. They were mostly men of Shensi, Shansi, and Honan. Some of them had their families with them. One Shensi man gave me his name and full address, asking for instruction. After a long gospel talk, he said he wanted to be a Christian, bought a New Testament, insisted on paying more than the selling price, and turned to my muleteers—who were lying on the bed-place, but listening—telling them how happy was their lot in travelling with me to hear such good words.

At Ninghia, a man monopolised the whole of my evenings, hearing and asking me questions. He had read the four gospels so carefully as to notice that the miracle of the loaves was in each. A lame old man in eastern Kan-suh told me that he had been praying to Jesus for three years, and asked me to stay a day at the village and teach him. I was hurrying home for my wife's confinement, and the rainy season was setting in ; I dared not halt. The disciple must often take up his Master's sigh, "The labourers are few." Oh for a dozen brethren, willing to scatter themselves over a wholly destitute region as large as a score of Palestines ! They must have slaves' hearts in devotion to Jesus Christ, and learn thoughtfully to call Him *Lord*. Chinese mission work is play compared with that of the Congo. It does one good to read of the brethren there enduring hardness ; it makes one ashamed when the heart shrinks for a moment at the wear and tear, the dirt and dust of pioneer work, to think of those hastening to glory through fever and death for Jesus' sake.

To supply the need of all the regions I hope to explore, twelve stations would be needed, about 500 miles, or a month's journey, apart, besides the basis of operations at the capital of Kan-suh, Lanchau. In my former letter I only spoke of the route to Yarkand ; but from information gathered since I find that western Mongolia is most accessible from Hami, and will look to receive the tidings of salvation through Kan-suh.

The resident who superintends the Mongol tribes south of the desert resides at Ninghia. Two chieftains rule this extensive territory, one having his capital three days' journey west of Ninghia, across the mountains. A Chinese, or rather Manchu, princess is always given to this king of the Eluths. I have visited the place, and had an interview with the chief's brother. The second is king of the Artos, and rules the nomads within the great northern bend of the Yellow River. There is said to be also a resident at Shen-mu, in the north of Shensi, with the oversight of six chiefs. Ninghia is 400 miles from the capital.

Ku-ku Lake province is under a resident at Sining. The most important border-town in western Kan-suh is however Hochau, which gives easy access to Lapelong, perhaps the most important trading town within the Tibetan territory of western Kan-suh. Hochau is so wonderfully surrounded by various tribes, that if the door was shut that gives access to Outer Mongolia, Zungaria, and Turkestan, the races that inhabit those regions could be all evangelized in the remnants that are accessible from Hochau. One day east of Hochau is a large tribe of Mongols, who, 200 years ago, accepted the Moslem faith and retained their own lands, rather than flee westward or perish by the sword. They speak Chinese equally well with their mother-tongue. They are called Tu-reu (aborigines). Three

days north-west, on the banks of the Yellow River, is a *Turkish* immigration called Sa-la. The Sa-la are divided into eight tribes, but four Tibetan tribes joined them, making in all twelve, so that there are Tibetan Mohammedans as well as Mongols. Some of the Sa-la speak Tibetan and Chinese as well as their mother Turki. Three or four days south-west is Lapelong, the Tibetan frontier-town, so that three brethren sent by the Churches to three nations, could live in Hochau and acquire the tongues, and get converts for spreading the knowledge of salvation in Lassa, Yarkand, and Uliasutai.

It must be ignorance of the world's state that keeps back young men from offering themselves for these glorious openings. If I could possibly have peace of mind in becoming a pastor at home, knowing what I do, I feel I would shun the congregation that was not represented by a foreign missionary. If every one who calls Jesus *Lord*, or even if every body of believers were in earnest that none should be left out of the chance of being saved, would all these regions lie much longer in outer darkness? Would the Bible Society ask year by year in vain for a qualified agent for Siberia and Russian Turkestan? Means would be provided to enable the Moravians to send their ready men into Tibet proper and Tartary. The C.M.S. would get their much-needed "half as much again," and "half as many again," and push on their work in Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kafiristan, and Independent Turkestan. The vast regions of Eastern Persia would be taken up; more hearts than Brother Connor's would feel for as well as sing about "Arabia's desert rangers." There would be an "Indian Inland Mission" to take up neglected parts of that country. The seven starving regions of Africa, mentioned in Dr. Mean's pamphlet, would get a share of the children's bread; *a missionary geography* would be in the homes of all God's families, and soon parents would be unable to find out any spot upon the globe where Christ was not named to which to devote their children. Alas! this is a vision of what *ought to be*, and not *what is*. What a blessed outcome of all the tendencies to union that are manifest to-day in conferences, and on Mr. Moody's platform, if it took a missionary turn, and the bands of God's people agreed to divide the world amongst them, and carry the gospel of repentance and faith to every creature!

But to return to China. The chief centres in the north-west dependencies of China are each from 400 to 600 miles apart. The Chinese speak of them as so many "eighteen stages." Carts take nearly a month to accomplish each set of stages.

The extensive circulation of single gospels in China by many Institute brethren is telling on the people in a way no statistics can tabulate. There are at least 20,000 Scriptures in circulation in this province, which has the least population of the eighteen. On my last journey, the inn-keeper at a market town told me that a lot of people there were worshipping Jesus. I thought I must have misunderstood him, and replied, "I hope many will worship Him when they know Him." He continued, "They worship Him now according to the books you sold here last year."

Farther on, at Tihtau, a man came up to me in the street, looked at a gospel, and exclaimed, "Coming it is Jesus, going it is Jesus," meaning, now-a-days we are hearing of nothing but Jesus. At no distant date "Jesus books" will outnumber Confucian. All we want is the manifestation of the Holy Spirit to enable all who confess Christ to show forth His virtues and convince the natives of sin.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

GEORGE PARKER.

RIVER SCENE IN CHINA.

Another former student, Mr. Steven, writes last year from his lonely outpost at Talifu, in distant Yunnan, the extreme south-east of China:

I have now been here nearly five months, after my long journey of about twelve weeks from Chun-king. I am very happy and comfortable with our brother, George W. Clark, whose dear wife died about nine months ago, leaving him alone with an infant boy. I am studying as I am able, and purpose (D.V.) to take a missionary journey to the north of this province as soon as the rainy season is over.

This is a most beautiful, healthy district. The city is about 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and we have mountains behind us rising over 6,000 feet higher. A vast lake lies in the valley outside the city walls, thirty miles long and seven miles wide. This lake is the source of the river Cambogia. The hills are snow-capped all the year round. This is the city where "Tuwensha," the Mohammedan sultan, ruled for eighteen years, in spite of all the efforts of China to put him down. He was overcome at last, and the city taken by treachery, and 10,000 people were slain in cold blood only ten years ago.

There are now only a few Mohammedans in the city. Their mosques, of which there were scores in other days, have all been demolished or turned into idolatrous temples. Most of the natives of the city have their hands stained with blood, and their hearts are hardened thereby. No one wants to hear the gospel. Out of pure curiosity one or two come to see us occasionally, but no one desires our message.

Mr. Steven has recently been joined by our brethren Foucar and Smith, and has, since the annexation of Upper Burma, left them in Yunnan and crossed alone the difficult and disturbed border country between China and Burma, to resume work in Bhamo, on the Irrawaddy, whence the missionaries had been driven during the late disturbances.

The following description of the home and work of our former students, Messrs. RILEY and NICOLL, at Chun-king, in the vast province of Si-chuen, is from the pen of Mr. Henry Soltau, who in 1881 crossed China from Burma to the sea-board, visiting the stations as he passed along.

Sunday, 27th.—This was a very happy day. While we were at breakfast the natives held a prayer-meeting. At eleven o'clock we all assembled in the guest hall, which was soon filled to overflowing, several men and women being accommodated with seats in the quadrangle. It was a cheering sight to see this attentive congregation of at least fifty or sixty persons listening with quiet interest to the service. Mr. Stevenson was asked to take charge of the meeting, and was much delighted to find himself once more face to face with an intelligent and well behaved Chinese audience.

After singing a hymn, he asked one of the Christian natives to read John iv., and then prayed. Another hymn, and Mr. Stevenson gave an address, which was attentively followed. A hymn and prayer closed the meeting. I was much struck with the number of women present, all of whom remained to the close, and after-

wards, when the men had left, had a service by themselves, with Mrs. Nicoll and the old Cantonese Christian.

This work among the women is a most important portion of the mission here. They pay great respect to Mrs. Nicoll, and really seem to have an affection for her, while she herself is deeply interested in them, finding more work to do than she can compass. I could not help feeling what an honour I should regard it had I one of my own sisters labouring in such a field as this.

Mrs. Nicoll has access to the houses of the rich and poor. Some of the women I have seen here have been dressed in the most handsomely embroidered silks and satins, and come in chairs. Mrs. Nicoll has been to one feast since we have been here. Those who invite her will take no refusal. She eats with chopsticks on these occasions, but only a very little, as snails, birdnests, shark fins, and all such kinds of food are not as yet considered great delicacies by her.

When at this feast a young bride came home, handsomely dressed and decked out with artificial flowers. All her presents followed. I asked Mrs. Nicoll what the people talked about among themselves on these occasions. She said that after the feasting is over they retire into side rooms and discuss the quality, price, and beauty of their silks, satins, ornaments, and shoes, etc. She interests them in higher things, and sings hymns to them in Chinese and English, and seeks to impress upon them some truths about Jesus and His love. And she is the *only* female missionary in all the province of twenty-one million people! the first Christian woman that has ever lived and worked among the women of Si-ch'uen!

Mrs. Nicoll is also able to help the women with a few medicines, and Mr. Nicoll is quietly getting quite a practice here with the few medicines he has been able to purchase.

This wide open door, these thousands of souls, and only three brethren and one sister beside the Bible Society's agents! Place one hundred men here, and they would soon be all occupying important towns in this province and northern Yun-nan.

But to return to my account of Sunday. After dinner, public service was held n the front preaching hall. The organ was brought out and played by Mr. S. Clarke. Very soon a large number had gathered, all the seats being filled, and others standing outside. The pedlar was there with his boxes of silks, ornaments, etc.; the orange man with a basket full of fruit, and many strollers who had been attracted by the music. A good proportion of the audience were women.

Mr. Nicoll gave out a hymn, and prayed. After another hymn, one of the evangelists read a chapter, and Mr. Nicoll gave an earnest and simple address. He was followed by the young evangelist from Canton. After another hymn the meeting was dismissed. Many went out and several more came in, and Mr. Stevenson spoke to them. He was followed by the old Canton evangelist, and then by the convert who was absent last night, and whose address was, Mr. Stevenson said, the best of all. He works with his hands, and preaches during his leisure. A Sunday school was subsequently held.

After tea, the natives had a meeting by themselves, and we had a very profitable meeting for remembering the Lord's death in the breaking of bread. To us, who have been for so long a time alone, this was a happy time, full of blessing. We have felt much grieved to see Mr. Nicoll looking so ill and weak. He needs a change. When they went into the country for rest a short time since they were unable to get any privacy; crowds came about them whenever they walked out, and so the desired rest was not obtained.

CHINESE LADIES.

The little circle here is a very happy one, and we have much enjoyed our pleasant visit of a week in this city. Mrs. Nicoll made all the party thoroughly comfortable, being an excellent manager.

We have received the greatest kindness from all, and shall ever retain a deep affection for this the most westerly mission station on the Yang-tsi-kiang. Pray much for this place, and for a good house and chapel, which are both greatly needed.

Si-chuen has a population of twenty millions.

Since the above was written Mr. Riley has been taken to be "for ever with the Lord."

On the evening of the last day of May, 1886, the mails from China brought the sad tidings that he had been called away from the work to which he had gladly devoted his life, to join the ranks above.

Mr. Riley had been ill for some time, and for several mails the report had been that it was very doubtful if he would recover.

Left last year in poor health with three motherless babes, our brother Mr. Riley had our deep sympathy as he struggled on with his work. Mrs. Riley's loss was keenly felt by all in Chen-t'u. Miss Stroud, to whom she had been as a dearly loved elder sister, lovingly took the entire charge of the children, for whom she had helped to care from their birth. Months passed, and it became evident that Mr. Riley must have a complete change and rest before the summer came on. He was not fit to go away alone, so he asked Miss Stroud, whose sympathy in their mutual sorrow was a solace to him, and to whom he had become attached, to bring the children and the servants and accompany him. Before they reached I-chang he became seriously ill, and one day had fit after fit.

At I-chang they met with much sympathy and kindness, the consul, Mr. Gregory, entertaining them and giving up to them his own rooms. The doctor thought very seriously of Mr. Riley's case; he needed nursing as only a wife could nurse, and so Miss Stroud and he concluded to be married at once. A few friends met in his bedroom on March 9th, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Dowsley in the presence of the consul.

As soon as possible they came on to Shanghai, where Mr. Taylor was, *en route* for Chi-fù. It was a great comfort to them to meet him, and there was some hope that after a long rest and careful nursing he might rally, but on Monday morning, April 19th, a fit came on, from which he did not recover. He had been in China nearly eight years, was still young, and we trusted that he would yet render many years of valuable service in that important needy city of Chen-t'u. The Lord has taken home the workers who began the work; who will go to help to carry it on? We feel sure that many hearts will be touched and drawn out in prayer for the dear young widow and her sacred charge.

One of our earliest students was Mr. A. W. Douthwaite, from Sheffield. He joined the China Inland Mission in 1874, married the following year, and settled in Shao-hing, one hundred miles north of Ningpo. He soon acquired the language fluently, and the Lord

blessed his ministry from the first. He used to visit a number of out-stations, and at each of them inquirers soon appeared.

In 1875 he made the city of Kiu-chau his head-quarters. This city is in the province of Cheh-kiang, which is divided into four circuits, much as Ireland is divided into Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. There is this difference however, that while Ireland contains a population of about five millions, Cheh-kiang contains *twelve* millions; the northern and western circuits are very densely populated, and Kiu-chau is the capital of the western circuit. The different out-stations, Lan-ki and Kin-hwa, etc., were worked from this centre. A number of very interesting inquirers were soon baptized, and native Churches sprang up.

In Kiu-chau, notwithstanding the bitter hatred of the people, which they made no effort to conceal, there was soon much to encourage; and in 1878 Mr. Douthwaite baptized the first two converts, one a retired tradesman and the other a farmer. Mr. Douthwaite writes:

The conversion of the latter is very interesting to us, and he is evidently being much used by God in saving others. He lives in a village near Yuh-shan-hien, in the province of Kiang-si, and has for many years been the "high priest" of a sect of vegetarians; he himself has been a vegetarian for forty-three years, and apparently an earnest, though misguided, seeker after the true God. He first heard the gospel in March last, when he was visited by one of our converts from Kin-hwa, with whom he was acquainted. He soon became convinced that he had at length found that which he had been seeking so long; and without delay started for this city, in order that he might hear more of this wonderful doctrine. He remained with us about a week, and seemed so happy and full of joy that we could not for a moment doubt that he was duly converted.

As it was necessary for him to return home he asked for baptism; we however wished him to wait a few months, until he should more clearly understand the subject. "But," he replied, "I'm now an old man, and may die any day; I may never have another chance: so why not receive me now?" Therefore, as we were quite satisfied as to his conversion, I baptized him, and sent him away rejoicing in Jesus.

He was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, and lost no time in making known to his neighbours the glad tidings of salvation. He converted his house into a chapel, and every Sabbath day gathered his friends together to read the Bible. A few days ago he came here again, accompanied by six other men, who have been awakened by his preaching to feel their need of a Saviour. He says there are many others who wish to come, but at present are unable to do so. God grant that they may all become true disciples of the Lord Jesus, and earnest workers for the salvation of their fellow countrymen!

Mr. Douthwaite had some knowledge of medicine before he went to China, and he has since graduated as a medical man. But even

before he had done this he opened, in 1876, a dispensary for the treatment of eye diseases, at which he had about two hundred patients a week, for such diseases are very common in China. He found medical work an important auxiliary to missionary operations,

especially in opening new stations, for it breaks down the barrier of prejudice sooner than anything else could, and gives one access to the more wealthy families, whose doors would be for ever closed against the missionary in his ordinary capacity. Besides, it brings hundreds to hear the gospel, who but for its agency would live and die in ignorance of the grace of God. One of the men I have baptized here, and four of those now on probation, were first brought under the influence of the gospel through coming for medicine; and it is hardly probable they could have been reached by any other means.

The charge given by our blessed Saviour to the twelve missionaries whom He sent forth was, "*Preach the kingdom of God, and heal the sick,*" and the apostles faithfully fulfilled their mission; freely they had received, freely they gave. Yet, notwithstanding the blessings which they bestowed so freely wherever they went, raising the dead, healing the sick, and giving sight to the blind, they were driven from city to city, and persecuted everywhere.

This same spirit of intolerance and hatred of everything good is unhappily still in existence, and may be seen in its bitterest intensity in China. Not many days ago, two of my assistants went to the prefectural city of Yen-chau to rent a house; but as soon as it was discovered that they were Christians, they were driven from the inn where they lodged, and the following day were seized by the *literati*, dragged to a temple, severely beaten, and compelled to bow before an idol. Thus the heathen still "rage," and "the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed"; but the day is not far distant when "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

One of the converts baptized in 1878 was a native of the distant province of Kwei-chau, formerly a Ya-men official. Twenty years previously, when he had been connected with the Ya-men at Wun-chau, a foreign missionary visited that city, and this man had to escort him over the land to Ningpo.

On the way this foreigner, who was a Christian, preached the gospel to him, and exhorted him to leave the Ya-men and seek some more honest employment. Tsiang Siao-fung was so impressed with what he had heard that on his return to Wun-chau he immediately resigned his office and removed to Kin-hwa fu, where he bought a piece of land and commenced gardening, at which occupation he still continues. He says he lost some hundreds of dollars by the change (a sum fully equivalent in China to hundreds of pounds in England), but he does not regret the loss now, for God has made it up to him by giving him an inheritance n heaven.

He endeavoured to live up to the light he possessed, and having procured a copy of the New Testament from a colporteur, made it his guide, so far as he could understand its teaching.

When we opened our station in Kin-hwa two years ago, he and his son were among the first who went to hear the gospel, and soon began regularly to attend at all the Sunday services. I met him for the first time in April, 1877, and was greatly struck with his simplicity and earnestness.

A few months after I baptized his son Foh-nyün, and now the father has taken the decisive step, though at the sacrifice of all domestic happiness; for his old mother, whom he supports, is continually raving against him.

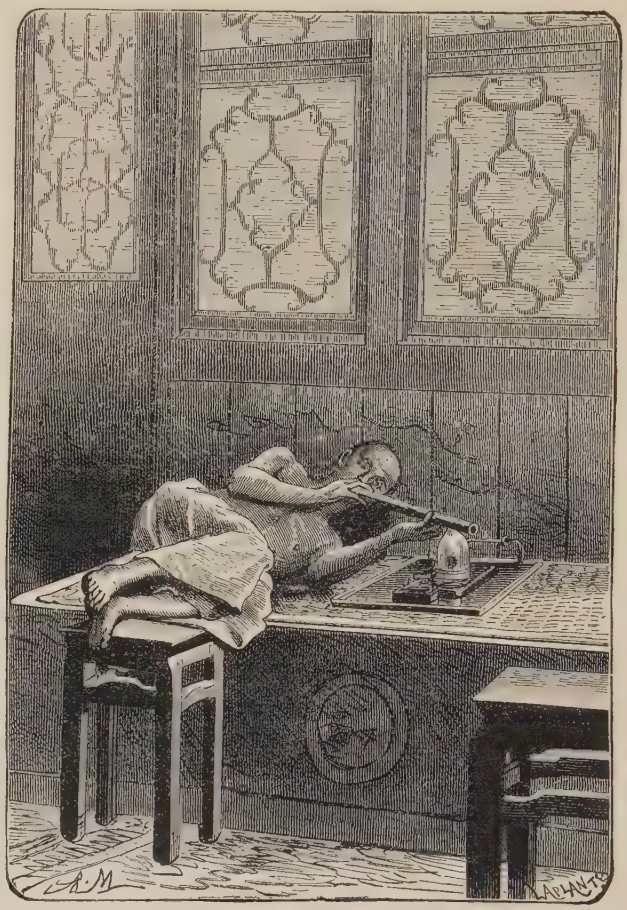
Mr. Douthwaite's wife was a true helpmeet to him; he wrote:

A good work is being done among the women here. Every afternoon when the weather is favourable they come streaming in, sometimes thirty in one batch. Mrs. Douthwaite has them upstairs in the sitting-room, where she plays the harmonium and sings for them; after which she speaks to them about the gospel as long as they will listen, and finally escorts them downstairs again. On Sunday afternoon the women are so numerous that we find it difficult to seat them all, for almost every woman has two or three children with her. The poor neglected creatures are not able to understand much of what they hear, but their being received in a kind way will do much to remove the suspicion of the people. Last year there was a rumour about that we seized every woman who dared to enter our doors and kept her locked up in an inner room!

In 1880 Mr. and Mrs. Douthwaite were obliged to leave Kiu-chau, where seventy souls had been baptized during their stay, in consequence of a failure in Mr. Douthwaite's health. They went to Wun-chau, where Mr. Douthwaite commenced a refuge for the cure of opium smokers, towards which the foreign residents in the city contributed, and the native governor even helped. He always had plenty of patients on dispensary days, and abundant opportunity for preaching to them. He was happily very successful in his treatment of disease, and many came from distant places and carried back the gospel to their own homes and villages. He visited many out-stations and neighbouring places, and the rumour of his medical skill spread far and wide. He was specially successful in his cures of opium smokers, and not unfrequently such received salvation of soul as well as of body. Mr. Douthwaite writes:

One of the first patients in the Wun-chau Anti-opium Hospital was a young man named Su Heo-ming, a silversmith. Originally he possessed a strong constitution, but the terrible vice of opium-smoking had reduced him to a "mere anatomy." His face was pinched and yellow, the pupils of his eyes were contracted, and altogether he was a pitiable specimen of humanity. As a Chinaman very expressively remarked, "He carried his opium sign-board about with him."

Soon after being admitted into the hospital, he began to attend the religious services held there every evening, and was so attracted by what he heard that he seized every opportunity of listening to the gospel, and bought a New Testament that he might study it for himself. It soon became evident that the Spirit of God was at work, and that not only his mind but his heart also was influenced by what he had heard and read. At that time there were about thirty other opium



AN OPIUM SMOKER.

smokers in the hospital, and he had to endure much petty persecution from them for believing the "foreign doctrine"; but he bore it patiently, and when he was declared cured, and permission was given him to return home, he begged to be allowed to remain a little longer, that he might obtain a more thorough knowledge of the gospel before going out. He stayed in another fortnight, during which time he applied himself diligently to the study of the Scriptures, and when he left the hospital he was a new man, both physically and spiritually.

When he reached home his first act was to destroy the family gods, and to clear the house of every trace of idolatry. Being the "first-born" of the family,

no one could interfere to prevent him carrying out his purpose; but his mother and his brothers endeavoured by entreaty to stop the work of destruction, and his married sister who lived near, came with her husband and neighbours, and in tears besought him not to disgrace his family, but to return the money which, they supposed, he had received as a bribe to become a Christian. Finding all their entreaties of no avail, they tried cursing; but still he remained unmoved, and declared his conviction that idolatry was false, and his decision to be a Christian at any cost. Not being able to account for his obduracy in any other way, they concluded that he must be under some magic spell, and that the pills he had swallowed while in the hospital had changed his heart. They therefore decided to leave him alone for a few days, hoping he would meanwhile be restored to his right mind.

When they came again, to their great dismay they found that not only was he as obdurate as ever, but his mother and two younger brothers had also, through his influence, renounced idolatry. This puzzled them very much, until some sage neighbour suggested that He-oming, being under the influence of the foreign drug, had brought some of the magic pills home with him, and put them into the family water-pots, and that all who drank of that water would be brought under the spell of the "foreign devil." This seemed to them a most reasonable explanation; so to prevent any others being affected, they immediately emptied all the water-pots, and then left the family to their fate.

The following Sunday Heo-ming appeared at the mission chapel, accompanied by his mother and brothers, who continued to attend the services regularly for several months, when they asked for baptism, and after a few months' further testing, they were all received into Church fellowship. The path they have chosen is by no means an easy one, for they are still subjected to much annoyance from their neighbours, and one of the young men, who was a professional vaccinator, has lost all his business, because he can no longer practise the idolatrous ceremonies which the poor heathen mothers have been taught to consider necessary to insure successful vaccination. But they bear all this persecution with a meekness and patience that would put to shame many professing Christians in our own highly favoured land.

Mr. Douthwaite's first year's report of the Wun-chau hospital was a deeply interesting document. He had treated during the year 4,500 out-patients and 45 in-patients, the great majority of them being for eye diseases, many of which are caused by the mal-practices of the native doctors. He performed no less than 266 operations, mostly on the eye, and cured over 200 opium-smokers from twenty up to sixty years of age. The average consumption of opium by these patients was 4 mace per day, or 13½ lbs. per annum. He came to the conclusion that there were about 10,000 *opium-smokers in the city;* their consumption would consequently be about 1,300 chests of the crude drug. He writes:

On leaving the hospital each man takes a supply of tonic medicines, so the average period of treatment is about thirty days.

In addition to the patients admitted into the hospital, thirty-five men and two women have been treated for the opium habit in their own homes; but these cases

A STREET IN CHINA.

are very unsatisfactory. A Chinaman has very little moral courage to begin with, and one of the chief effects of opium-smoking is shown in the destruction of every trace of any good quality he ever did possess. Hence very few can be cured of their pernicious habit while exposed to the temptations by which they are now surrounded in every town and village in the empire. Chinese courtesy requires that a cup of tea be offered to each guest as soon as he enters, and a few years ago this was considered sufficient; but now in many Ya-men, in nearly all the large houses of business, and in many private houses, an opium-lamp is kept continually burning in a side room, into which visitors who smoke are invited to retire, a invitation which few have the courage to refuse.

That opium is a great curse to this country there can be no doubt, neither can there be any doubt as to the guiltiness of the British Government, which for no other reason than greed of money forced the Chinese to admit the drug into all the treaty ports.

Mr. Douthwaite is now physician to the hospital established at Chi-fù, the sanatorium of the C.I.M., a healthy town in the province of Shang-Tung, where, in conjunction with Mr. Pruen, he is organizing a long projected medical school, in which native Christians may gain a little knowledge of those diseases which every missionary who travels is called upon to treat. The hospital and dispensary connected with this school had in 1883 treated 3,500 cases.

At the request of Dr. Williamson, of the Scottish Bible Society, Mr. Douthwaite in 1884 visited the Corea, and circulated a considerable number of copies of the word of God. He was informed that the country was shortly to be closed to foreign missionaries, but was there before any prohibition was issued.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who were at Bhamo, in Burma, for some years, are also now settled in this province of Cheh-kiang. Their home is at Kin-hwa, formerly an out-station of Kiu-chau, but now separate. The following letter, which we received from Mr. Adams recently, gives an interesting sketch of his sphere of labour. He is connected with the American Baptist Missionary Union.

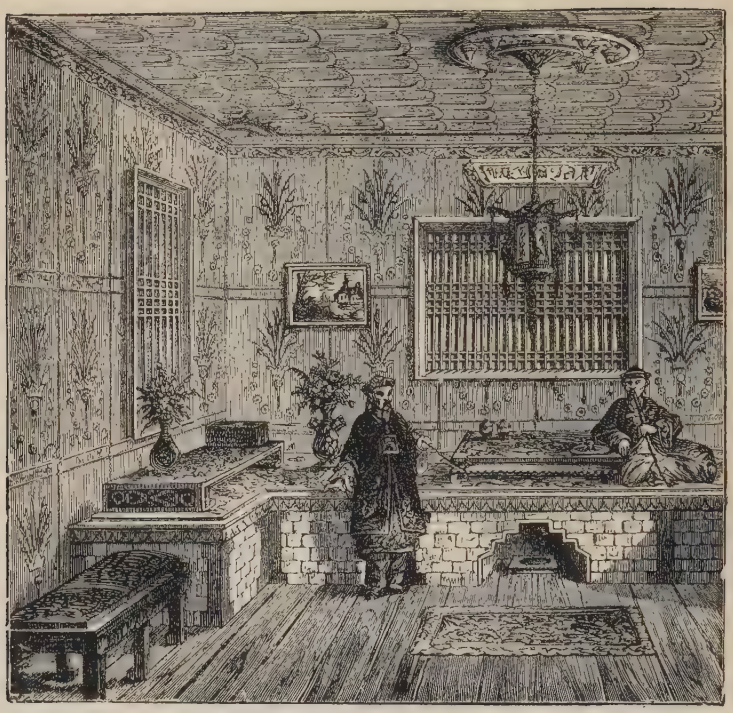
Kin-hwa fu, Cheh-kiang Province,
Mar. 11th, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Guinness,—

It is just seven years to-day since I landed in Rangoon. In looking back over these years I am reminded of all your past kindness.

How swiftly the time has gone! It seems like a dream! Such alternations sunshine and shadow! Seasons of brave cheer and joyful service, with sad memories of failure, discouragement. . . .

Spiritual conflicts are *real* ones, but there is a sense in which conflict with the evil one and his powers, in these their hoary entrenchments, seems doubly real.



SITTING-ROOM IN A CHINESE HOUSE.

I sometimes think how glad I should be to see you again, but unless health ails, *I don't want to be away from my post in the midst of the heathen when the Lord Jesus comes!*

We are thankful, my dear wife and I, to know that many pray for China We would like to ask *special* prayer for *our* work, that many souls may be saved. I will tell you what it is like, that you may the more intelligently pray for us.

KIN-HWA FU is built on the banks of a stream which flows into the Tsien-tang River. It is a small but thickly populated city. Dependent upon, and governed by it, are eight other cities called *hiens*, as "Lanchi hien," etc. These eight places are distant from twenty to sixty miles from this place. Five of them are reached by land, three by water. Slow travel in China makes a visit to one of the more distant cities a matter of a week's journey, if any work is to be done.

These eight *hiens*, the *fu* city, country towns, and crowded villages, are all considered as belonging to my circuit. I have to visit them at regular intervals. When there the plan is to invite any respectable listener, who seems interested in the word, to come and stay a few days at Kin-hwa at my house for instruction. Going a round of the *hien* cities, and in each inviting some for the next month, a class will be formed of six or eight or more who are willing to learn, and whose

WHEELBARROW TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

intimate acquaintance with the private life of ourselves and the native pastor and his family, confirming from observation the oral instruction received during a fortnight or so, does more than months of desultory preaching. Our hope and prayer is that some may go back to their homes with the seed of truth which shall ripen into fruit. Their report of their treatment while with us, of our private lives, of our hospitality, of our doctrine, will remove prejudices and open our way in each city. Then of course in each city, at each visit, the gospel is preached, the word sold, tracts circulated, and visitors instructed at our inn, calls made upon old acquaintances, etc.

This is the plan of the work outside the city of Kin-hwa fu itself.

Within the city we have sixteen in fellowship, five being women. They are of humble station in society, and few of them can read the character. My first work will be to prepare a system of "romanized colloquial," and translate a gospel, catechism, and hymns for their use.

One of the number, a shopkeeper, is moving to the city of Lanchi (one of the *hiens*), to do business there; another member goes as his shopman. Already we have one convert in that city. This will make three in all, who will come together on the Lord's day. I have promised to go every month for the Lord's supper, and eventually, if the work spreads as we expect it will, I hope to rent a house there.

The feeling in my mind is against spending money, if we had it, in opening

halls and putting preachers in, unless in special cases. As a general thing, it is better to let the seed spring up in a place, and then by teaching the most zealous send them forth, still continuing their daily labour, to teach what they have learned, at their own charges.

The converts here are agitating for a school for their children: a real need, and one which must soon be satisfied, for it is wrong to let the children of Christian parents go to a heathen school. Such a school could be managed upon £15 per annum. Probably the Church would raise a third of the amount; would it not be an acceptable service for some single individual, with means, to support such a school in whole or in part?

This is a mission Church. We strive to do all we can for ourselves and the heathen. My elder and deacon, steward, helper in every way, Chang, is most earnest; you would enjoy a talk with him. I hope to have his son with me in a few weeks, when I shall begin the translation referred to.

This Church is specially an *Institute* Church! Douthwaite baptized nearly half, and Henry Taylor the other half, of the members. I have now taken charge of the pastorate. Seeing then that this work is one begun and continued by men from the dear old Institute, I think it has peculiar claim upon your sympathy. Do pray for all of its interests.

I still wear the native dress, and find it a convenience; but the head shaving is a trial to me, and always has been.

We have two little sons, Arthur Soltau, three years and nine months; Sidney Grant, two years. We left our infant at Wen-chow, a sweet child gathered home.

I have had a famine for lack of new books, until I got the "Approaching End the Age" a few days ago. I am enjoying it *so* much.

I purpose writing more frequently than I have done in the past. I have been very silent; but this work needs prayerful sympathy, and I feel it would be wrong to be so longer. In dependence upon our wise, loving Father then, I want to use my pen to the glory of His name and the furtherance of His work among the heathen. I feel jealous too for China. Africa seems to have centred all hearts and eyes upon herself! Here in China are the dying myriads also; let them have a due share of prayerful solicitude. With warm love in Christ from my dear wife and myself,

Believe me, dear Mrs. Guinness, ever faithfully yours,

JOSEPH S. ADAMS.

Our Russian student, Mr. MOLLMANN, returned from a long and successful tour of colportage in the west of China, and reported having seen the following proclamation at the town of Shui fu:

TAKE NOTICE.

The books that the foreigner is selling are printed with ink made of stupifying medicine. When any one reads them for a time, he becomes stupified and loses his natural reason, and believes and follows the false doctrine. This is to warn the Chinese not to purchase or read them. Again, the foreigners use much money to bribe

over the poorer classes of Chinese who have no means to depend on. They also use the stupifying medicine in all sorts of food, in order to win over the little children. At times they use it for kidnapping children, whom they sell to foreigners. Again, they use it to befool them, and then take away their marrow; the children immediately die. In former years there have been law cases about stupifying and kidnapping children at Tien-tsin and Shanghai. Where foreigners come, families ought to warn their children not to go out.

CHINESE WOMEN.

Proclamations of this character soon give rise to dangerous lying rumours or "agitating reports," which have the effect of stirring up opposition, and lead to riots in which the property of the missionaries is often destroyed and their lives endangered.

A number of our former students are doing good work in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Scottish Bible Society in China—one is with the Wesleyan Missionary Society and two with the American Baptist Missionary Union.

A LAND WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

THE empire of Morocco, although it lies so close to Europe, is one of the least known regions of the earth. Distant only eight or ten miles from Gibraltar, and within four days' sail of London, it is comparatively little visited, and was until the last year or two *totally unevangelized.* Before speaking of the effort which we are now making to send the gospel to the inhabitants of this dark part of the earth, we will recall a few facts as to its size, climate, productions, government, past history, and present condition.

The empire of Morocco extends over a country nearly twice as large as the British islands, and considerably larger than France. Its population is however comparatively small, and, being consequently widely scattered, is more difficult to reach. It averages only about thirty to a square mile, being variously estimated as from six to eight millions. The great Atlas Mountains traverse Morocco in several parallel ranges from S.W. to N.E., many peaks attaining a height of 1,200 and 1,300 feet, and being snow-capped for part of the year. This lofty barrier preserves the country from the hot sand-winds that blow across the Sahara to the south of it, and contributes, with the sea breezes from the Atlantic, to give it a pleasant temperature, varying between 40° and 90° Fahrenheit, so that it enjoys an almost perfect climate.

The valleys and plains are extremely luxuriant, producing wheat, barley, rice, maize, sugar-cane, dates, oranges, figs, cotton, tobacco, etc., many of them even without cultivation.

The country is inhabited by several widely differing races. Europeans, Moors, Berbers, Arabs, negroes, Jews, and every degree of intermixture between these races. The Moors are, of course, the dominant race, and number about three millions; the Berbers or aborigines are the next in order and about equally numerous; then come the Arabs and Jews; the number of professing Christians residing in the empire is small, and composed chiefly of Spaniards.

The government is purely despotic, and in the absence of written laws the will of the sultan and his subordinates decides everything. As usual in all Moslem countries, the public officials eke out their allowances by practising extortion on those under them, and are in turn plundered by their superiors, so that the state of civilization is of course very low.

With the exception of the Jews and the Europeans, the whole population is Mohammedan. Negroes are brought into the country

from the Soudan, and publicly sold in the cities. Education consists in learning to read and recite portions of the koran; but the art of printing is unknown, and all the arts and sciences are at a very low ebb. The Moors produce fine silks and leather, and some few articles of a superior quality. They can, indeed, prepare and dye leather almost better than any country in Europe, owing apparently to the employment of some kind of plant found in their country. A caravan trade exists between Morocco and the Soudan, and also with Mecca; but there is no transmarine commerce.

The city of Morocco, capital of the empire, is situated in the south-west of the country at the north end of an extensive and fertile plain. It is surrounded by a strong lime and earth wall, thirty feet high; but is badly built, with narrow, irregular, unpaved streets, the palace of the sultan standing outside the walls, and occupying a space of 180 acres.

The most interesting section of the population of Morocco, as well as probably the largest, is that composed of the Berbers or aborigines of the country. Prior to the Arab invasions of the seventh century, prior to the Vandal invasions of the fifth, prior to the still earlier Roman conquest, these races occupied the land as their own, and they occupy it still. They are of Semitic origin, spread all across North Africa, from the Atlantic coast on the west to the shores of Tunis and Tripoli, dwelling in the vales and on the sides of the greater and lesser Atlas ranges especially, but extending also to the plains and even to the Mediterranean shores. They outnumber the Arabs and the negroes in the empire of Morocco three to one, and are by some computed to be even more numerous than the Moors.

All the Berber or Barbary tribes are distinguished by speaking some dialect of the Shelluh (pronounced Shloo) language; those in Morocco speak principally the Souze and the Rifiian dialects of it, and those in Algeria the Kabyle. While marked differences exist between these dialects, as might be expected, seeing the tribes are separated from each other by hundreds of miles of mountainous country, yet they are so closely cognate as to be clearly branches from one root.

The Berbers of Morocco are very unlike their Arab and Moorish neighbours, and still more unlike the negroes who come up from the south as slaves. They have long faces of a sallow complexion, high cheek bones, and eyes not so dark as those of the Moors. They are

decidedly superior to the other inhabitants of the country in intelligence, industry, and general activity. Instead of being idle, dreamy, and addicted to the use of narcotics, like the Arabs, they are hard-working, painstaking, and skilful in agriculture, full of curiosity, and more capable of giving intelligent information to the traveller than their neighbours. They build themselves, in the valleys of the Atlas, substantial stone houses, two storeys high, with flat roofs, and are very hospitable to strangers. They are extremely independent in character, and have always proved hard to conquer.

Horde after horde of Arab and Turkish invaders deluged their valleys and plains, and the Berbers had to give way before them; but, descending after a time from their mountain strongholds, they drove away their conquerors and threw off the yoke, only to be again subdued a little later on. Turkish authority was at last established in Tripoli, Fez, and Tunis; but Algiers and Morocco founded independent dynasties, and were lost to the caliphs, though devoted to Islam. All the Berber tribes were forced to profess themselves Mohammedans, though far from cordial adherents to the faith of their conquerors.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Moors, driven out of Spain, settled in Morocco and Algiers, and began to revenge themselves on their persecutors by piracy. Gradually they and the still more audacious pirates of Tunis became the scourges of European commerce, preying upon the shipping of all nations, and *enslaving* al the Christians they captured. The slaves, of whom there were sometimes 20,000 at a time, were treated with the utmost cruelty, and never released except for high ransoms. In seven years, from A.D. 1674 to 1681, no less than 350 European vessels were captured and 5,000 or 6,000 English slaves taken into Algiers. So much were these pirates dreaded, that one nation after another actually compounded with them for an annual tribute, till at last they grew so rich and so audacious that Europe could stand it no longer. In 1816 Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers, liberated over 3,000 Christian slaves, and extorted from the sultan a treaty abolishing Christian slavery for ever. In 1830 the French conquered and annexed Algiers.

Till within the last year or two not a single Protestant missionary was labouring, either among the Berbers or the Moors, all the way from Mogador, on the Atlantic, to Alexandria, in Egypt.

It seems almost incredible that within a week's journey from

England—that great focus of gospel light, whence emanate rays which reach even to the ends of the earth—there should be a whole set of countries, blessed with a glorious climate, rich in natural resources, and open to gospel effort, yet totally unevangelized, though sunk in the deepest spiritual darkness for the last 1,500 years.

Yet such has been the case with all the Berber nations of North Africa, until the recent commencement of the Kabyle mission in Algeria; and such is still the case with by far the greater part of them.

The following sketch by Rev. Newman Hall of what he himself heard and saw in Tangier will give a little idea of the legal brutality which is flourishing undisturbed in this Mohammedan country.

He had heard much of the miserable condition of the prisoners in the gaol—

that a small piece of black bread, insufficient to maintain life, is alone allowed, and *no water;* that numbers die in gaol from filth and famine; that charges are trumped up for the sake of extracting money; that those who can pay are released and the penniless and friendless die; that the emperor squeezes all he can out of his officials, these out of their subordinates, these out of the people; and that, as for the prisoners, the governor reckons them as revenue, and not as expense.

I resolved to see for myself, and went up in the afternoon with my Moor and a man bearing as many loaves as he could carry. There was no difficulty in getting access to the entrance lobby, where the gaoler abides. In the wall is a round hole, about a foot in diameter, through which I looked into a sort of den, with two grated openings in the roof. Here about thirty men were confined. Through a similar opening I looked into what may have been the ground-floor of a house, with small open court in the centre, with recesses. Here were about sixty men promiscuously herding together. Some were lying or sitting on the stone floor, some lounging about, the ankles of several being chained together. When it is considered they have no change of dress, or washing of clothes or person, and that there is the absence of arrangements needless to explain, it cannot be a wonder that the odour through the opening rendered it difficult to look long enough for the eye to get accustomed to the darkness so as to see distinctly.

But enough and more than enough was witnessed! I shall not soon forget the haggard, hungry looks of those near the opening, nor the eager, clutching hands that grasped the bread. True enough, they had no water. The prisoners may buy it through the gaoler, or receive it from their friends; while those who have neither money nor friends depend on the few drops others may spare them. And it may happen sometimes that none at all reaches them. It may have been so this day. There was no well or cistern in the upper part of the town, where the gaol is, so we descended into the market-place, but trade was over for the day, and the water-skin carriers had gone. An hour elapsed before we found three men with water-barrels, who for a few pence climbed the steep path. The

THE CITY OF TETUAN, IN MOROCCO, WITH THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

gaoler unlocked a small door, by which the barrels were passed in. The gurgling of the water, as it was emptied, mingled with the grateful murmur of the prisoners and the dismal clanking of their chains.

Next morning another supply of bread was taken, and eight men carrying skins full of water. These eight men were satisfied with a fraction more than one penny each. Yet to save so small a cost so great a cruelty is inflicted! It was delightful to see some of the men availing themselves of this supply to indulge in the rare luxury of a wash. The gratitude of these poor creatures for so small a gift was distressing. One said to my guide, "People bring us food, but they seldom think of the water." My guide told me that sometimes there are twice as many prisoners, and that in the summer the stench is intolerable. If any of them are sick no doctor visits them, and no extra food or medicine is given. If they have small-pox or cholera, however infectious or loathsome the disease, they remain among the rest. No wonder deaths are frequent!

A fellow traveller, seeing a corpse carried along the street, asked who it was. "From the gaol." What disease? "Very likely starvation." Is it not monstrous that such cruelty as this should be perpetrated within four hours of our own territory?

Sketches in Morocco.

Mr. Macintosh, who is now working with the Bible Society in Morocco, writes:

If any one wishes to see degraded heathen darkness, he does not need to go to Central Africa. Let any of us enter a Moorish town, and especially one of the country fairs that are held in succession at different places during every day of the week; take, for example, the one held outside the walls of Tangier every Thursday and Sunday, and see if the masses gathered there from the surrounding country do not exhibit, spiritually and physically, a spectacle of human degradation and misery, pitiable in the extreme and sorrowful to behold, that may well attract the sympathy and awaken the efforts of the followers of Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

Mohammedanism, like the other religions that depend, in the case of their converts, on something short of a vital and total change of heart and life by the pure and all-powerful creating Spirit of God, is satisfied with a mere change o name and external formula of a creed, while the stock remains the same as it ever was. Thus it is that, while it has professed to convert heathens, the conversion in the mass has been practically only from the idea of a plurality of gods to that of one god, while to a great extent the vice and superstition of a heathen life have been left unchanged and unchecked, to grow and flourish side by side with a germ of truth, the unity of God. "They feared the Lord, and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations whom they carried away from thence" (2 Kings xvii. 33).

Let us visit some of the fairs I have referred to, and see "the serpent charmers" charming the crowds of poor Moors, covered with filth and rags, that surround them, with their base and disgusting performances, and the diabolical-looking "sorcerers," with an assembly nearly as numerous, lost in wonder and admiration at their deceptions; and the "story-tellers," in the midst of their audiences, being applauded at the rehearsal of the most corrupt and lying stories.

And all these depraved deceivers of the people the religion of the country

countenances, and in no way would attempt to counteract their evil teaching. But, on the contrary, you may be present another day at still more hideous spectacles than those to be witnessed at the fairs, enacted on special feast days in the very name of religion. They are to be seen at processions, conducted in the memory of the birth, death, or deeds of some of their famous so called "saints," in the case of many of whom the only title to saintship has been their depravity and cruelty.

At these processions, crowds assembled from different parts of the country, many of whom feign madness for the day, while others have been really wild and degraded maniacs for years. In the course of their march they frequently stop, form a circle of thirty or forty men in the middle of the road, including the half-naked madmen; and with long dishevelled hair, and foaming mouths, go through the most repulsive and unmeaning ceremonies, throwing their heads first forward and then backward in quick succession, and all together, with a loud and hideous grunt and with the greatest violence, so the bystanders wonder that their necks are not broken, and their heads thrown off their bodies. This ceremony is continued with horrid and debasing monotony, until the crowd is tired of looking at them. Then they pass on a hundred yards, and do exactly the same over again. This ceremony is repeated at intervals many times along the road, and is continued during the greater part of the day.

It would seem as if the piracy and slavery which were so long and so viciously practised against Europeans by the Moors, or people of Morocco, and maintained to so recent a date, had inspired them with such a dread and feeling of alienation towards both the region and name of the "Moor," that their very abolishment has become a signal for bidding a long farewell to that land, once the terror of Europe. For many years past there has been no desire but to leave the Moor to himself, and have nothing more to do with him, so that literally he has been shut up as a prisoner in his own land and buried in oblivion, with no one to care for his release, or disemtomb the unrelenting pirate and slave master any more.

So thoroughly has this been done, that to prevent him from coming out on the high seas again, all his ships were destroyed, and to this day not one is permitted to him beyond the few lighters or barges that lie in the ports of call, to carry goods to and from the English and French steamers and the shore.

In villages that I have visited considerable groups have gathered round me, and have listened with attention and interest while I have read and spoken to them from the Bible. At one village, where I gave an intelligent young man an Arabic gospel on loan until I should return a second time, he immediately went off and brought me a dish of fresh milk.

The council of the MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES OF NORTH AFRICA, of which we are members, has recently, in dependence on God, undertaken work in this destitute land.

This mission had already been at work for some years among the Kabyles of Algeria, having one station in Kabylia, another in Constantine, and another in Oran. It has now an evangelistic and a medical mission in Tangier.

To secure suitable premises in which to commence operations is

a first necessity in all missions. In Kabylia we had to build, and a very troublesome and expensive process it was!

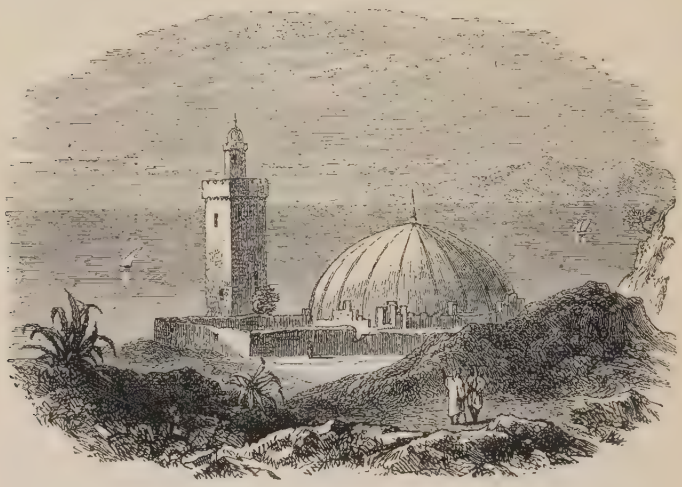
Providentially, a European-built and substantial stone house happened to be on sale in Tangier just at the time we wanted one. The premises are near enough to Tangier for all practical purposes, are yet outside the walls, and at a sufficient distance from the town to be pure and healthy. They stand detached in their own grounds, and were built by an English gentleman, officially resident at Gibraltar, for the occupation of his own family about six years ago. Circumstances having led to this gentleman's return home, he has no longer any use for the house, and was willing to part with it for half the sum it cost him to build.

The house is situated on the Marshân, a tract of land to the south-west of the city of Tangier. It stands 200 feet above the level of the sea, and about fifteen minutes' walk from the landing-pier in the Bay of Tangier. The prospect from it is beautiful. To the north are the Straits of Gibraltar, on the other side of which the Spanish coast and the mountains right up to the Cape Trafalgar can be distinctly seen. All vessels entering and leaving the Mediterranean pass under the windows of the house. To the west stretches the broad Atlantic, from which, even in the height of summer, cool and refreshing breezes blow, thus relieving the great heat which would otherwise be oppressive. To the east lies the city of Tangier and beyond—the Apis Mountains—one of the Pillars of Hercules; and away in the south and south-east, beyond the nearer mountains, stretches the vast empire of Morocco, with its six millions of unevangelized souls.

The buildings stand on about two acres of ground, most of which slopes towards the sea.

At a little distance from the house is another well-built structure, containing stabling for three or four horses, and four other rooms, with good laundry, bakehouse, etc. There is besides a fowl-house and inclosed yards, and a large underground tank, holding a hundred thousand gallons of rain-water, which in a dry season would be invaluable. There is also a small gardener's cottage and a summer-house. The premises can be easily adapted for mission purposes. A dispensary and medical mission are established in the out-buildings, while the house is the residence of one or two mission families, besides affording accommodation for school and other branches of mission work.

Here is established THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION IN MOROCCO, and hence we hope many a Berber native agent will go forth to proclaim the glad tidings among the African tribes in the valleys of the Atlas Mountains. Nine of our former students are working in connection with this MISSION TO THE BERBERS OF NORTH AFRICA: five in Oran, one in Kabylia, one in Constantine, one in Tunis, and one in Tangier.



M. Mercadier is in the province of Oran, in Algiers, and is now able to make himself understood in Arabic. He has been studying this difficult language for some time, and is delighted with his success. He reads the gospel stories to the people, who are always very willing to listen and discuss, though they are full of stupid Arabic legends about Jesus Christ, which prove a great obstacle to the reception of the truth. After a discussion meeting, M. Mercadier always hands to those who can read an Arabic gospel. He introduced a Bible into the Tolber, or Arabic school, three months ago, and both master and students are reading it with a remarkable degree of interest. They have a great objection to the doctrine of pardon; the self-righteousness common to humanity leads them to reject it with indignation. M. Mercadier has a Sunday-school among the Europeans in Oran, and conducts other services amongst them in different parts of the province. He distributes large numbers of

tracts, and finds everywhere an eager desire to get copies of the Scriptures. He is very anxious to open a room for soldiers in Oran, and also for work among the Spaniards, and would be glad of any help towards this object, as also for a tent mission, which he is anxious to undertake in the villages during the summer.

Our brother, Mr. Liley, is getting to feel comparatively at home in his sphere among the Berbers at TLEMCEN. He visits the *cafés*, the mosques, the markets, the neighbouring villages, etc., and is visited by all sorts of people, some coming for medicine, others to get him to write letters for them, others for books and tracts, or to offer articles for sale. He is becoming known in the town and neighbourhood, and is often greeted by the appellation *marabout*, meaning priest; but every religious worker is called *marabout* by the Arab. Mr. Liley writes: "I seem to be known wherever I go, and the Arabs know why I am here. I distribute gospels, tracts, etc., wherever it is possible, and I know they are read, not only by the person to whom they have been given, but by them to others who cannot read. God grant these silent messengers may bring forth fruit in the salvation of some of these people!"

The population of Tlemcen is very various, and opportunities of intercourse with the different nationalities are plentiful, as the following extracts from Mr. Liley's diary will show:

Called at a house, and found two marabouts, with whom I had conversation, and gave them a gospel each in Arabic. I next visited a Moorish bath and distributed tracts in the cooling room. I then called on some Arabs at their shops, and spent some little time with two or three Jews. In the afternoon was visited by a Jew, who begged me to give him a Bible in Hebrew. We had some conversation, but he spoke very little French. I marked the fifty-third Isaiah and told him to study it carefully and compare it with the life of Christ.

Visited Ousidan, inhabited entirely by Arabs, one of the prettiest places I have seen; hedges and flowers looking fresh after the rain, and the perfume of the violets filling the air. Oranges and citrons were hanging in heavy clusters on the trees, and the almonds were in full blossom. The beauties of nature were a striking contrast to the people. I passed groups of men listlessly squatting in the sun and sipping their coffee. At a very small mosque I stopped and inquired for the priest. I found him sitting among eighteen boys, who were shouting parts of the koran at the top of their voices. He turned out with all his scholars and read aloud from the Gospel of St. John, which I gave him. The boys listened with rapt attention, and several Arabs who were passing at the time also stopped to hear. As I looked down from my horse on this group of men and boys listening to the reading of the Scriptures, I lifted my heart in silent prayer that God would bless His own word to their souls.

MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMEN AND SERVANT.

The weekly markets in the villages are crowded with Arabs who come with camels and donkeys from considerable distances. Arab encampments of half a dozen tents or more are frequently met with in travelling. These so called Arabs are really Berbers. Their ignorance is astounding; few of them can read, but they are very willing to hear. Outside the gates of the cities numbers of tents and rude sheds are occupied by Rifiian Berbers, and many of these are extremely poor, coming to find employment in the city, but often arriving exhausted and emaciated. Mr. Liley writes: "On more than one occasion I have seen men carried from this quarter dead: starvation having done its work—body and soul dead, for want of natural and spiritual food."

M. Cuendet writes that on New Year's Day they gave a general invitation to the village of Djemma Saridge, where his station is situated, to which 150 persons responded. They made them a simple *fête*, distributing bread and coffee, and speaking to them of the blessed Saviour. Mrs. Lamb played some tunes on the harmonium, and then some of the people were shown over the house. The women expressed their astonishment by raising their hands to

KABYLE TENTS IN THE DESERT.

their heads, not daring to talk too much in the presence of their husbands. They were afterwards shown a magic lantern, and appeared much pleased with their visit. M. Cuendet writes: "May the words they have heard and the things they have seen awaken them to their need of a Saviour!

"Until to-day, Mr. Lamb and I have together studied Kabyle and translated some portions of Scripture by the help of a young Kabyle threatened with blindness, who came to us every other day for two hours or more. This morning, seeing that our resources would not allow of our paying any one for this purpose, we were with great regret obliged to send him away for a time. This was a great pity, for translating the word of God powerfully affected him, and his attention was rivetted on it while helping us."

THE ARABS OF THE HAURAN.

There are four millions of Bedawin, true sons of the desert, dwellers in tents, wanderers from place to place, in the Arabian Desert, east of the Red Sea. But little has been done to carry the

gospel to these wild people. They are known as robbers, living on plunder, and often engaged in warfare; yet are they extremely hospitable, receiving visitors with honour, and treating them with generous kindness. Our brother, Mr. Connor, went to labour amongst them some years ago. They have shown a remarkable readiness to listen to the word of God, and to converse on religious subjects with him and with the native agents whom he has employed. Five of the latter are now engaged evangelizing among the Arabs, or teaching schools. The Turkish Government is doing all in its power to prevent the opening of Christian schools in the Hauran, and is consequently trying to have the Moslems more thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of Islam.

The evangelistic teachers daily gather little knots of Bedawin in their tents, or of the villagers in their own houses, read the Scriptures to them, and pray with them. The biographies of the patriarchs always interest the people deeply, and it touches their hearts to hear themselves prayed for by the teachers. Mr. Connor writes that he could send a number of evangelists among them, to travel from tribe to tribe, each man with a donkey to carry his bed and necessaries, as well as simple remedies for the bodily diseases common among the people.

After a time Mr. Connor had a long and serious illness, resulting from a fever caught while visiting the Arab tribes of the Hauran. After weeks of suffering, he was restored in a great measure to health, but compelled to relinquish the long journeys he formerly made, the fatigue and privations connected with them being too great for his strength. Mrs. Connor has also suffered much in health, and they had to bear the pain of parting with an infant child. They consequently settled in the Hauran district, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and have several schools under their charge. Many Arab sheikhs who know him send their boys to be trained under Mr. Connor. He had three with him in Damascus, who made considerable progress, and can now read the New Testament well. Though Moslems, they attend family worship, and judicious treatment soon overcomes their prejudices. In the vast wastes of the Arabian deserts, by the banks of the Euphrates, in the plains of Jordan, and amongst the ruined cities of Bashan, there are thousands of these wandering nomads, pursuing the peaceful life of the patriarchs, though too often disturbed by warfare.

The name of their father Ishmael means, "God shall hear."

May the day be hastened when from these descendants of Abraham God *shall* hear the voice of prayer, the confession of faith, and the psalm of grateful praise!

Mr. Connor has a good native agent as colporteur, Muallim Khaleel, with whom he made some journeys to the villages on the borders of the desert, and to Mount Gilead. He wrote:

We slept in the Arab tents, and had many interesting conversations with them, pointing to the places around the Sea of Galilee, and telling them of the miracles which Christ performed there. In many cases we were enabled to read God's word and to close the evening by prayer. I need scarcely tell you the old story of God's love was new to the Bedawin, but they listened with deep attention, and when we had finished the reading of a portion of Scripture they asked us to continue. The only interruption we experienced was by their asking questions as to the meaning of portions which they did not understand, and exclamations of admiration, such as *Ma shallah* (Let the will of God be done), *La Illah illa Allah* (There is no God but God). The Arabs were much surprised to hear us pray for them, and said, "These Christians are not like others: they are good, and speak like the book" (that is, the koran).

We hope soon to make a tour through Hauran, to try if we can sell portions of Scripture in the giant cities of Bashan. Of the hundred and thirty-nine villages which environ Damascus, only three contain Christians. The Moslems will not buy the Bible, but many of them will read it. Owing to a grant which I received I was enabled to give thirty gospels to Moslems in Damascus, who study them and profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. To the Bedawin I have also given about sixty gospels, in which the children read daily, and about eighty gospels to Moslem children in the schools amongst the Bedawin, so that the children are gathered from day to day in the black tents of Kedar reading the word of God. Thus as the seed is being scattered let us take encouragement from God's promise that His word shall not return unto Him void.

* * * * *

We have only space for one extract, which will give an idea of the kind of work required in this mission. Mr. Connor writes:

Passing over the western slope of Mount Hermon, and falling into a snowdrift, from which we were two hours extricating our animals, we came to the plain of Huleh, where there was a school among the Arabs at Khasâs. The children were very few, but it gave me great pleasure to hear them repeating the Lord's prayer, the ten commandments, and such texts as "God so loved the world," etc. The sheikh was very friendly, but the people around him feared that their children would be made Christians, so withdrew them. The situation of this tribe at the time was about an hour from Dan, where Jeroboam instituted idolatry by setting up a golden calf (1 Kings xii. 29). I stayed in the sheikh's tent two days, and had often good opportunities of presenting the gospel. When the sheikh found I could not continue the school, he begged me to take one of his children to educate, for he said if his children were left there they would grow up like the cattle. Sitting around the fire in a rude hut belonging to the chief, the evenings were spent in speaking of Jesus, and all the Arabs listened attentively. I feel more

CROSSING THE DESERT.

and more that the work consists in lifting up Christ to the poor Arabs, so that without entering upon any detail as to His Godhead I simply tell of His works, believing that they will testify of Him (John v. 36). While there I treated many cases of illness, and found it a great means of obtaining a hearing amongst them. Fever, dyspepsia, ophthalmia, rheumatism, dropsy, and numerous other diseases, were prevalent among them. Where I was unable to treat I gave advice as to general treatment, and in this way I soon gained the title of *hakim*, or doctor.

While there I visited many of the adjoining tents, returning to sleep at the sheikh's tent at night. Proceeding to another encampment, I found a poor fellow lying on his back, with his leg swelled to an enormous size and ulcerated. Upon inquiry I found he had been cauterized for a pain in the knee, and on being exposed to the cold, inflammation set in. Before leaving, I told them what to do to give the poor man relief. The chief of the tribe sent me a letter with his seal affixed, asking me to send him a teacher. The tribe has however removed from that part now, and I shall be unable to find them till autumn.

Sunset was approaching, and our thoughts were engaged in planning how and where to pass the night, for no large encampment of Bedawin was visible for miles around. Riding up to a shepherd's tent however, we inquired for a parti-

cular tribe, and ound they were not so far off as we had anticipated. The poor horses were unwilling to start afresh, but there was no alternative. Shortly after sunset we arrived at a large encampment, where we received a hearty welcome from the sheikh, Ahmed al Muflah. His nephew Aly, a young man about my own height, showed feats of strength before the tent, which at once gave me a subject for conversation. Calling upon him to sit down at my side, and with a number of the Arabs sitting around a camp fire, I told them of Samson and other stories, and then spoke to them of Christ.

So the evening passed, till it was time to retire to rest. Commending ourselves to the loving care of our heavenly Father, we retired to rest, if it may be called retiring, lying down in an open Arab tent with ten or twelve companions. A strong wind arose during the night, which blew the tent down. It was a rather difficult task to erect it again without any light, for the Bedawin never use a lantern except in the tent of a great chief. When morning dawned we arose, and I soon had a cup of tea, which refreshed me greatly. The chief told me that he would be very thankful if I would send him a teacher, and promised that thirty children would attend the school. The chief men of the tribe came into the tent, and affixed their seals to a document asking for a teacher.

MISSION EVANGELIQUE DE MARSEILLE.

One of our earliest and most gifted students was M. Reuben Saillens, of Lyons. He had, before coming to us, been engaged in a bank. At the end of his first six months' residence in this country he spoke English well enough to take part in open-air preaching in London. After his course with us he returned to his own country, and founded a mission to the working classes of Marseilles.

The population of Marseilles amounts to 350,000 souls, of which by far the largest part are steeped in the darkness of Catholicism, or given over to materialism and infidelity. The comparatively few Protestants had so long followed a non-aggressive policy, that their influence was little felt by the immense mass of superstition and unbelief around them. The "Mission Evangélique" soon bore blessed fruit among the people. In all parts of the town the gospel was welcomed heartily by the masses, kindness and sympathy were shown to the missionaries, and no disturbance took place at any of the stations. Seven stations were opened in various parts of the town, and four or five thousand persons brought under the influence of the mission. Sunday schools, Bible-classes, libraries, mothers' meetings, and other helpful agencies were connected with the different stations; and a small medical mission was started, as well as a school for training young evangelists. A "fraternal association," connected with this mission, gathers the new converts into Christian fellowship in work and in prayer, not into Church fellowship (for

M. Saillens encourages all the converts to join some of the existing Protestant congregations for *that*), but into social intercourse and joint efforts for the spread of the gospel. Over a hundred have united with the little society of converts from Popery. Our brother Saillens had great reason to thank God and take courage. He wrote to us last summer:

Our work has now extended to six stations in Marseilles; we are only waiting that vacation time be past to open our "*Ecole pratique d'Evangélisation,*" with four students to be begin with; and we are contemplating a work in that long neglected island Corsica, if the Lord sends us the right man for it. I shall be thankful to receive a copy of the form of application and of the rules of your Institute, out of which we might make some *réglement* for ours. We shall have only four young men at first, as we have only £160 subscribed towards this special work; and it takes £40 a year to keep a student. The accounts of this school of the prophets will be kept quite independent from those of the mission, so that donors may help either as they may wish.

I am very anxious that the young men trained here should, before they enter upon work, be acquainted with the English language and Christian literature, and also with English Christian life and work. I have thought that, if Mr. Guinness agreed to this, we might send them over to you, when they have *à peu près* finished their studies, for six months or so, not so much to study in books as with their ears and their eyes. I know what service it was to me! We might in exchange receive any of your young men desirous of learning French, or to work in France, or those about to sail for foreign parts.

M. Saillens has since become a colleague of Mr. McCall in Paris.

MR. ROHRBACH'S MISSION IN BERLIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Rohrbach are settled in the city of Berlin, and have been for some years now. The need of a simple gospel mission there may be conceived from the following statement, made in the presence of the emperor and royal family by one of the chaplains to the court:

Affection, faith, and obedience to the word of God *are unknown in this country*. This, our great German fatherland, was justly called formerly the "home of the faith." Now, on the contrary, it seems as if it were the father of lies who is worshipped in Prussia! What was formerly considered generous and noble is now looked upon with contempt, and theft and swindling are called by the euphonic name of "business." Marriages are concluded without the blessing of the Church, concluded on trial, to be broken if not found to answer. We still have a Sunday, but it is only a Sunday in name; the people work during church hours, and spend the afternoon and evening in rioting in the public houses and music halls; while the upper classes rush to the races, they prefer hearing the panting of the tortured horses to hearing the word of God. This word is

ridiculed in the press and turned to blasphemy in public assemblies, while the servants of God are insulted daily.

The German papers, Protestant as well as Catholic, write in a similar strain. Berlin, with a population of a million, has only 110 ministers of religion, both Protestant and Roman Catholic; and the average attendance at each place of worship is below 100! Twenty thousand funerals take place annually in Berlin without any religious service whatever!

House to house inquiries show that in the same city only *one house in eight even possesses a Bible.* In fact, the state of religion and morals throughout the empire is a grief and distress to the best citizens.

This social deterioration and increase of crime do not arise from ignorance or want of education or culture, nor is the cause in this case intemperance; the one chief reason for it is the substitution of unbelief for faith in God and His word.

Protestant Germany is *reaping the harvest* of "advanced thought" or scepticism. Crime has increased, during the last six years, in Prussia from fifty to two or three hundred per cent. In Northern Germany the number of criminals has risen from 102,000, eight years ago, to 150,000. The prisons are all full. Patriots urge the formation of a penal colony in Western Africa or among the isles of the Pacific.

The *Contemporary Review* of January, 1881, in speaking of Protestantism in Germany, says:

"If ever there were a country free of religious prejudices, which has stripped off all lingering remnants of her ancient faiths, and frankly proclaimed philosophical indifference to all creeds alike, that country is emphatically Germany. Of Protestantism it is vain to talk. Pericles and Alcibiades were not more completely and frankly pagan than the Prussian statesman and warrior of to-day. There are believing Christians in Germany, but who holds them to be of any account? The Protestant Church is a dismal spectacle of dwindling indifferentism, and religionists of all denominations are treated as hypocrites and timeservers, or as illiterate imbeciles, whose vain babblings are of no account. Berlin has fewer Christian churches than any city of like size in Christendom, yet one of those churches was lately given to the Jewish community for a synagogue."

Mr. Rohrbach is meeting with considerable encouragement in his work, and has a flourishing mission, with out-stations, in Moabit;

Among the Soldiers in Tunis.

Mr. Jocelyn Bureau was one of our French students, and is now settled as a missionary in Tunis, North Africa. The following is his account of his first visit to this country, during the French annexation, when he went to distribute Testaments among the soldiers.

In 1881 45,000 French troops, under pretext of punishing some Kroumir tribes, but in reality with the intention of annexing the country, crossed the frontier of Algeria and entered Tunis.

I was permitted for six sad months to labour among these unfortunate soldiers, sharing their hardships and sufferings, and seeking their spiritual good. The mortality which attended the expedition seems to have arisen from the insufficient scale on which preparations were made. It was desired by the authorities to represent as a slight skirmish what was intended to be and proved a serious campaign, requiring an army twice as numerous as that employed by England in suppressing the Egyptian rebellion. Insufficient financial supplies were provided, and consequently the commissariat was very badly organized during all the earlier months of the campaign. Many doctors were left without remedies, and several regiments lacked even bread, and were clad in rags. I have often seen the men sleeping on the bare ground with only a thin little blanket to protect them from the cold of night (which is considerable in Tunis). Multitudes were consequently stricken down by fever; we had five or six deaths daily in one camp of only two thousand men near the city of Tunis. The total mortality of the expedition is variously estimated at from six to ten thousand men, of whom probably not more than two hundred fell from Arab bullets. I was engaged in distributing among these poor dying men the word of life, and also in pointing them to Christ. I sold among them many hundreds of Testaments, and gave others freely, as well as tracts and periodicals, including ten thousand copies of *L'ami de la Maison.* I traversed the country from Tunis to Cabes, and found many anxious souls among the men as well as multitudes of unbelievers.

"Your book should be in the pocket of every French soldier," said a Roman Catholic major to me one day, while another officer, observing one man who wished but could not afford to buy a Testament, paid the price for him, saying, "If each man had and read that book, there would be less immorality in the army!" I could not watch for results of my work, as I had to be always on the move, journeying from camp to camp; but I constantly observed the men reading the word of God with attention and interest. Once only an officer informed me in tones of angry excitement that my "*propagande* was contrary to the republican *régime*," making me feel ashamed that a French official should be so ill-informed.

I visited the ruins of the great city which cradled the youthful Hannibal, and was the rival of Rome itself. The glory of Africa, Carthage is nothing now but what memory and association make it. A few immense cisterns are well preserved, and some walls said to have formed part of a temple of Hippocrates.

In October our troops reached the sacred city of Kairwan, forty miles from the sea. A battle was fully expected here, but the enemy had disappeared, and we had only to enter the town. The New Testaments I carried in with me into this holy of holies of the Mohammedan world, with its magnificent mosque of

Sidi Okbah, one of the companions of Mohammed, were probably the first that had ever penetrated into this jealously guarded sanctuary. "The great mosque" in this place is one of the most beautiful monuments in North Africa, containing four hundred magnificent columns of marbles of different colours.

Arabs, Kabyles, Jews, Maltese, Italians, and natives of various tribes inhabit Tunis, and I am sorry to add that the example set by the so called Christians is something terrible, and must do incalculable mischief. The immorality is worse than any I have seen even in Paris. No wonder the Arabs are indifferent or adverse to Christianity!

Oh that God would raise up some righteous men to be witnesses to Christ in this dark land!

On the Ural Mountains.

One of our Swedish students, Mr. Engval, went out to the Congo, wishing to devote himself to Africa. His health however failed completely, and it was evident he could not live many months in the tropics. He returned to Europe to save his life, and went to a very different climate—among the Ural Mountains, an interesting sphere of work. He writes from Tirljanski:

Dear Mr. Guinness,—

According to my promise, I send you some tidings with much pleasure. I can never, save in a very small degree, express my gratitude for all the kindness you have shown me, and for the care you took of me while in England. Ah! how glad I was to meet you in St. Petersburg, especially as I missed you when you were in my own country!

We left St. Petersburg on Sept. 12th, and reached this place on the 29th, having travelled two days by rail and six days by steamer, from Nijni Novogorod to Ofa, and eight days on horseback from Ofa to this place. We brought with us a lad of seventeen from St. Petersburg, a dear Christian youth, who speaks the Russian language perfectly, though the son of Swedish parents. He has been of great assistance to us, and we hope he will one day be a missionary among the Russians. On the steamer he read to the people from the New Testament, and we spoke through him to them of Christ. They were eager to listen, and numbers of them had never heard such words before. They asked for copies of the New Testament; we had none but our own, but we were obliged at last to give them away. Is it not sad to think that here in this great empire one hundred millions of our fellow creatures are living and dying without any true knowledge of the gospel? The Christians of England and Sweden think so much of China, India, and Africa, that they seem to forget the beggar lying at their door—poor ignorant Russia! But this is not right. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

Arrival at Tirljanski.

We received a hearty welcome from the Swedes here on our arrival, both from those who are believers and those who are not. They all wish to hear the word of God. Some of them had been seven or eight years without ever having done so. They are only a small colony, who work in iron. We live in one

village, and visit the others once or twice a month. With the exception of two, they live as if there were no God, and have sunk low in the misery of sin. I could not describe to you their life in Russia; but praise God! there are already some signs of improvement. One soul has, I trust, been really saved, and Swedes and Russians are both struck with the change in the lives of many others. Pray the Lord earnestly that by His Holy Spirit all of these dear Swedes may be saved. I should like to tell you something about

THE CONDITION OF THE RUSSIANS,

but if I were to draw it correctly you would think the picture too dark. They live in every kind of sin—drunkenness, fornication, theft, murder. During the holidays, which they observe in honour of the tutelar saint of the village, the angel Michael, two were killed, and many were so injured that they will be cripples for the rest of their lives. And all through the influence of drink!

They know nothing of the blessing of the Sabbath; every day is alike. There are no prayer-meetings, or meetings of any kind, where they can hear of the love of Christ. There is of course a sort of service in the church on Sunday, but there is nothing but singing the mass, offering incense, etc.; the people are taught to attitudinize, and cross, and bow themselves before the priest, and to kiss the cross, but *no gospel, no word about Christ.* Though intensely ignorant, they are a religious people, and strictly keep their observances, as, for instance, not drinking milk on a fast day. They are willing to listen when one speaks to them of Christ, and some who have attended our Swedish meetings have said to us that they wish we would speak to them also. There are eight or ten thousand Russians in this village, and twelve thousand in the adjoining one.

We have begun to learn Russian, with the assistance of the lad we brought with us, and may the Lord help us, so that we may be able to speak direct to the people!

Besides the Swedes and the Russians we have here Mohammedans, who are called Baskirs. They live on the Ural Mountains, and we see them daily. It would not be impossible to work amongst them, as the Russians allow them the free exercise of their religion, but *there is no labourer*, though the harvest is plenteous.

A FEW SHEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.

One of our students, Mr. Benjamin Needham, had been for some time working among the North American Indians when we visited him at Brantford, Ontario, in 1884. The following account of a visit to his flock was written at the time.

Will our readers accompany us in imagination to a meeting which we recently attended? They shall discover for themselves its locality! To get there we must drive some ten or twelve miles; so we mount into a light open vehicle, which does not look quite English, and start at a good pace over broad but dusty roads. Ah! *they* cannot be English! In no part of our trim and tidy little island could such roads be found. Such ruts, such hills and hollows, such rough wooden bridges, without paling or parapet! And those lovely crimson and gold-tinted maples and shumacs, no clouded English sun has dressed them in these gorgeous colours; where are we? For a few miles our road runs through flourishing suburban districts, with pretty, inviting residences, and neat gardens and farms;

but the houses, though many of them are handsome, are built of wood, and the side-walks are paved with wood, and the bridges are all wooden, and when for some distance the road lies along the banks of a broad river, and we have to cross smaller streams flowing into it, we feel almost nervous in passing over the few broken or unguarded planks that form the bridge.

But we reach at last a boundary-line, and the look of the country speedily changes from civilized to semi-civilized. There are not many houses about now, and those we do meet are *very* small log huts, many of them with perhaps a door and two windows, and a little chimney; substantial and warm enough, but far from spacious. Yet there are well-ploughed fields around them, and good crops of corn, and in some cases the farms look quite flourishing. Other huts however are placed anyhow amid the woodland, and look deplorable enough in their surroundings. What an extent of uncleared woodland there is, and of partial clearings! Rough snake-fences inclose fields thick with blackened stumps and fallen trees, and yet there are patches of maize amid the ruins of the forest, and golden gourds lie glowing on the ground.

Are we in a heathen land? Our guide asks us to alight and enter

A PAGAN PLACE OF WORSHIP.

We do so, and note how the degrading nature of paganism is expressed in the temple it rears for its religious rites. A large, low, dark, dirty, ugly, rough, barn-like room, a few seats round the walls, and a couple of stoves, the only furniture besides a large black pot. A few feather head-dresses hang on the wall, and some barbarous musical arrangements are evident. Near by is a graveyard, where, from time to time, come sad, solemn, silent processions to bury their dead out of their sight. Without word or prayer or tear they commit the dust to dust, and depart.

But we drive on a mile or two, and what is this neat wooden structure, with its heaven-pointing spire and its bell, its organ, its comfortable and ornamental interior, its inviting and cheering aspect? This must be a Christian church surely? We drive on, and here is a temple of yet another kind. A large space in the forest is roughly walled in with barriers of bush, and cleared of undergrowth. The sunlight falls with chequered brightness on the grassy sward. Nature's majestic columns rising on every side sustain with their multiplied and most graceful arches a glorious leafy canopy which excludes alike the burning heat and the sudden shower; and underneath are ranged on large logs as joists, row upon row of plain plank seats opposite a roomy platform. This is evidently a camp-meeting ground, a place where prayer is wont to be made to Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

But we drive a little farther, and call at one of the cottages in a wayside field. Now we shall find out where we are! Talk to that old lady by the door. How very brown her complexion is, and how very black her hair and eyes! How singularly grotesque her countenance! and, oh! how poor her clothing! No light comes into her eyes as we address her; she only shakes her head and utters words we cannot understand. She is pounding in a rough mortar and with a weighty pestle which we could not even lift white Indian corn, which she reduces to fragments, though not to flour, and then, mixing it with water, bakes. Her cottage interior looks destitute and dirty, and smells of tobacco smoke. It cannot be called a *home;* it may give warmth and shelter to the body, but it offers nothing to gratify or satisfy a human heart and mind or soul.

NATIVE HUT, SOUTH AMERICA.

Sadly we turn away and go on to another house. What a strange contrast is here! Neat, and clean, and comfortable, well-furnished, and even pretty is this interior: parlour and kitchen and bedroom, books and pictures and ornaments! Bonnie boys, with very brown faces and bright eyes, answer in good English our questions, and a Christian mother gives us a glad welcome.

Where *are* we? and who *are* these strange, mixed people? We must hasten to our meeting; perhaps we shall discover there!

It is held in the "council house" of the place, a decent looking building inside and out. A pump is just alongside under an open portico, and venerable-looking men—not English however—welcome us to the precincts. An evergreen arch, tastefully woven over the entrance gate, has been erected in our honour, and a banner of "Welcome" awaits us within. There is a portrait of Queen Victoria over the platform, and various other portraits on the walls. A goodly company is assembled; the men sit on one side, and the women on the other. But what strange-looking women some of them are! Many are nearly white; but some are very dark, and there are various intermediate shades. No black people however are here; we are not among negroes. These folks have not the features of gypsies either, though the complexion is not unlike theirs. But what *are* those strange parcels on the women's laps? Bright packets done up on boards, of the shape of very small coffins, with strong wicker handles arching over. In the dim light we can hardly see what they are, but drawing nearer—positively they are *babies*, fat, peaceable, sleepy, statuesque *babies!* There they lie, stretched out as straight as corpses, tied up so tight as to feel quite hard, and so compactly as to be easily portable; decorated externally with patchwork and bead embroidery, producing a rich and gaudy effect; the little bald head pillowed comfortably enough on a pillow, the only motion possible to the owner being to turn that same head from side to side. And, strangest sight of all, these mothers actually take the rigid boards and arching handles to their bosoms and nurse their infants in that stiff and awkward attitude. Yes, for they are

INDIAN SQUAWS,

nstead of Englishwomen, and these are "papooses," not babies. The mystery is cleared up now. We are in a meeting of Red Indians, on a Canadian reserve, and our dear brother and former student, William Needham, is in the midst of the flock to which for the last four years he has been lovingly and patiently ministering the bread of life.

A cup of tea is handed round, and, for the first time in our lives, we feast with the children of the forest. What weather-beaten forms and faces some of them have! How staid and sober, how almost sad and solemn they look! Not a gleam of hilarity, or a sparkle of pleasure is to be seen. They are glad, we know, at heart to welcome us, but they do not show it. This is their nature. The gloom of the forest has left its impress on their characters, which habits of civilization have scarcely modified. Dignified, reserved, taciturn, sedate, the Indian is an utter and curious contrast to his neighbour the negro.

But the meeting has begun, and is soon requested to sing a Mohawk hymn. Strange, wild, weird strains arise, and swell and fall, and swell again louder and deeper. A volume of beautiful but slow and unusual music rolls sweetly through the house. What wonderful voices some of them have, and what good though "adagio" time they keep! Our hearts are full as we hear these converts from paganism praising Christ. Presently a trio of fine voices sing in English, to

the accompaniment of one of the party, the well-known strain, "Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer," and many join in the chorus, especially the young men, members of a good brass band, which occupies one corner of the room, and proves by its performances that a taste for music is inherent in the red man.

We join in prayer, and then speak through our interpreter to the assembly. Remembering that it represented *six nations*, each of which retains its own language, we wonder how they are all to understand, but they seem to do so. The interpreter speaks in Mohawk, and though the tribes never attempt to speak each other's language, they can generally understand any one of the six. By-and-by however we find translation too tedious and cumbersome. The Indian words are immensely long, and whether the interpreter amplifies our words or not, we do not know, but it takes him twice as long as it takes us to express each idea. So we speak out in English, knowing many will understand, and urge *them* to tell their friends after the meeting what had been said. When we have done, the subjoined address, which had been prepared by the chiefs of the "six nations" during the tea, and which shows how good a knowledge of our tongue some of their numbers must possess, is read aloud by one of them and presented to us:

ADDRESS OF THE CHIEFS OF THE "SIX NATIONS" INDIANS TO MR. AND MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO THE RESERVE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1884.

Great Father and Mother of many Missionaries!—We the red men of this reserve feel honoured that you should visit us. Many times we have heard of you and of your Christian enterprises across the great sea.

Our faithful friend and teacher, the Rev. B. C. Needham, has often acquainted us with the heroic efforts of your noble young men—men who amid privation and suffering are striving to win benighted souls from the galling influences of paganism, as we ourselves have been won. He and his brothers have preached unto us that JESUS, who is the true Friend of the child of the forest as well as of the pale-face.

You, dear sir, have come among us now, not with a spear or a sword, not to consider hostilities or the sharpening of the battle-axe or tomahawk, but in peace; and we meet gladly to welcome you and your dear lady to our "six nations."

You will see that by the help of God and the sympathy of His people, we are becoming in many respects more and more like our white brethren. Wicked men came among us and taught us evils foreign to our race; but we are glad that there are others, like you and yours, who are striving to uplift *us*, as you are striving to uplift other nations also.

We sincerely pray that your life may extend to many suns, that your wife may be as an evergreen—always flourishing—and that your young men may be as the trees of a great forest belting the whole earth with gladness, and we believe, as we trust in one common Lord, that we shall meet by-and-by in the brighter and better land.

Signed by

CHIEF DAVID SENECA.	CHIEF DAVID THOMAS.
,, ISAAC JACOBS.	,, JOHN HILL.
,, ABRAHAM S. HILL.	,, RICHARD HILL.
	,, JOSIAH HILL.

Many a cordial hand-shake and many a hearty greeting follow the reading of this address, and it is evident that the love of Christ has warmed up the cold nature of the Red Indian.

It is past ten o'clock when we start on our homeward drive of twelve miles, and there is no moon. At times, and especially when crossing the river, some of our party have to get out and carry a lantern before the horses, lest we should drive over the edge of the unguarded wooden bridges. We do not meet a solitary traveller in our slow and cautious progress, and it is nearly midnight before we reach our destination. And this long and somewhat dangerous journey our brother Mr. Benjamin Needham takes constantly after his evening meetings on the Indian Reserve!

RED INDIAN CAMP IN THE FOREST.—BARK CANOE.

FAMINE OF THE WORD IN WESTERN AMERICA.

"THERE are *twelve hundred towns west of the Mississippi without church or preaching of any kind.*" Such is the startling statement lately published by the American Home Missionary Society. During the fifty-seven years of this society's existence, the population of the

States has increased from 11,000,000 to 50,000,000, one-half of which are to be found west of Ohio, one-fourth west of the Mississippi, where, even should this rate of growth remain as now, there will be in 1890, 18,430,000 souls. But there is abundant reason to believe that the west will develop every year more rapidly; there are now 33,000 miles of railway in that region, of which 3,300 have been constructed since 1882, and several vast systems in addition are already projected. And in almost every state and territory of the Rocky Mountain region are rich quartz mines, which have been been waiting ten or twenty years for the railway which alone can convey the ponderous machinery needed for their working; so that there is little doubt these new lines into the mountains will speedily result in the creation of many a great mining settlement such as Leadville.

In the province of Dakota the population, which in 1870 was 14,000, in 1880 was 135,000! A tenfold increase in ten years. And this is nothing compared to the growth of the last three years. About 1,000 homesteads a day are now taken in Southern Dakota, which is equivalent to an average of 3,000 new-comers every twenty-four hours. "The railroads," we are told, "are literally blocked with goods of the rushing settlers." Out of Texas alone could be carved half-a-dozen very respectable European kingdoms.

How shall we enlarge our conceptions to grasp the mighty results which the remaining years of the nineteenth century have in store for the vast empire west of the Mississippi? There is a tremendous rush of events, which is something new under the sun. In these latter days, the world in its progress is gathering momentum like a falling body. I venture little in saying that a man who is as old as the century has seen a full third of all the progress of the human race. I venture nothing in saying that those of you who are twenty years old have seen more advance in civilization than the world has seen in a thousand years of some periods of its history. No man knows how many such millenniums this nation will see before the nineteenth century dies. Vast regions have been settled before, but never before under the mighty whip and spur of electricity and steam. Referring to the development of the West, the London *Times* remarks: "Unquestionably this is the most important fact in contemporary history. It is a new fact; it cannot be compared with any cognate phenomenon in the past." And, as it is without a precedent, so it will remain without a parallel; for there are no more new worlds.

We quote these words from an address by Rev. Josiah Strong, secretary to the Ohio H.M. Society, and his subject is the appalling inadequacy of supply available to meet the spiritual wants of these fast multiplying millions. For, sad to say, there has been for the

past ten years a steady diminution of students in the seven theological seminaries connected with the Congregational Churches of America.

During the past ten years these Churches have increased 20 per cent., the number of ministers 16 per cent. At this rate, ten years hence there will be in this body 418 more Churches than ministers. The Presbyterians have now 600 more Churches than ministers, and the Baptist *Churches* exceed the number of *ministers* by 9,850.

Let every Congregational minister alive, says Mr. Strong, take a pulpit; call to active work the aged and infirm, the sick, all who have turned aside to business, the efficient and inefficient, the secretaries of our benevolent societies, the editors of our religious papers, the scores of college presidents and professors and theological instructors, and we should still have 213 vacant Churches, not to mention the hundreds of new missionary fields which are asking for men.

Superintendent Montgomery, of the A.H.M. Society, writes from Minnesota:

The gospel destitution in many parts of this state will make any man's heart ache who prays, "Thy kingdom come." There are scores of railroad villages where no regular gospel services whatever are held by any denomination. Add to this scores of country places still more destitute, and you may have some idea of the startling growth of wickedness which must come—is already at hand. Had we in Minnesota alone, and in our Congregational work, forty more ministers to-day, every one would be doing great and precious work for Christ within a month. We *need* these men; we need them *now;* and many hearts here are crying out, *We must have them.* Even thus most of these men would have to supply each from two to six Churches or preaching-points.

From many another state, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Nebraska, come the same earnest appeals.

And if, as we believe, the saying is true that "immigrations and new settlements give opportunities for the gospel like those which childhood offers in the household," what precious and quickly passing opportunities the Church of Christ is losing through this great famine of the word in Western America! and how terrible must be the results! Only those who know from history or experience how quickly a community of men and women cut off from religious observances, and deprived of a Christian ministry, drift into practical heathenism, can fully appreciate His love and wisdom who "gave some apostles, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers."

The knowledge of this state of things, which we have to some extent verified by personal observation during a recent visit to the States, has made us willing to aid not a few young men to prepare

tor and go to needy spheres in the western states. Though our special object is heathendom, yet there are sometimes men among our students who have so much preaching gift, that it seems a pity they should waste time in learning a foreign language, instead of proclaiming the gospel in their own. On the other hand, there are sometimes men who for some reason or other *cannot* go among the heathen. Both these classes we are glad to send to America, and some of our former students are now labouring in the western states among the coloured people.

ACROSS RUSSIA AND SIBERIA TO CHINA.

A young Russian brother, Joseph Joy Theakston, made a journey of about ten thousand miles, in the summer of 1879, across Siberia to the borders of China, over a line of country very little visited by travellers. Mr. Theakston went out as helper and interpreter to Rev. H. Lansdale. The object was to put a Testament or gospel portion into every room of every principal prison in Siberia. Mr. Theakston left England towards the end of April, and reached St. Petersburg on May 1st. They travelled by the Volga to Perm, at the foot of the Ural Mountains; thence by train to Nigni-Tagilsk and Yekaterinburg, where are 30,000 workmen employed on the iron works, among whom they distributed tracts. Thence 200 miles by carriage to Tumen, and 250 farther to Tobolsk. Then by river to Tomsk, 600 miles farther on the great Siberian road, and on to Irkutsk and Lake Baikal, and as far as to Kiachta, on the frontiers of Siberia and China. Thence Mr. Lansdale proceeded to Japan and St. Francisco, while Mr. Theakston returned through Siberia home—the journey and return occupying about five months, during which time the travellers distributed 30,000 gospels and Testaments, mostly in prisons, hospitals, poor-houses, public works, etc. Some prisons in Siberia contained as many as 3,000 prisoners, and on the road they continually saw and passed gangs of political prisoners being marched farther eastward; for, while criminals are located in the comparatively near portions of Siberia, distinguished political prisoners are generally sent to the extreme east—to Yakutsk. These wretched prisoners were heavily chained and handcuffed, and when travelling by river were packed in the barges like herrings in a barrel. Their sufferings are very great, and their condition in certain cases, as regards cleanliness, etc., most deplorable.

As a rule they received the Scriptures thankfully, for the Russian law permits each man to have a Bible or Testament, but no other book. Our friends travelled literally day and night, sleeping in beds only fifteen or eighteen times during the whole of the land journey. On the rivers they of course got tolerably comfortable nights; but in the long and weary carriage journeys, over terribly rough, bad roads, the effort to sleep in the "tarrantass" was productive of more distress than comfort, so that at times they were wearied out and thoroughly exhausted.

The general impression left on his mind by this journey is that Siberia itself is not so dreadful a country as is generally supposed. Its southern portion, at any rate, through which he passed, is by no means desolate or barren. Abundance of fruitful land lies everywhere unoccupied. During the months of his visit the weather was intensely hot. The population is too scanty for agriculture to be carried on, and the government stations are actually supplied with corn from Russia, at heavy cost for transport, while thousands and thousands of acres of fertile land, which would produce it, lie untilled. Villages and towns are few and far between, and some of the Ostiak and other villages remind one of collections of Indian wigwams. Yet these people are nominally Christians, having been "converted" to Christianity by Russian command.

Here is a vast and almost unattempted field of Christian labour, and if misery be an effective ploughshare to prepare the soil of the human heart for the gospel, surely nowhere would a larger number of broken-spirited and despairing men and women be met with than in this land of exiles and captives. May God in mercy send the gospel of light and liberty to many a broken heart in Siberia!

ON LAKE TANGANYIKA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

In 1876 the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY, on receiving a liberal donation of £5,000 from Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, started a mission to the heart of Africa, destined for the town of Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika—a lake which is an African Caspian, and deserves rather the name of a sea. The place has been visited by Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, and others, but no messenger of the gospel had ever been located among the tribes dwelling on its shores. It lies 800 miles in a direct line from the east coast, and as there was no semblance of a road, but only the merest caravan track, the journey occupied four months. There were no means of locomotion; human beings were the only beasts of burden; and this was the more awkward because calico was the currency of the country, and an unfortunately bulky one. An army of porters were consequently required, and the management and superintendence of these added immensely to the difficulty of the task of penetrating so far into the interior of the country. The directors of the mission intended to place a steamer on the lake, and MR. E. C. HORE, an officer in the merchant service, who had been for a time in our Institute, was appointed to the mission to explore the lake, decide on the kind of vessel suitable, and ultimately to take charge of her. MR. ELBERT S. CLARK, another of our students, who had already been labouring in South Africa, also made one of this expedition, but from failure of health was soon obliged to return to the coast and ultimately to Natal.

Mr. (now Captain) Hore wrote:

I must give you some little account of *this* mission, which, originally consisting of six members, is now reduced to three by the return of Messrs. Price and Clark, and the death here, on September 22nd last, of the Rev. J. B. Thompson, the result of an attack of apoplexy. And *à propos* of this, I may solemnly say, brethren, if you would never have to look into the face of a dying brother, distorted perhaps by some fearful malady, and grieve that you know not what to do for him, strive hard to get *all the medical and surgical information you can*, lose no hint or remark which may enable you to relieve pain or arrest disease, remembering too that in heathen lands "a medicine man" is the first to receive attention and to gain influence.

Detained many months in the coast regions, trying the laborious experiment of introducing bullock wagons as the mode of transport, we were at length fairly defeated by the fatal tsetse fly, and compelled to resort to the old method of *pagasi*, or native carriers, Messrs. Thomson, Hutley, and myself, with a caravan of over 200 men, left Mpwapwa on June 12th last. On the day of the date of your letter we were haggling with the native chief about the *hongo*, or black mail, at the

last village but one in the dreaded country of Ugogo; a final settlement was made by giving the chief's wife my Good Templar's badge! After this we got on faster, marching sometimes ten, twelve, and even sixteen miles per day. For twenty-two days we marched through the vast forests of Unyanyembe to the country of the great chief Mirambo.

In these forests vast herds of game roam; here is the home of the lion, the elephant, and the rhinoceros, their footmarks being as common as hoof-marks on a country road. At noon one day a lion sprang upon a zebra close to our camp; we all turned out and drove off the lion, while the poor zebra was in a few minutes distributed all over the camp in the shape of joints and ribs and steaks.

Hyænas have troubled our camp from the very coast to this place. I shot one here one night just in the act of springing upon our goats. At night the leopards, which are very numerous, take complete possession of our yard, making it necessary to put our goats and chickens in well-secured houses. We arrived here at last on August 23rd, 1878. We have hired the largest and best Arab house in Ujiji for twelve months. Our mission is somewhat shackled by the fears and stupidity of the Arab merchants here, until we hear further from the sultan of Zanzibar to further confirm his letter of introduction to them, which described us as his friends, but did not explain, say the Arabs, that we were going to stay here! They are frightened that we shall in some way stop their slave trade.

The country of Manyema is their Ophir just now, from whence they bring large stores of slaves and ivory.

CLIMATE OF UJIJI.

How shall I answer the question that will doubtless be asked, Is Ujiji healthy? During our arduous journey, though marching sometimes fifteen miles under the noon-day sun, and subject to all the inconveniences, exposure, and anxieties which such a journey entails, we had no fever, but kept strong and in health. But after being some weeks here the fever comes on, the seasoning fever, which everybody has, Arabs, coastmen, or Wanganweji, on getting here and settling down after the journey. A similar fever attacks white men when they first land on the coast. It is a contest which determines to a great extent the man's fitness for the country.

The lake looks beautiful, and from our house we have a fine view of it. I have a large Arab boat thirty-eight feet long, and have just completed the work of rigging her. The sails and rigging, of course, I have made all myself, also the decking of the craft, and the building in her of a snug house, of bamboo chiefly, and canvas-roofed over reeds, forming two nice little cabins secure from the rain. Her name is the *Calabash*. I have also a little dingy, which I have made by cutting a long log canoe in half, and fixing on a stern. She is also rigged for sailing.

What little medical knowledge I possess has already proved of great value. I have had many patients—dysentery, fever, rheumatism; and just now I am doctoring a poor slave, whose hand was blown off by the explosion of a gun. A good many people have bad eyes, and I have one patient whose bad eye used to be treated by Dr. Livingstone, whose name is well known here. Thus far our mission is decidedly a success; we have planted our feet on the soil, and sat down on the shores of the lake, hitherto so difficult of access. Pray for us, that we may have abundant grace and strength to speak the words of eternal life to these poor people who are under the curse of sin, that they may know Christ and the

life and immortality which He has brought to light, and gives to all those who come to God through Him.

A subsequent letter from this dear brother made us realize how many and great are the dangers amidst which pioneer missions are carried on. Our hearts were filled with thankfulness as we read of the remarkable preservations granted to these dear brethren by land and sea.

English Mission House, Ujiji,
Dec. 10*th*, 1879.

My dear Sir,—

I thank you for your letter of May 29th, and for the kind interest you express in the work in which I am engaged. Such letters from friends are very valuable out here, as well for their words of encouragement and good cheer as for every little item of news concerning those at home in whom one is interested.

I see you are helping to penetrate the Dark Continent from the west. I believe there is nothing like a sea life to make a good pioneer missionary. I hope none of the students will miss taking a month in the *Evangelist*. I wish indeed you could, as you say, transport her hither. My *Calabash* is after all but a make shift, though the new *Calabash* is certainly just now putting on a more respectable appearance (the old boat was only hired for a year); she belongs to the mission, and therefore I have prepared her more elaborately than the old boat. I am putting on a half deck at each end, the after one roofing a little cabin. The name is painted; and neatly fitted masts and rigging, together with various little fittings, and paint and varnish, will make her at any rate the finest craft on Tanganyika. She is just the length of the *Evangelist*, but not quite so wide and deep, and rigged with two masts (a little one aft). The rig is very handy for manœuvring quickly, and enables her to sail nearer the wind than she could otherwise do. This is the weak point of these keelless, spoon-like boats, which however run before the wind with wonderful speed. I was fourteen days over one trip against the wind, but ran back in two days and a half. My great want is some skilled assistance. More than once I have been two days and two nights *without letting go the tiller*, but I always have good health when afloat. Tanganyika is like the sea, but there is smooth water more frequently; the sea rises very quickly however, and there are frequent fierce squalls, especially at the commencement and at the breaking up of the rainy season. The masts, sails, and rigging of the *Calabash* I have made myself, and the wood I have put in her I cut myself in the Malagarasi River. I have visited the natives round about two-thirds of the lake shore, and am now about starting on another voyage to complete its circumnavigation.

I have seen the Lukuga River to be—as Stanley guessed it was—the outlet of this great lake, which consequently belongs to the Congo River system. We have planted a station in Uguha, on the eastern shore of the lake, the "Plymouth Rock" station now occupied by Rev. W. Griffith and Mr. Hutley. I hope to have other suitable sites ready negotiated for by the time other missionaries arrive on the lake.

* * * * *

You have doubtless heard of some of our trials and troubles. I have buried

two brother missionaries here in Ujiji; one was here a month, the other a week! Poor Dr. Mullens, in his anxiety for our welfare and to see the mission established, has been sacrificed in the same cause. But for the Arab Mirambo agitation and other quarrels on the road stopping communication, letters would have been received showing his journey to be unnecessary. The important mail following that long interval has also, I fear, been destroyed, the most important and largest mail yet sent to the coast, and which I can never replace.

The troubles with the Arabs are, I think, nearly finished, that is, any trouble of great danger. The last unpleasant business was the very day before the arrival of Messrs. Southon and Griffith. The Arabs filled our house; their slaves and followers, "armed to the teeth," and dressed for the occasion in holiday costume, danced and yelled outside (about 120 of them), and actually pointed their guns at us through the windows, requesting their masters "just to say the word" and they would fire. Others marching up and down fired off for display. The Arabs were received with courtesy, and seated within; one of them said, "Let us have a row, finish them off, and clear out the house." The house was full of goods at that time (for it contained, as well as our own stores, those of the Roman Catholic missionaries and M. Debaize, the French explorer). But it was ordained otherwise. One or two of the more respectable Arabs at once stood up and said, "Let us go," and immediately they rose as one man and went out quickly, followed by all their slaves, who however went off dancing, and shouting, and firing guns like a lot of madmen. On this occasion one Arab was *forced* in by the others, and several were reluctant visitors. They have feuds and jealousy amongst themselves, and this is our safety, with a little tact in manipulating the circumstances as the Lord gives us wisdom.

Hundreds of the Goma people stoned me in the night from their lofty hillsides, on which they mustered like the Highland clans, by fire and bugle, on my approach, so that I was compelled to run to sea in all haste; but when daylight revealed my white skin, they mustered as strongly to give me a hearty welcome to their shores, for, said they, "the white man is good, the Wajiji told us all about him." They had an ambush of canoes too with stones, which they pitched overboard in my sight, as they escorted me to shore in the morning.

One night I slept not; rumour said that night was appointed for our destruction by the Arabs' slaves and followers. One of my men ran in and reported another nearly beaten to death in the market place, where the Arabs' slaves were assembled armed. I sent a man to the houses of two friendly Arabs, but they were reported asleep. One Arab was heard telling some evil fellows if they were ready he would give them powder. I set lights to show we were not asleep. A large party of Arabs' men assembled behind our house and walked about. I kept the lights burning, and before morning all was quiet.

Mirambo was reported to be approaching Ujiji with two thousand warriors (our matters with Mirambo were not cleared up then, or I should have had no thought of danger). The Arabs mustered all their guns and men, and built loopholed embankments all round their houses and across the town. Some fled to Kigoma, others prepared their boats for flight, and sent the women and children away. Scouts spied out the country around. By night Hutley and I buried a good stock of valuables beneath the ground in our storeroom. None but we two knew aught about it. But Mirambo did not come. Afterwards Mirambo said, "Yes, I should have come, but that my friends the white men were there."

* * * * *

At noon I ran north. A fine fair breeze promised to take me to some port in Uvira by evening: the breeze however increased to a gale, with rising sea, and a reef was hid; the old *Calabash* flew along trembling, and the sea still rose fast and furious. The gale increased; every stitch of sail was snug furled, but still she scudded before the increasing blast. Night approached, dark and cloudy, soon after sighting the coast at the north end of the lake, which we were now approaching rapidly. I expected the wind to cease at sunset, but it did not, and darkness found us rushing on to an unknown coast before a furious gale and sea. I would now have turned the boat round and rode it out with the paddles, but the sea was so bad that it was very dangerous to attempt doing so; I therefore kept on, hoping the wind would cease as usual with the declining day, but still it continued in full force. Darkness closed around us; in another hour I knew we must be very near the shore, and though extremely dangerous to attempt, it was my duty to try and turn the boat round. I therefore placed all the men in position, paddles in hand, duly impressing them with the importance of the position. Earnestly watching each sea for a smooth chance to turn, a bigger wave than usual suddenly foamed up all round the boat; the old boat trembled again, and nearly shook the tiller out of my hand, but immediately afterwards it became much smoother, and in another minute I was convinced by the sudden change of the sea that I was in shallow water. At once we turned the boat round with safety, and, sounding, found only two fathoms of water. Keeping the men working at the paddles, I ran forward, lashed together three big stones we had in the boat, and casting them over by way of anchor we rode in safety till morning. *Daylight revealed the shore* 300 *yards astern!*

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and delivered and upheld us in danger and trouble and sickness.

> "For mercies countless as the sands,
> Which daily I receive
> From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
> My soul, what canst thou give?"

Let us give Him all the glory, and be found amongst those who return to give thanks. Let us give ourselves, body, mind, and spirit, energy and strength; and though at the end but unprofitable servants, we shall receive the "well done," the reward—salvation, the reward to them that diligently seek; glory to those who are faithful unto the end; no wages, but a free gift; eternal life through Christ Jesus.

Surgical Work under Difficulties.

My first real amputation case has healed successfully; and the poor man, though an Arab slave, often comes about, and says he should like always to stop with me and do some work for me. This man had an iron ring and staple firmly blacksmithed on to his right wrist, and stuck in a log; after remaining some weeks in that position the arm swelled so that his master drew the staple out of the log, but the ring could not possibly be taken off the wrist, though they tried hard to do so. For weeks the man carried the iron about on, or rather in, his swollen arm, until some one told him of the doctor here (Dr. Southon); so he came to our house, but the doctor was gone then to Mirambo's. The arm was mortified, it and the hand being about three times the size of the other. I told him it must be cut off, and he willingly assented; so I cut it off a little short of

the elbow, and now he is quite healed and has a good smooth round stump. I had to do the amputation with a small knife and a carpenter's saw. I have done several surgical operations, but this was the first real amputation. I use a piece of india rubber pocket filter tube for a tourniquet, and find it very handy and not in the way, which is very good when the tourniquet must be near the operation, because it is very little in the way and very efficient. To tie the india rubber would be very awkward, so I have a piece of string fast to each end of the india rubber, which makes it easy to unfasten or slacken.

I have found great benefit from a medicine which I don't see recommended by any traveller or mentioned in the way I use it (*viz.* as a tonic after fever when results affect the head and eyes), in any of the medical books, *viz.* zinc. Hutley was laid up for weeks with bad head and eyes and general weakness after fever; quinine made his head worse. I saw in a homœopathic book some preparation of zinc recommended for the head, so I determined to try it. I gave sulphate of zinc in tonic doses 1¾ gr. three times a day in pills, and a collyrium, 4 grs. each of sulph. zinc and acet. lead to 6 ozs. water; a few days effected a perfect cure. The same has cured me more than once of after effects in head, from which however I seldom suffer, the after effects with me being more frequently general. (You may see some of the after effects of a fever I have just had in this writing: try my best, I cannot write better.)

The London Missionary Society subsequently received a donation of £3,000 for the purpose of putting a steamer on Lake Nyassa, and Mr. Hore returned to England to superintend the construction of this vessel, which had to be carried out in sections and rebuilt on the lake. On this occasion he married, and took his young wife and infant child back with him to Africa, to undertake the long 800 mile walk from Zanzibar to the lake. Very tragic and painfully interesting have been the fortunes of this mission, which has lost many of its members—some almost immediately on their arrival in the country.

Since the commencement of the mission twenty-three persons have been sent out to take part in the work, of whom no fewer than ten have been removed by death, and nine have retired from the service, so that last year the entire staff of the mission was reduced to *four!* Capt. Hore however has been graciously preserved, and has held on heroically to the stern task of gaining an entrance for the gospel among the Uguha tribes of Tanganyika.

Kavala Island.

We learn from the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society that Kavala Island has become the head-quarters of "the marine department" of the Tanganyika Mission. In 1883 Captain Hore selected it for this purpose. Ujiji was no longer suitable. It had

ceased to be the place of importance it had formerly been! Trade had to a large extent deserted it, and the population was greatly diminished. Its northern position, and great distance from the south end of the lake, together with its want of a harbour, also combined to render it unfit for the location of the mission vessels and stores. Captain Hore, in a communication of that date, stated that he had "chosen a very nice spot, with an extensive and beautiful harbour, on the inner side of Kavala Island, Uguha." "There are," he went on to say, "three or four villages on the island of friendly and pleasant people, who bid me welcome. The spot I have chosen is close to, almost in, a nice village, and I have built up quite a plan of work for Mrs. Hore amongst the children here."

In January, 1885, Captain Hore, through the good providence of God, succeeded in piloting his wife and their little boy Jack through all the discomfort, fatigue, and danger of the journey from the coast to Ujiji. After a stay of a few weeks' duration at Ujiji, a move was made to the island home, which has since become the centre of humanising mission work, and around which interest has slowly but surely gathered. People from the mainland have gone over and settled there, including the chief himself, and the benighted people are learning to appreciate the kindly influence exerted upon them by Christian family life.

The distance from Kavala to the mainland directly opposite is about half a mile, or a little more. The length of the island is between two and three miles, and its breadth from half a mile to a mile.

Great ingenuity has been shown by the captain in the construction of house, furniture, school material, and so forth. Mrs. Hore writes that the blackboard for her school was made out of two leaves of a dining table, and the crayons for writing on it are composed of magnesia, rice, and sugar; while the legs of the forms were made from some of the boat-cart frames.

With regard to the station itself, writes Captain Hore, I have inclosed with a low stone wall about four acres of ground, including sites for premises, shore for all marine purposes, with approaches to the houses, and certain garden ground.

Having all the advantages of elevation close to the lake side, we have consequently to put up graciously with some steep ascents. These I have made as easy as possible by broad beaten roads, ending in a terrace along the hillside to the house. The roads have afforded much satisfaction to the people, who now have a clear way to their gardens, between which and the chief village your establishment lies. In addition to the fruits I have already told you were planted,

I have now 150 banana trees symmetrically placed, and the like number of sugar canes to absorb a swampy spot on the beach, and some English garden and flower seeds are already coming up. The whole place excites the admiration of all beholders, who compare it with Zanzibar or Muscat, according as they have travelled.

I am now able to report without the least exaggeration that we have here a most flourishing and respectable station (although the actual buildings are yet only of the kind we term temporary), with all the agents in good health and with civilized manners (for the mud table era is now passed), and living on friendly terms with the natives ;—a station at which is held a daily school for girls, a daily school for boys, weekly worship of God, and class for religious instruction—all instituted, not by any strained effort, but at the direct request of the chief and people.

I may say I have worked from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for months past, and it is certainly as master of works that I have gained Kavala's admiration ; but the centre and strength of our powerful influence doubtless lay in the arrival and presence of my wife and child, and its resulting details in Mrs. Hore's girls' school.

Plans Adopted.

I had long thought that I should be best serving the interests of the mission by applying myself almost exclusively to that line of things specially pertaining to my department, and in which I could feel I was doing efficient work, and remained the more contented in this view while stations were being held and work done by men specially fitted.

But coming now for the first time to the establishing of a station, I have from the first felt a different sort of responsibility, and have specially tried, by conversations and otherwise, to enlighten the chief on the end and purpose of our mission ; so that when at last he asked me why I did not teach the boys as well as the girls, although I was then obliged to say that we must get settled first, etc., I was in a state of mind favourable to being persuaded by myself to undertake it. I needed a little thought and persuasion, because I could not bear to commence it and then give it up ; so one day I announced the boys' school, which has been continued daily. Then the chief said, "Why don't you instruct the adults?" I said, "Wait," and he asked again. After prayer and consideration I undertook this also, although experiment shows that the class will become one of youths rather than adults, the former thoroughly believing in us, while the latter hold fast (now at least) to their old traditions. The chief himself however has been much influenced, and I think, to commence with, is disposed to place great credence in anything we promulgate. As I have never been specially ordained to this work, I shall give you some particulars of my method of procedure. The boys' school is designed to teach the boys Kishwahili, especially with a view to enabling them to read the Scriptures, and to understand religious teaching in that language. They are very interested, but they could not stand the monotony of incessant alphabet and syllables ; and so I teach them other odd words, forming keys to early Scripture teaching, and have commenced a sort of catechism on the lines of the "Peep of Day" in endeavour to keep them parallel with the religious instruction class. The girls' school is conducted much on the same lines, but have got so far as to open daily with prayer. Feeling that the forms of religion are as essential (before attainment of knowledge) to the religious teaching of these people as to our children, and that if I exhorted the people to worship God there must be worship

for them to come to, I undertook to conduct the same on Sunday mornings in the Kiswahili language. The service is short, and follows very much the order of that of the Church of England, the preaching of the gospel being done in the afternoon class at present, until such time as a few intelligent hearers exist. By degrees we hope to improve and enlarge; but I think it well, although few yet understanding, to maintain the regular, and, I may say, formal service, always accompanied by the necessary "instruction class." The fact is, that, while in the former my hearers require considerable education before they can understand the classical Kiswahili I read, they are deeply interested when, in the latter, I explain matters in a conversational lingo on their own level. Meantime I am myself rapidly attaining a higher standard of Kiswahili than I have been accustomed to use, assisted also by my wife, who, although often requiring my interpretation in ordinary transactions, is well able to correct me in every sentence.

I cannot boast to have attained to the extent of work you report as having existed at Liendwe and Butonga, which require a more intimate knowledge of the language than mine; but if all goes well with us, I do think we shall be able somewhat to lay the foundations for some more competent man, whom I beg you to send to make use of these excellent opportunities for preaching the gospel to the Waguha.

Suggestions for the Future.

My plan for successful work here, after such experience as I have had, is the same as when I first came to the island; *viz.* that I should be made the most fully valuable to you by continuing in charge of the station with one more assistant (a mechanic—preferably a ship's carpenter), and two gentlemen who should represent you fully according to your usual methods and regulations, as ordained missionary and medical man, to whom I could then fully minister in providing and maintaining residences, mails, and all lake transport and general business, and also be able to continue the large and delightful work still before the marine department of continual missionary visits all round the lake. My wife, and perhaps myself, would become school assistants to the missionary. And with my additional assistant, and the *Good News* finished, I should be able to superintend and maintain, as well as the station itself, those various industrial accessories so necessary both to the maintenance of our own premises and vessels, and to our complete influence and improving power over the natives.

I too often find myself with my head down, doing little more than labourer's work, and men around me simply looking on, when with further assistance I could be doing work of treble the value by superintending several jobs.

A Sunday Morning.

I have just come out of church, and it came to my mind how, if you and others could only see us here now, how you would indeed rejoice, even at the small beginning which is being made. The church bell, the Sunday clothes, little Jack and Mrs. Hore with their books, and other Sunday signs, stir me with joy, and indeed astonishment. We had an attendance of about thirty-five real natives, all attentive and orderly. Will you not send them a preacher? I have already made some improvement in the service, reading the Scriptures, and introducing prayers for the chief and people and for our own chiefs and people. The next step will be a short address. I am afraid it must be in lingo. This is a great question with me. Shall I build a hasty structure in lingo, or slowly lay more

solid foundations in good Swahili? Will you please bring this question before our directors (in the larger aspect of course)?

The various languages, say, for convenience, dialects, round the lake are numerous, and some spoken only by a few people. These dialects are not copious enough for religious teaching, and by the time they are acquired, enriched, and put on paper there may be few to use some of them, and many languages in the one mission. On the other hand, there already exists a literature, including nearly the whole Bible, in Kiswahili. It is fashionable with the Tanganyika natives, as English is with the Japanese, and once common here would soon become the language of all East Africa. I would suggest that the time has arrived when this question should be dealt with, "What is to be the language of the mission?" and that there are now sufficient grounds upon which the directors

AFRICAN HOMES.

can consider it; *viz.* the well-known facts about the Kiswahili, and the ample particulars Mr. Jones will be able to give them regarding the Kiguha, which may be taken as a model of the Tanganyika dialect.

The time would fail us to speak of our former students, Menchaca, Carrasco, Lund, Menezes, and others, in Spain and Portugal; of Messrs. Orest and Liljestrand, in Sweden; of the large group of brethren in South and East Africa; or of those in the colonies. All are doing good work according to their respective talents and

opportunities, and all will, we doubt not, come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. Many of them have exhibited great constancy, and even heroism, under trying circumstances, and many have met with marked success and blessing.

And, above all, time would fail us here even to sketch the history of our *most* important and interesting missionary effort—

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION ON THE CONGO.

We must reserve its story for another pamphlet, as it demands one to itself. We may however just remark in passing, that our men were privileged to enter that vast and wholly unevangelized and then recently opened country in January, 1878, and to found the LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION, which in six years penetrated, in spite of terrible obstacles, seven hundred miles into interior Africa, forming a chain of seven stations from the Atlantic coast to the equator. Fourteen brethren and sisters laid down their lives in the prosecution of this enterprise (three of whom were coloured men), and a still larger number were invalided home. Fifty missionaries in all were sent out, the language was acquired, a dictionary and grammar prepared in it, and portions of the gospels translated; a steam launch was sent out for the lower river, and a larger one for the upper river, which had to be carried in plates and pieces three hundred miles into the interior and reconstructed on the level of the upper Congo, to carry the messengers of the Cross into the heart of Africa. All this story of heroic and successful endeavour we must reserve for the present, but as the establishment of this mission taxed to the utmost the energies of the Institute for some years, and involved an additional outlay of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, it demands at least this passing mention.*

We must close this section with a list of the various missionaries who have gone out from our Institute in the last twelve years.

Two went to evangelize the English soldiers and railway men in India, Mr. Nelson making Saharanpore his head-quarters, and Mr. Rawson Ahmedabad. The latter travelled over 36,000 miles on the long line between Bombay and Delhi during three years, preaching the gospel all along the line, and caring for the souls of our poor neglected countrymen.

* See the "First Christian Mission on the Congo." Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Our Jewish students have mostly devoted themselves to the evangelization of their own people, the seed of Abraham. Two of them, Messrs. Baron and Barnet, are associated with the Mildmay Mission to the Jews; one, Mr. Abramovitch, with the London City Mission; and one, Mr. Kestin, is labouring in Alexandria.

Several have settled among the Zulu Kafirs in Natal, and many more among the Hottentots of the Cape Colony.

One brother devoted himself to visiting the Estancias on the pampas of South America, and another to itinerant evangelization among the scattered settlers in Queensland. Eight or nine are working among the coloured people in the West Indies.

Some have become useful pastors and teachers in our own land, as for instance Mr. Matter, of Belfast, Mr. Bain, of Homerton, and Mr. Towner, of Stratford; and some in Canada, as Mr. Hutchinson, of St. Thomas, Mr. William Needham, etc.

Some are in Nova Scotia, and some in Newfoundland, and even in Labrador.

One is among the Santhal Pergunnahs in Bengal, and one among the Burmese of Rangoon.

Several are on the Gambia, at Old Calabar, and elsewhere on the West Coast of Africa.

STUDENTS OF NON-EUROPEAN NATIONALITIES.

To give a fair idea of our work we must add a few sketches of some of our foreign students. One of these is a Parsee from Bombay, Manekje Mody, who left the Institute in 1878. He was by birth a Parsee, and belongs to a family of staunch Zoroastians, or fire worshippers.

His father placed him at a school where he was thrown in contact with Christian boys, and by them introduced to several ministers and missionaries, from whom he learned so much of Christianity as to make him set light by his own religion. Still he was not converted at the time of his first marriage; he knew the truth, but did not love it. The Lord was pleased to remove his young wife from him, and this sorrow had the effect of turning him, for a time, into a devoted Parsee. "I began to rise at three in the morning, and to spend a couple of hours before breakfast and before dinner in praying and performing outward ceremonies, though I never knew the meaning of what I read in the prayer-book, the

language being Zend. When I drank water or tea it was with covered or else freshly washed hands. I spent much money in rites for the dead, and gave to priests and fire temples. For eighteen months I used to visit every morning the 'towers of silence' (*i.e.* the Parsee sepulchre, where the dead are exposed to be devoured by vultures kept for the purpose), and I felt earnest and sincere all the time."

Manekje Mody was delivered at last from the power of darkness by the preaching, in Bombay, of Rev. William Taylor, of California. He heard this eminent evangelist several times, both indoors and in the open air, and was deeply convinced of his sin and of the futility of all his religious observances, and led to faith in Christ and to peace in God. Then came the cross. He knew what would be the result of confessing Christ in baptism; but the Lord strengthened him to meet the bitter trials connected with the abjuring the faith of his fathers. There was fury and lamentation among friends and relatives, and when he was found obdurate he was cut off, as one dead, from his social circle. But Christian friends were raised up to welcome the outcast, and he soon began proclaiming the faith he had once opposed in the open air in Bombay, an unheard of thing for a Parsee. His friends, Captain and Mrs. Oldham, feeling that he needed to learn the way of God more perfectly, very kindly brought him with them to England, and we received him into the Institute. He was with us between two and three years, and found at Harley House, not only instruction and Christian fellowship, but a Christian wife, a true helpmeet for him. This lady, Miss Isette Toor, of Tavistock, had long been desiring to devote her life to mission work in India, and seemed by her intellectual superiority and remarkable linguistic ability particularly suited for the work of training native teachers. She had taken prizes from the Christian Evidence Society, and obtained most honourable certificates at the Senior Cambridge Examination. The Lord had also blessed her spiritual labours, and we rejoiced, for Mr. Mody's sake, when we found she had consented to cast in her lot with him. The Christian partners in a firm in Manchester undertook to sustain their mission to the Parsees. They reached Bombay at the end of March.

The Parsee community in India is rapidly imbibing European customs and opinions, and is steadily rising in influence. But the prejudice against Christianity is strong, and the wealth and respecta-

PARSEE CHILDREN, BOMBAY.

bility of the majority of these people does not render the introduction of the gospel into their families an easy task.

Mr. Mody writes :

I have been preaching every day in the open air, near the Money School, from a little after 5 till 7 or 7.30 ; and I am glad to say there has not been a day without a good audience to hear the glad tidings of salvation. It is a matter of surprise to me that I have had physical and spiritual strength to sing, speak, and pray in three different languages, including English, daily, so as to reach three different nationalities in their own tongue. There are many young men who do not care to hear anything except in English. I make them understand that I am not going to lecture them on secular subjects, but only to tell them of Jesus Christ, and what He has done for them.

Gospel preaching in Bombay is a very different thing to gospel preaching in

England! The people here have their ancestral religion, including all sorts of rites and ceremonies, penalties, etc., and they want us first to prove that *their religion is not from God;* of Christ they know only the name. Multitudes consider that baptism is really conversion. I have had to do my utmost in order to undo this and several other false notions, a task which demands a great deal of tact and much prayer. The city is full of religion without Christ and His power. They have their gods according to their own fancy, and which suit their purposes. They would like the laws of the living and true God if they permitted them to enjoy the pleasures of this world. They verily believe that a little charity, prayers to unknown gods, penances and other ritual observances for the living, and more especially for the dead, are the only essentials for obtaining the favour of God and heaven. That Christ died for their sins is a most puzzling problem, that God should have become their Saviour, that any one may be eternally saved by faith, etc., etc., these things are still more perplexing: and the idea of God forgiving any sinner in this world, without even taking anything from him—this is the most incredible of all. But, praise the Lord! it is true. Salvation is free and without cost.

About 100 yards in front of my preaching-stand a Mohammedan declaims against Christ and against me, and the natives like to hear him very much.

On several occasions I have to begin with a very small audience, but at the close I am always surrounded by hundreds.

Besides this anti-Christian preacher, there are several spies kept by Parsees, who come every evening to see the people who come to hear me, and after finding out their names and residences, they go and privately inform their parents and friends.

MAQUBA SITWANA'S STORY.

English Christians are from infancy so imbued with truth, and habits of refinement have so become to them second nature, that it is difficult to them to realize or imagine the thoughts and feelings produced in the mind and heart of a savage young heathen by his first contact with civilization and Christianity. One of our Kaffir students used, when once he had acquired sufficient English for the purpose, to describe these so simply and graphically, and withal so eloquently and pathetically, though his language was broken and his vocabulary very limited, that we have seen audiences, both small and large, and of both educated and uneducated people, listen spellbound for hours to his vivid autobiographical sketches.

We wish now that we had made some notes of these at the time, but perhaps if we had they would have failed, almost equally with our own recollections, to give a fair idea of the original; for that was always interspersed with illustrative *action*, which told more than words, and which sometimes transported one irresistibly in imagination to the low Kaffir kraal and its domestic customs, to the exciting scenes of Kaffir chase or warfare, or to the degrading ceremonies of Kaffir worship.

It was astonishing to observe how the enacting of these long familiar scenes seemed to change the decorous and almost gentlemanly young man,—for Charlie acquired with singular facility the ease of manners and the politeness of deportment of a real gentleman—back again, in a moment, into the wild and ferocious young savage. The almost supernatural variety of unearthly noises he was capable of producing, in moments of intense excitement, gave the impression that a score of savages, instead of one, were shouting and yelling simultaneously in the room, while the sudden and peculiar leaps of kangaroo-like length, which he was capable of unexpectedly making, strengthened the impression, for he seemed to be in two or three places at a time. Yet he never failed to explain that he really could not do these things in *true style*, on account of *his clothes*, "too heavy! too hot!" It needed a man to be nicely greased up to the shining point, and clad solely in red tattoo, to do them properly! And then he would apologize for the poor impression conveyed of the reality, saying: "One man nothing! you should see plenty *plenty* Kaffir men, more than a thousand, *all* do it, exactly same time, and *then!*" Imagination was left to call up the scene, but

most of his auditors probably felt it was exciting enough to see a solo rehearsal, and had no desire to witness the real performance.

Afterwards turning from the gay to the grave, Charlie would wipe his brow, and, transformed in a moment from the young savage *describing* his people to the young Christian *pleading* for them, he would, in earnest and tender tones, urge the claims which their utter ignorance gives them on the sympathy and help of the English. "They don't *know!* They know nothing! They don't know about God, about Jesus, about Bethlehem, about Calvary, about 'God so loved the world,' about sin; don't know what is sin, think sin very good, very best; don't know about love, about kindness, only about war and fighting; don't know how to do anything, or to read or write; don't know at all; like animals! And *you!*" And then he would dilate on what we know, in a way that showed that, infinitesimally small as was his conception of the white man's real attainments, yet that knowledge seemed to him the principal thing, precious beyond any of the precious treasures and numerous advantages possessed by England. He seemed strongly of Solomon's opinion, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding," for his thirst for knowledge was remarkable.

But we must try to reproduce from memory one of his amusing and animated addresses. There was a *naïveté* about them that sometimes made the temptation to laugh irresistible, and happily he never seemed pained at being laughed at. On one occasion in Birmingham he was suffering from a cold, and had a painful little swelling on one side of his nose. After we had briefly introduced him to a drawing-room meeting and given a few particulars of his country and tribe, he rose and began by saying: "Dear friends, I wish to speak to you about my people to-night, but *my nose is very ill!* I do not know if I can, but I will try, *if my nose will excuse me!*" But in general he conformed remarkably well to the usages of society, and seemed quite at his ease in any company. On taking him to tea one evening with some friends who are blessed with a family of eleven young daughters, Charlie gazed on the group of girls with unfeigned admiration, and then turning to their father said, "You would be *very* rich man, oh! very, very rich in my country." "How so?" "Such plenty nice daughters! Each one bring you so many cows. Some man want a wife; he come and ask for one of your girls: you say, 'Yes! for ten cows, twenty cows—very clever girl, *fifty cows.*' That man give you so many cows you

want for your daughter, and with all these daughters, you very, *very* rich!" "Ah! but in our country we have to give our daughters, and give money too if we can!" With extreme astonishment Charlie took in this fact. "Give wife *and* money! Well, well! you are very, very kind! too kind! much too kind! In Africa, *no cow, no wife!*"

In public address he needed a little prompting now and then, to recall to him the subjects on which he wished to speak. He kept mostly to the autobiographical style, somewhat as follows:

When I was a boy in Africa my father sent me to keep sheep. In Africa men don't work at all, women work, but men dress their hair and fight and talk: boys keep cattle, not in little fields like yours, with gates and hedges and walls, in wide big open places where lion may come, or leopard to catch them; the boys watch, and if lion come, make a great noise, great great noise, frighten him away. One day some boys tell my brother and me they been to *Durban* (*i.e.* Natal), and seen many, many wonderful things, big houses and ships, and looking-glasses, and most wonderful things, and white animals like men and women, and they make strange noises nobody could understand, like this. (Here he would imitate the sounds of the English language as it struck the Kaffir ear on first hearing it; making everybody laugh at the rapid, sharp, fine, bird-like chattering sounds, which certainly, in comparison to the long, sonorous Kaffir tones, seemed more like animal noises than human speech.)

This make Ujojo and me think we must go and see these white animals, and these wonderful things, and we ask our father to please to let us go to Durban and come back again, and he say, Yes, for three months. That's three or four years ago now, and we never go back yet; but we *want* to go and tell our father, and our king, and all our people, about all things we have learnt. We leave our country and walk long way quite naked, but when we come near Durban some Kaffir man tell us, "must not go on quite naked; white animal don't like it! must get *clothes*."

Oh dear, oh dear! what must we do? we got no clothes, we don't know about clothes, what they for, where they can be got; so we stop and work, for get some; men give us money, some big brown, some little white in his hand, we like big penny best, and take it always, till some Africa man say to us,—no! little white shilling the biggest money! Then we get some clothes, trousers and boots, and put them on to walk on to Durban. But, oh dear! oh dear! what must we do? so tight! can't walk! so very tight! hurt our foot, feel as if tied up; *must* take them off. Man say no, *must keep them on*, else white animal put in prison. We not know what prison mean, but very much afraid if white animal angry with us: so keep clothes on, and soon could walk and work too in them.

Then we come to Durban. Very much surprise! Look at everybody, and at everything. All white animals got clothes, much clothes, and houses, big big houses, with walls upright, and doors so very high! Kaffir house door so low as chair here (then going down on all fours he would show how they creep into the Kaffir huts), and inside all dark, no window, no fireplace, fire on floor, no chimney, house full of smoke, make eyes water, very sore, no chair, no table, just sit on floor in smoke and dark.

Durban houses beautiful, like yours, and we saw books and looking-glasses; these make us laugh very much—like water. When Kaffir man do his hair *very* well, he go look in water and see how grand he look—but never could think how to make looking-glass! In Durban everybody work, white *man* work, and white *woman* do her hair and talk! We think that bad way, not to make woman work; but now I know that is proper, because man is strong, and woman is weaker and got babies to mind. But Kaffir woman very strong, must put baby on back and work all same, make crops grow, and grind corn, and dig and build house; and when she get weak and very old and no use, Kaffir man say, this one no use now, must push her over, and then they take her to steep place on top of hill and push her down, because no use, can't do anything. Now I know that very cruel and wicked, and I want to go back and tell my people; and they shan't push my old grandmother over, I hope. She love me and my brother, and we want to go soon, to save her from being pushed over, and tell her about Jesus.

After working in a stable at Natal for some time, the brothers thought they knew enough about horses, and wished to go to sea, for they had become imbued with a desire to go to the white man's own country, to England, and learn many things. They had originally the impression that the white animals came *out of* the sea, but by degrees they understood that they came over the sea only, and that the land from which they came was more marvellous even than Durban itself. So they made their way to a vessel, and were guided by a kind providence to one commanded by a good captain, and which had a German missionary on board. This faithful man took a loving interest in the poor heathen lads, and began at once to give them some instruction. He furnished them with Kaffir Testaments, and began to teach them to read.

At first it struck them as an absurd and stupid process altogether; but when they got a notion of the result attainable, their ardour knew no bounds. To learn became the dearest wish of their heart; and they were soon able to make out their Testaments. From the first their hearts seem to have been attracted by the idea of a God of *love*, and of a human Divine Saviour. "Oh, my dear friends," Charlie would say, "you know about God, and I know now! He is kind, He does not want to hurt us; He is very, very good; He loves us. Africa man no think about God at all; he pray to serpent, but sometime when it thunder very loud, up in sky, then he frightened, and he say, Ah! now God up there! God? He very wicked man! He want to kill us all. But he no pray to Him even then; he do so" (imitating the strange, fierce, defiant, horrid noises and gestures directed by these poor heathen against the mighty Thunderer, of whom they have *no other conception* than of a malicious

enemy). "Africa man not like God; he pray very much to serpent to help him stop the thunder, or make him well, or keep his father or his child from dying." And then he would intone a strange, weird, monotonous chant, whose tones were full of the most abject supplication, and the gestures accompanying which were intensely expressive of real fear and humble worship, the address or prayer to the serpent, which is poor Africa's only god! One felt inclined to weep at the thought of myriads of fine, intelligent men thus deluded by the devil into defiance and distrust of the great and good God, and into real, slavish terror and veneration of a vile reptile!

The German missionary's instruction roused in these poor Kaffir lads a thirst after the knowledge of the true God, which was remarkable from its strength and intensity. When the ship reached Aden, they resolved to go ashore to try to find a school, though they had promised to help work the vessel to London, for their moral sense was at this time by no means sufficiently developed to recognise the evil of breaking a promise or telling a lie. Indeed Charlie's explanations of the Kaffir code of morality made one feel how difficult it must have been for true ideas of sin and righteousness to penetrate their minds. "Kaffir man think it *quite right* to kill if another man do you harm, *quite right* to steal if you want something another man got, *quite right* tell lies if it come bad to tell truth, quite, *quite* right! *He* never shamed, never sorry, never feel bad for all such things, *if nobody know.* Only *if found out*, ah! then he done *very wrong*, very wrong to be so unclever as to be found out; *then* he shamed and very sorry because he didn't kill or steal *cleverly and well;* but if nobody find out, then he all right!"

Providentially, the lads, suspected as deserters, were taken up in Aden and put in prison, and subsequently returned to their ship. The captain, of whose wrath they were greatly afraid, received them, to their surprise, kindly, explained to them their folly in hoping to find a school in Aden, and their duty to be good boys and keep their promises. They loved him in consequence of this forbearance, and seem to have done all they could to try and please him. On reaching England however they were quite resolved not to return with the ship, but to stay and find a school.

Must learn something, must learn about Jesus more; German missionary gone, we know nothing, we cannot tell our people enough about God: must find a school. We told captain; he say "No! you be lost in London, better come

back!" We say, "No! God take care of us, we must go to school." He say, "School not for you, school want money, better come back." We say, "Must work for money, but *must* find school." So at last captain he bring us on shore, find lodging, and tell man we got £4 each and must take care of it, and then he say good-bye.

Then we go out see London: oh, so very, very big, such a noise! so many men and horses and trams, we much frightened. We ask many people, *Please, sir, show us a school*, but nobody show. Some people laugh, some talk, and we can't understand, and many days we asked and find nothing. Then man at lodging say one day he found work for me, I must give him my money to take care of it, and he show me work. So I gave him all my money, and he took me one day, away from my brother, far away over London Bridge, and bring me to *Sanger's Circus*. After I left my brother George one or two streets, I very, very sorry; knew I could never find him again! I wanted to cry, man would not take me back. Couldn't find the street where George was, any more than my country, London so big, such lots of streets and people! Oh, I was very sad in my heart, very, very sad. Sanger's people made me "King Coffee," made me ride an elephant in grand red gown with feathers in head, made me take care of elephants. In Africa we see plenty elephant, but not come near him! not *catch* him! oh! no, no! Very much afraid of elephants. But now every day must ride him and show people, and hear music, and be with wicked men, and people laugh at me. My heart very sad, very sorry! No George, no school, no book, no learn about God! I could only pray; every day I did pray to God, O God bring me back to George, and teach us, and take us back to our father and our people.

It was indeed a cruel deception that had been practised on the young man, to part him thus from the brother, to whom he clung with intense affection, and place him in the midst of the ungodly scenes of a travelling circus. But he was helpless, and for more than a year he wandered over England with this menagerie, forming, as King Coffee, mounted on his elephant, one of its most attractive features.

But the cry of the poor Kaffir, whose whole soul was athirst for the knowledge of God, was not despised or forgotten. During the interval George, the elder of the two, had by a series of providential incidents, which we have not space to relate, been led to our Mission Institute at Harley House, where he made marked and rapid progress in the knowledge of the truth, and proved himself by his conduct a most humble, earnest, and consistent Christian. Charlie was, by the same kind Providence, kept in the most remarkable way from the contamination and injury which might have been expected to result from the strangely exposed life he was leading and the associations into which he was thrown. One element of safety lay in the fact that he never was persuaded to *touch drink*, of which indeed he seemed to have a kind of natural horror. He shrank

from the company of his mates, never shared in their revels, and preferred the society of his elephant. The men do not seem to have been kind to him, and he was lonely and desolate.

At last the circus returned to London, and Charlie's resolution was soon taken. He would leave it, and trust God to guide his footsteps through the perplexing maze of London streets to his brother! and if he could not find him, if he was gone back to Africa, he would try to follow. So he took his leave of lion and tiger and elephant, and laid aside without regret King Coffee's robes and feathers, and set out on his apparently hopeless search. He had command of a little more English now, so he did not feel quite so helpless. By following the river he soon found his way to the street where he had left his brother, which he was overjoyed to recognise, but he could hear no tidings either there or elsewhere of George. After days of asking, "Do you know where is my brother Utjebaz Ujojo?" and getting a variety of negative replies, he began to despair. Tired and sick at heart, he turned one evening into a sailors' Bethel chapel, where on first landing he and George had gone and listened with delight, though they understood little but the name of Jesus Christ. The missionary conducting the service recognised him, and when after the service Charlie anxiously addressed to him his usual question, he at once replied: "Yes, to be sure I can! George has gone to learn to be a missionary to his people; he is at Harley House, in the Bow Road, not very far from here."

Then I was very, very glad! I feel my heart hot, and jump up! then I begin to cry, and to thank God! then I say, My brother Ujojo not gone back! he gone to school at last! I shall see him. I was too happy, too glad! I say to minister, Please take me to Harley House, but he write name down on piece of paper, and I got out—I find a boy and say, "Do you know this place?" "Yes, I know, it's a big house; where there's a lot of young men!" "Yes, my brother Ujojo is there, you take me there very quick. I want to run." At last we come to Harley House—I ask for my brother. He not there, he at Burdett Road (then one of our dormitories); we go there; as we go down Burdett Road, I see George coming! I call UJOJO! and I run, and he run, and we kiss and laugh and cry, and thank God!

We well remember the day when George—quiet, gentle, Christian George—came with a countenance full of emotion to tell us he had found his brother. Struck with the young man's earnest wish to learn, we received Charlie into the Institution, not as a student, for we did not know him then to be even converted, but as a servant.

He was with us about two years, and won all hearts both in London and at Cliff. The grace of God was very apparent in him, and his one burning desire was to become a missionary. His great delight when he first got a proper long black coat was amusing. He buttoned it and stroked it and said—his black face glowing with joy—"Now I *real* missionary!" We explained that the distinctive characteristic of missionary lay in the heart rather than the coat, and he quite understood that, but he added, "Love of God inside, *and black coat*, then that *real* missionary!"

Poor Charlie; he and George are gone back to their country now, for their lungs began to suffer, as is generally the case with Kaffirs after a year or two of our climate, and we thought they would improve more rapidly at the excellent Kaffir school at Lovedale, conducted by the missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland.

ALI'S ADVENTURES.

Ali Hissein is a young Egyptian, a convert from Mohammedanism, who spent two years with us in the Institute.

Instead of giving his story in our own words, it will probably interest our readers if we clothe it, or part of it, in his simple, graphic, though broken English, pretty much as he gave it himself at the farewell meeting, at which he was commended to God, on leaving England.

We should premise that Ali is, like Zacchæus, a man of small stature, but neat and presentable in appearance, very black in complexion, and very Egyptian in physiognomy. He speaks English now fairly well as to fluency and pronunciation, though his idioms are sometimes peculiar, and he is more at home in French. On the occasion to which we allude, Ali spoke somewhat as follows:

"My dear friends, I'm very glad to go and be missionary to my people. It is very strange thing how kind and good God has been to me; I must tell you little about it. My own old home is in country town, on Nile River, ten days from Cairo. My father, Mohammedan of course, had land and carriages; he go to Cairo sometimes, to hire his carriages to make people go and see pyramids and mosques and places. My mother—ah! my mother very kind and good to me! If no one will receive me when I go back my mother will. My grandmother and great-grandmother, I remember, lived with us; very old! perhaps dead now; I don't know! I

stayed there at Etfoo till six years old; then my father took me and my elder brother to Cairo, and I saw, for the first time, white people, and *trains*, and carriages, and hotels! Oh, how very grand Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, seemed to be! We stayed in Cairo; my father made my elder brother to be coachman, and I must stay to help him. That was my business for a few years. Then I went to see relation at Suez, when they were making the canal, for a year, and saw the big, big ships, and the salt water, and the wide sea. Very strange indeed! not like Nile! Never thought such place could be!

"Then my father made carriage business in Alexandria too, and I went there for a time, but after went back to Etfoo. For a few years worked in the fields, to frighten birds away. I went to school a little while, but didn't like it, teachers so cruel and wicked. Teachers in Egypt often blind men; mine was! beat little boys very much on head, and bastinado feet, and teach nothing. Our school was just round hut; sand floor; no seats; boys sit cross-legged on the floor, looking at wall; teacher stand with stick in the middle, saying some verses from the koran; boys say it after, very loud, all together, but don't know what it means; no, not at all; then say alphabet, and learn to read a very little, but don't understand anything at all. No history; no geography; didn't know where Nile came from, nor where it went to; never even thought. *Very* stupid and ignorant; *teacher no better*. Thought Mohammed great prophet, but really very much idolater all same time.

"If you get sick in Egypt they don't know what to do. Doctor come and burn your neck with red-hot iron. See here, these marks in my face. I was cut all over like that when boy because my eyes were sore. And once when I had bad pain in my stomach, doctor burn it with hot iron very bad; marks there now. I am going now to Beyrout to learn to be doctor for my people—not to cut them and burn them like this. Poor Egypt, people very dark, very ignorant.

"After little time I went back to Cairo to my brother, and took carriage, and went round with visitors; took them to pyramids, but didn't know what they were. Wondered often. Didn't know about Pharaoh and history of my nation at all, only *saw* things. My friends all like me; couldn't tell me anything; but I *wanted to know* very much.

"Well, one day, when my work was all done, went with friends to mosque to talk and make pleasure, smoking and buying sweets.

I was thirteen then; it was most beautiful night; we were very happy and glad; but, suddenly, we heard great voice saying, 'Boys, boys, listen. Who would like to go to Europe?' Voice spoke in Arabic, but all same I knew it was a foreigner. The boys ran away quick; they wouldn't have anything to do with European. Of course, you know, we must take them to pyramids and so on—for money. But we don't like them. We wouldn't eat food with them. We know they're 'infidels,' bad. Must not be friends with them. So all scamper off. But I stopped, and I think it was God made me do it. I said, 'I will go.' So gentleman said, 'Very well, good boy. Late to-night; come and see my house, and then come to me to-morrow.' So I went and saw where he stayed and left him. I was very glad, and ran and told my friends, 'Good-bye, I'm going to Europe.' Next, day, six o'clock, went to gentleman's house, but knock, knock, no! asleep. Went again at seven, and look in, but still asleep. Went again at eight; he was awake then.

(We should observe that this gentleman was a M. Levanchy, who had conceived the good idea of taking one of these bright boys of Cairo, and educating and training him in the hope he might be converted and become a missionary to his people.)

"He speak only very bad Arabic, but all same I understood, because he showed me money, and said pay me to go. But I didn't want to be servant. So he said, 'Father? mother?' I said, 'Far away at home, but my brother and my cousin in Cairo.' 'That'll do.' So my brother come with us to consul, but he didn't give us passport; said we must go to Alexandria. The consul there make agreement. My brother said I only must stay one year. 'And if he doesn't like the country, you must send him back, and mustn't make him servant.' M. Levanchy said, 'No! I will put him to school.' So we signed paper and stayed two nights. My friends didn't like it at all; they said to me, I shall be most unhappy! I shall never see the sun; *the people live under the earth*, and besides they will eat me. I thought that not likely, but I didn't know; Egyptian people very, very ignorant! They imagine the devil does very much; trains they call 'devil things,' and steamers. They didn't want me to go. But I *did want to know about everything*, and I wasn't afraid. Not till I got into the little boat at Alexandria, to go out to the steamer.

"Ah! then! And when I got on deck, and saw my beautiful country going back away, away, I began to cry. I saw the mosques

and the minarets going down, lower and lower, and sinking at last on the horizon, and M. Levanchy got very sick, and so I was left alone two days; no one to speak to me. Oh! I was so miserable; didn't like to eat with the people; asked for an orange, for bread now and then. At last my friend got better, and come up and took me with him, but captain didn't like that, and said I was not fit to sit with ladies and gentlemen. That make me very angry with captain! very! But I *did* sit with them, and very happy too!

"Soon one day, my friend make me look through telescope, and I saw a *mountain*. Much, much bigger than pyramids, and oh! so strange! *smoke* coming out of it! Could not make it out! thought they were playing me a trick; but we came close to it, and passed it by, and I saw it really was a smoking mountain! Then we came to Naples. And now I was frightened, *indeed*, and thought it all true what my people say to me; those people live under the earth or under *something*. For I look up and see great black clouds in the sky, dreadful! and there come pouring down—*water!* Never, never saw such a thing as rain in Egypt; seemed to be terrible; would not go out in that rain, my friend went on shore, but I stay in ship too much afraid! Even of my friend I was rather afraid! He brought me back some nice large white sweets, and I said, 'Thank you.' But I put them in my pocket, not in my mouth, and when he was gone, I dropped them in the sea, for fear they should be poison!

"Then we came to Marseilles, and the custom-house officer came on board; my friend was busy about boxes, and when the officer began to feel me, and put his hand in my pocket, and take out my tobacco (I did smoke very much then), I cry out in Arabic, that he was a thief and a bad man, and made great noise till my friend come and make all right. Then drove to hotel in Marseilles; first time I had stayed in hotel. Oh! so high, and clean, and beautiful; looking-glasses, and carpets, and lovely chairs and things! I felt *so proud!* felt like khedive! Walked about in rooms; felt very grand! Presently big, nice bell sounded, and I said, 'What is that?' 'Supper!' 'Supper? What is that?' So my friend tell me, and say, 'You must behave very nicely, and not speak loud,' and so on, and we went down. We came into a very large, fine room, and oh! how beautiful; long white table all full of flowers and silvery shining things; seemed to me like paradise! M. Levanchy asks a blessing; I wondered and ask him, 'What that's

for?' Presently people begin to take forks and knives, and he tell me to do same. But I say, 'No! hands very clean and nice.' 'You *must.*' I did not like to do such thing, but he say, 'You *must,*' and I try. To me they feel like sticks, very awkward; fork prick my lips when very hungry and want to eat; so threw them away, and people laughed, and I jumped up and ran away upstairs.

"M. Levanchy took me out in streets; I saw wonderful shops; some full of *watches!* wanted one very much; pulled him to go in and buy; but he would not! He bought me many things however, and clothes. Then we went to station to go to Cannes; soon train go on, and I see country so different to Egypt, and then! Ah! how I *was* frightened! the train go right into dark, long *tunnel!* 'Now,' I thought, 'it *is* true about going down under the earth!' Oh! how dreadful! noise and darkness, and going on—on—on! But Levanchy said, 'Never mind!' and soon we came out again in daylight.

"Then it began to *hail.* 'Who *is* that throwing stones?' I said, 'They come from heaven; they are *ice*—hard water.' I didn't believe that! Hard water! such things never could be! and besides no water up in heaven, and nobody to throw it down! I said, 'No, sir, *cannot* be true, I'm quite sure!' But he open window, catch some in his hand, put them in my hand, and they melted—stones melted, water in my hand! How I did wonder! Who fabricated these stones? *Must* be some one up there to make them and throw them down. Very, very strange things!"

After his visit to Cannes, Ali was taken on to Geneva, where he was introduced to M. Dardier and his children (with whom he was greatly pleased), and then to M. Necker, the well-known Christian philanthropist, who became his friend and patron. He describes very graphically the impression first made on him by this gentleman, who is a son of Anak.

"*Such a big man.* I never saw such a man before, and very much afraid of him at first! Tall, broad, very, *very* large; I little fellow; look up, up to his face; but such small, gentle voice—so kind! He stooped down to me, and kissed me; but I still afraid. He took me down his garden into his smoking-room, alone. 'Oh!' I thought, 'this is the man my people tell me of; he will kill me, eat me!' All his kindness made me tremble. He gave me a cigarette, but I would not touch it; wanted to run away."

It was arranged that the young Egyptian should be sent to school, and he was confided to the care of M. Paros, of Neuchatel

"I had to go with the very little children and learn A B C. I couldn't speak French then, or German, or English, only Arabic, but I soon got to read, and had a book, French and Arabic. Oh! that school, how stupid it did seem to me at first! To make strokes on slate all day, and look at letters! Could not think what was the good of it. All I liked was the gymnasium. But when, after six months, I could speak, and read, ah! then I was glad. Then I learned about the Nile, and about Egypt, and about the world. At first I would not believe all they told me about maps and globes, and even I got punished for saying, 'All this is your imagination.'

"But most of all I learn about Jesus Christ, and who is He, and what did He do? At first I would not believe that either. 'God cannot marry and have a Son,' I said. There may not be two Gods! But then I went to director, and he talk to me, and explain many things, and read koran to me, and show me that not true. After some time I believe in my *head*, but not at that time in my heart.

"In 1875 I was fifteen years old, and then I began to feel heavy in my heart about sin—felt I was not good—wanted a Saviour. Mr. Stockmeyer came to hold some meetings; we went. Oh, what words he spoke! They came into my heart, 'He that hath the Son of God hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' He explained all about sin, and I felt it was true; and he told all about *the great sacrifice*. I, and five other lads, received the Saviour in these blessed meetings; Mr. Stockmeyer said, 'Who is willing now to confess their faith in Christ?' We rose; he came and talked with us, and a dear, dear lady, daughter of M. Paros, who is gone to heaven now, talked to me too. She made all so plain to me. I put on Christ, and was so happy. I wrote to Levanchy, and told him now I must be baptized, and he came from Nismes, and Stockmeyer baptized me. Such a solemn glad meeting it was, it seemed to me heaven almost.

"Now I had *come out of Egypt*, spiritually, too, and the new world to my soul seemed just as wonderful and as different as Europe seemed to be at first. Oh, how happy I used to be in my long lonely walks among the Jura Mountains! I seemed to talk to God, and He to my heart. And in the moonlight, when the lake looked like silver, and the clear sky was full of stars, I felt so near heaven.

"But I got tired of Neuchatel, and wanted to go to college where I might learn more. M. Necker said to M. Dardier, take

him to England. So I came here, and then Mr. Guinness received me in his college. I went down to Cliff, till I learned more English. Most sweet time I had there, among so many dear brothers in Christ. I got much more clear knowledge about word of God; in Switzerland learned to know God in my heart, but here in England I understand much more about the faith. I learned to preach too, with my little English. The dear people in the villages like to hear a black man preach, and I love to tell the good news, and believe it all the more while I tell it. Oh, what happy times I have had walking home after preaching in far away villages! Those two years very good and profitable to me, and my visits to dear Mr. Anstie in Devizes too! And, now I go to learn to be medical missionary to my people, and I want to say before I go, if any young man wants to give his life to Christ, and to suffer for His sake, *let him come and work in my poor country, Egypt.* I shall be so glad to see him there! And, my dear friends, remember God *is going* to bless Egypt some day, for you know it is said in Isaiah xix., 'The Lord shall smite Egypt: He shall *smite and heal it:* and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them: . . . whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance.' England must send many missionaries to Egypt before that time can come."

Ali Hissein, while in this country, made many friends, as he had already done in Switzerland, by his affectionate simplicity and sincerity. His bright intelligence and earnest spirituality warrant the hope that he will make a very useful missionary among his people. As he was losing his native knowledge of Arabic by so long a residence abroad, it was considered better that he should pursue his medical course in Beyrout, where the lectures are given in Arabic.

From time to time we have had with us Nestorians from the mountains of Persia, Kurds from the mountains of Armenia, Persians, Syrians, three of whom qualified as medical men, several Armenians, who did the same, and coloured men from America and the West Indies.

Chapter V.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE;

OR, THE

FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE WORK.

THIS work was begun without any funds in hand, or any promises of support, but with the conviction that if it were of God and for His glory, He would send the needful funds.

Long and varied experience of His faithfulness in this respect encouraged us to trust and not be afraid, though we fully realized that the work was not one which would attract popular sympathy in the same way that works of a more directly philanthropic nature do. We were conscious that it would not make that appeal to the philanthropic feelings which is sure to meet a ready response from the kind-hearted and benevolent. Its purely spiritual nature and object would, we knew, greatly limit the number of those who would feel any sympathy with it; and the indirect mode at which it aims at spiritual results would, we expected, limit it still further. It seems to many more important to sustain evangelists actually in the field than to prepare others to follow them. So we did not expect many helpers, but we *did* expect the Lord to be our helper, and to incline the hearts of some of His stewards to aid with their substance. And this is just what He has graciously done.

We began by degrees, furnishing only a few rooms at first, not wishing to name the matter to others till it was more than a project. Eight young brethren were received, incurring as little expense as possible for instruction, books, apparatus, etc., till, as donations began to come in, a tutor was engaged and suitable requisites for study provided. A good deal of furniture was kindly lent at first; this was gradually purchased as means permitted. At the close of the first year the original house was fully furnished with all that was requisite for eighteen or twenty inmates, and provided with the apparatus needful for their studies; and all was, thank God! paid for.

About 220 donors kindly sent in the course of the first year £1,569, in sums varying from two shillings to two hundred pounds. Yet our faith was often exercised, and our cash-box empty.

On one occasion, after the payment of some heavy expenses, nothing was left in hand, and prayer for daily bread for the large household in Stepney went up more earnestly than usual; for not only the current outlay had to be met, but some needful additions in prospect required at least £100. The director had to leave London for a week's special services in a distant city; he carried the burden with him, and laid it daily before the Lord. Going down one evening to the hall where he was to preach, a telegram awaited him: "Good news! I have received £200 for the Institute; praise the Lord!" He did praise Him, and preached His faithfulness all the more fervently from this fresh illustration of it!

Another time, when the exchequer had again become exhausted, and there seemed no probability of its being replenished before the weekly settling day came round, a small sum was put into our hands by a friend whom we accidentally met, but it served only to make us feel, "We must ask our Father for a larger supply than this." On reaching home that evening a most encouraging letter was received from a dear and valued friend, containing a cheque for £50, and saying:

> The deep need of some godly and capable person to take charge of and prepare young men for the work of God in this way has been on my heart for many years, and I hail with real joy the fact of your having been led to undertake such service. You have our truest sympathy and prayer; may God graciously stand by you at all times, supplying your need of every kind! May you never weary in this good work, but be refreshed more and more in reaping the fruit of your toil!

Mode of Raising Funds.

As to our mode of raising funds. We rely mainly on prayer to God; but not believing that prayer and effort are antagonistic, we take means to make our undertaking and its many requirements known to fellow Christians whom we think likely to sympathise in it We do not expect God to do for us, by a miracle, that which we can do for ourselves—give information of the nature and needs of our work; but we do entirely trust Him to do that which we cannot do—open the hearts of His people to sustain it. We desire the aid of believers only, and we do not publish the names of contributors, believing, in common with many others, such a course to be contrary to Matthew vi. 3, 4. Each donor has a numbered receipt, and can thereby identify his own donation, and see that it is accounted for.

May we be permitted to say here, for the help of others, that we have proved that money matters need not always be mundane matters —worldly, secular, unspiritual concerns, whose only tendency is to drag down the soul by the cares of this life? Very much the reverse!

Money matters may be, must be, *a means of grace* to those who have no banker but their Father in heaven, and no great need of money but for their Master's work. We have found them so. Is money wanted? *We must pray*, and there is little danger of formality or unreality in prayer when the payment of the butcher's and baker's bills depends on the answer coming speedily! Does money come in? We *must* praise; for we realize so vividly His hand in its coming that our eyes are naturally turned heavenward with a heart-felt "thank God!" ere we take pen in hand to thank men.

Is any expenditure suggested? We *must* seek guidance from above; for while, if we spend according to His will, He is sure to provide the funds, if we spend according to our own will, we may be left to our own resources, or lack of resources, and suffer accordingly! Does discouragement at times sink the heart, and suggest the inquiry, "Is the Lord with us or not?" The account-book is one very tangible reply. Long lists of donations array themselves as an army of witnesses that "hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

Does the adversary tempt to self-confidence, carelessness, or vainglory? An empty exchequer is a good drag on the wheels, an absence of any balance at the bank a wholesome incentive to walk softly. Or is the purse replenished with enough and to spare? The inquiry at once arises, Why has the Master sent this? How does He wish it laid out? Matter of fact, material, earthly, and temporal as are monetary transactions, we hold therefore that they may yet be blessed aids to a life of daily communion with God, and helps to a walk of childlike dependence, as well as invaluable indications of Divine guidance. To have to do with God every day about such practical matters has a tendency to strengthen faith. Tangible answers to definite petitions are "evidence of things not seen"—links with the invisible but ever-present Father of our spirits, which make Him very real and present. "He that cometh to God" about such matters must believe that He *is*—that there is a God to come to, willing and able to help in daily difficulties and necessities, "and that He is *the Rewarder* of those who diligently seek Him; *i.e.* that coming to Him is of some use, and will accomplish something

We do not find that God works miracles in answer to prayer, or dispenses with the operation of secondary causes, or sets aside the ordinary course of things. But we do find that He so orders matters, that such secondary causes as will bring about the accomplishment of our desires are put into operation. It may be that our own minds are guided to a certain course of action, or that coincidences arise, apparently accidental, but which prove by their results to have been distinctly providential. How it is we cannot explain, but we delight to record, to God's glory, that so it is, and that "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Had we foreseen, on entering on this work, that we should require for its prosecution the very large sum of money which has actually been spent on it during the past fourteen years, we should have felt that it was utterly improbable, not to say impossible, that such a sum could come into our hands for it; we should scarcely have dared to venture on the undertaking. But as each need has arisen it has been met; and with a feeling of gratitude, not unmingled with surprise, we perceive, as we now look back over these years, that we have been enabled, not only to pay many thousands of pounds annually for the ordinary demands of the Institution, but that over £30,000 more has been sunk in building and furnishing the three colleges, and in the purchase and preparation of our several mission halls. We thankfully record it to God's glory, and for the encouragement of His servants.

A few extracts from our diary will perhaps give our friends the best idea of the way in which the Lord has helped us in the matter of supplies, and also of the kind and cheering expressions of sympathy which have often doubled the value of gifts received. In 1876 we wrote:

"When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything?" said the Master to His disciples on one occasion. And they said, "*Nothing.*"

Were He to ask us the same question, we must return the same reply, to the praise of His grace.

He sent us without purse or scrip to establish and conduct this Institute; we have had to spend many, many thousands, and we record this day to His glory we have lacked nothing in the prosecution of our task. For a time we have often been pressed; we have had to dispense with things we desired, and to leave

undone things we wished to do. But we have lacked nothing essential for the prosperity of our work, and we bless the God who has supplied our need according to His riches.

June 1st, 1876.—Received this morning a note from a dear invalid friend at Clifton, who, though personally unknown to us, is one of our most sympathising helpers, saying, "To-morrow being one of the much-to-be-observed days in my calendar, will you accept, with my love, a supply for one day's need, £10?" The next letter we opened was from Belfast; the writer says: "I have confidence in you that you are most particular in the selection of men, that they should be men of God, men of great love to souls—faithful, earnest, zealous for the truth. Yesterday I intended to write and send you £50; but this morning my banking account came in, and it shows a larger balance than I expected, so with thankful pleasure I inclose a cheque for £100. It is sweet to be led step by step, and we know whose are the silver and the gold. May the God of all grace be glorified!"

This little donation is peculiarly encouraging to us, because yesterday we sent off a party of ten to Cliff, with some fear and trembling about the increase of financial responsibility involved in beginning housekeeping there. This seems like a voice from the Master, saying, "Fear not; go forward."

* * * * *

June 20th.—A friend sending a small donation from Ireland, says: "When I read that your work requires £10 a day my faith quite failed. Why, to make up £50 for altering and doing up a place of worship here they got up a bazaar with military bands, etc., and four concerts and readings. Surely prayer and faith honour the Lord much more."

* * * * *

July 2nd.—Received from a nobleman, £25.

[This donor is one who gives not his substance only, but his whole time and strength, to the spread of the gospel in the darker regions of Christendom, letting his light shine, and bringing glory to his Father in heaven. It is not often that God commits to one man a double stewardship of gold and of gifts for gospel ministry. When He does, double grace is needed, and in the case of this beloved donor has for many a year been granted. May it be so even to the end!]

* * * * *

July 4th.—Received to-day with thanksgiving to God £50 from a lady in the country, who has done more than most for the heathen, and who will be blessed by multitudes of Chinese in eternity as having been by her self-denying sacrifices the instrument of sending the gospel to their provinces.

* * * * *

July 29th.—From a nobleman in Ireland, a dear aged friend, to whom we had lately sent a copy of our last report, a kind note, inclosing a cheque for £20. He says: "Before opening yours to-day, I had purposed, if possible, not to allow another post to leave without some little token of my practical sympathy both with your interesting work and with the dear friend who is indeed worthy of my grateful recollection. Please apply the inclosed according to your judgment."

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Aug. 1st. . . . Also the following from Scotland: "Thank you very much for sending us your interesting little book. Upon reading it aloud last

evening, my two eldest children, eight and nine years old, who were present, opened their little savings banks and begged me to send you their first savings. These savings have been nearly all earned in various ways by the dear children. I also send you half of a £10 note from Mrs. M. and myself."

* * * * *

Aug. 4th.—We rejoice to note how the hearts of all are in the hand of God; how He can move parents and children, rich and poor, high and low, to give, as of the ability which He giveth. We prize small gifts, but as our needs are great we give hearty thanks also for great ones! Received to-day from a gentleman in Scotland the following: "I have much pleasure in sending you the inclosed cheque for £100 for your work. May the good Master bless and prosper it, and supply all your need!" Also the following: "Herewith I send you a P.O.O. for £1. I wish I could send you a thousand, but it is not in my power; others, I have no doubt, will. He that freely gave *His Son* will freely give all things needful for His glory. Abraham's faith was sorely tried, so is mine; I suppose it is the lot of all the children of God, and we each think our own trial the greatest. May your young men be good soldiers! I desire an interest in their prayers."

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Nov. 11th.—Received this afternoon from Surbiton £2, from a dear invalid, who says: "My heart is not satisfied with this small offering, but it has pleased the Lord very seriously to afflict me; for twenty-five years I have been confined to a couch, or nearly so; personal expenses are consequently unavoidably very heavy, and my means are limited. But I am thankful to be permitted to aid in any measure the Institute, in the prosperity of which I feel a deep interest." It may be that this gift, though small in our eyes, is as large as the other in God's estimate, possibly larger. For if there be first a willing mind, "it is accepted according to that a man *hath*, and not according to that he hath not." God abundantly reward both these donors, according to His riches!

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." We are often reminded of this promise by donations sent by those who take an interest in our work, from having at some time profited under my dear husband's ministry. To-day from Bishop's Waltham came a black-edged note, inclosing £5. "I beg the favour of your acceptance of the inclosed cheque for your mission work. If you recollect your visit to Mr. M., at Yardley, Hastings, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, you will recognise, by my signature, his widow, I am grieved to say. He died of heart disease last year. You preached several times in succession at Yardley chapel, as well as in the neighbouring town of Olney. May the Lord greatly bless you in your labours! He will. None serve or wait on Him in vain."

* * * * *

Dec. 5th.—No funds! Much tried by unbelieving doubts and fears. Named the state of the treasury to the students at the weekly prayer-meeting this afternoon, which drew out much earnest and apparently believing prayer. Resolved to stop the butcher's bill, at any rate, by dispensing with meat; told the students so, and was pleased with their readiness to make needful sacrifices; told them the director wrote from Cornwall that he too was fasting, and those with him, and that he had written to the household at Cliff to turn vegetarians *pro tem.*

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Dec. 7th.—£5 came in this morning, but we need £10 a day at least. Feel-

ing cast down and tried, I requested the students just now, at morning prayers, each to repeat or quote some Scripture promise calculated to strengthen our faith and cheer our souls. Oh, what a stream of comfort and consolation followed! One manly voice after another, some in strongly foreign accents, some with a fine Irish brogue, some with Scotch ruggedness, but each with deep feeling, and apparently with real faith, uttered some exceeding great and precious promise, which, though familiar as a household word, seemed to come with a fresh power that was wonderful. "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God!" "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be dismayed." "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." "What man of you is there, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" "My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear." "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding." "Ah! Lord God, behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth, and there is *nothing too hard for Thee!*" "I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; *is there* anything too hard for Me?" "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." "Lo, I am with you alway." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." These were among the passages repeated by the dear brethren, and I ended by quoting, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away."

It was easy to pray after this! Surely promises believed are the best preparation for prayer! "Do as Thou hast said: the word that Thou hast spoken establish it for ever," prayed David; "for Thou, O Lord of hosts, hast revealed to Thy servant, saying, I will build thee a house: therefore hath Thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee. Let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant: *for Thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it:* and with Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever."

Within a week of this prayer meeting all claims were met and a small balance in hand left to go on with.

Dec. 20th.— . . . Also from a little girl in Cornwall: "Dear Mrs. G., I send you eighteenpence, and I wish I could send you more; but as I am only ten years old, perhaps you will excuse me. It is little, but I hope it will do a little good."

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Dec. 30th.—How richly and graciously the Lord has answered our prayers within the last few weeks! This morning came a letter from a dear lady in Scotland, who is unknown to us personally, inclosing some bank-notes. I looked at them expecting two fives, or possibly two tens, but there were more than two. I counted; ten, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, a hundred pounds! And then I read: "I was very pleased to see that you had had a dismissal service on the 15th to commend to God ten of the students. How it must have gladdened your hearts!

May He give them and all the students much power from on high! I have great pleasure in sending the inclosed."

And so Christmas came laden with mercies, and we could gather the children of our schools for their treat, and the mothers' meeting for their "tea," and give the students a Christmas dinner besides! One cheque for £50 reached us late on the evening of Saturday, the 24th, with a brief line saying, "Sent in haste, to secure your having a peaceful Sabbath and a happy Christmas." *Words poorly express the warm and grateful sense of loving fellowship in Christ such acts of considerate sympathy evoke!* The Lord bless each of these dear helpers of our work!

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Mar. 2nd, 1877.—A lady who lately sent us a donation of £5, and who subsequently sent to our care a donation of £10 for Africa, writes:

"I think it may be interesting to you to know that the donation for Africa which I sent to you some time ago was the last thing my father gave before h entered into the presence of the King, on Feb. 17th. He wished to give you a trifle, and spoke most strongly of his approval and appreciation of your manner of carrying out this work, and said it was what he liked and wished to help; so I sent the £5. Then he twice gave directions that something should be given to Africa, and that I should ask your advice. I was never able to tell him the result! I thought you would like to know his feeling about your work, though he was a stranger to you."

Space forbids our making many extracts. In 1879 we wrote:

During the twelve months whose accounts are presented in our present balance-sheet one thousand and seventy-six donations reached us for the General Fund, and three hundred and twenty-seven more for the Building Fund; in all, over *fourteen hundred donations*, besides very numerous smaller gifts for the passage and outfit of missionaries—a separate fund.

Fourteen hundred donations, scarcely a score of which are of the nature of promised subscriptions on which we can count!

Fourteen hundred times did our heavenly Father, who knows the needs of His own work and our needs, move some heart to minister to our Mission Institute.

What a cause for thanksgiving and for sincere gratitude! If *we* speak not of His faithfulness, surely the very stones would cry out.

It would have been impossible for *us* to sustain this undertaking during a year of such singular financial trouble and depression as this year has been. The Lord has provided! We see most distinctly and own most gladly His hand in the supplies that have been furnished, and give to Him the glory.

Nearly the whole of these donations have come to us through the post; and they have come in sums varying from six pennyworth of stamps to cheques for £500 or £1,000, accompanied often by such kindly expressions of sympathy and approval as made us feel that our donors are indeed *fellow workers* in a very real sense.

We have however often had our faith tried. In 1880 we wrote:

We have *very rarely* during this last year had *any balance at all to our credit*, for more than a few days at a time. Each weekly pay day has swallowed up

every available pound, and, alas! there were many—when a parcel of bills had to be returned to their places *unpaid*, there being no funds to meet them.

We feel badly when this occurs! We are quite content to live like the birds of the air, which have neither storehouse nor barn, provided we can just pay our way. But when this is not the case we cannot avoid being tried and burdened in spirit, so that it is our constant prayer that weekly needs may be met by weekly supplies.

Even should they *not* be so met for a time however, our faith and hope are still in God, for we have so long proved His faithfulness! We increasingly believe this work to be one which He approves, because of the way in which He blesses and prospers it; and if He *approve* He will *sustain*. Sooner or later the needed help always *has* been sent, and we trust it will be!

Most thankfully do we record, to the praise of the God of missions, that now after seven years and a half of perpetually increasing expenses there is not a single unpaid claim of any kind against this Institute, but that we have the relief and comfort of knowing that we owe no man anything.

For this mercy we gratefully praise the Lord, and lovingly thank our fellow labourers, and especially those of them who have had to exercise self-denial in order to help. And we thank them, not merely in our own names, but in the names of all the young servants of Christ whom the Institute has aided, and of the far larger number who are now in their turn being helped by them, all over the world. To have been permitted to send forth *a missionary each week* on an average for the last twelve months or more, is surely a privilege to be grateful for, as well as to be reaching with the gospel week by week thousands of souls in this mighty Babylon of London. May you and we, dear friends, esteem, as it deserves to be esteemed, the honour of being permitted thus to serve our generation by the will of God!

We add a few extracts from our financial diary for the year.

Nov. 1st.—Heard of the death of a friend and helper in this work, who had intimated to us lately his intention of aiding us liberally with the Building Fund and otherwise. He was to have paid us a visit at Cliff, but was hindered. His last illness was brief, and admitted of no pecuniary arrangements; *so his kind and liberal intentions were never carried out.* What an illustration of the importance of the precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"!

Nov. 3rd.—From Southsea, £15. This donor writes: "God has spared me yet, and I send a cheque for General Fund. I have lost a good slice out of my income, but inclose this with a sincere prayer that you may be abundantly blessed."

Nov. 4th.—Had been burdened all day in spirit about the state of our funds, and especially the Building Fund. This evening received a letter from a lady in London with a gift of £400 for this object. What a mercy! The Lord reward her! How good and gracious He is in supplying each need as it arises!

Nov. 7th.—From Chester came in to-day £5 as a thank-offering "which my wife and I wish to make for many mercies received, but especially for the gift of a

dear baby. We sympathised with you in your sad bereavement in the spring. Only those who have lost children can conceive the bitterness of such an experience! It has pleased God to take five of our little ones while in early infancy, but He has now spared another, and we wish to render to Him all our thanks."

Nov. 10th.—From a lady in Scotland, £50. "I am thankful to be able to fulfil my desire of sending the inclosed before the end of the year, and only regret it is not in my power to send more." This liberal donor is herself suffering severely from the excessive depression in certain oriental stocks in which she holds a large number of shares; she seems to regret her heavy losses mainly because they limit her power to help in the Lord's work. This donor says in closing: "I will only add that if in my power to assist next year or at any future time, I shall be *only too thankful* to be permitted to do so." Also this morning £50 from Norfolk and £50 from Yorkshire, as well as £25 from Bath, *i.e.* £175 in one day, after we have been so long sorely straitened for funds! How mercifully the Lord moderates one source of trial and exercise of faith when another is about to arise. This money was all owing, and it was a great relief to be able to pay with it outstanding bills. In the afternoon sorrow and anxiety came upon us from an entirely different source, and we had to cry to the Lord for help of another kind.

Nov. 20th.—From a dear friend at Bristol, whose sympathy with missions is of a very practical and considerate kind, £10 with a "hope that many hearts have been led to help at this time," and an offer to make clothes for the little naked Africans of the missionary schools.

Jan. 15th, 1880.—£200 came in to-day, thank God! and £70 of it from a new donor, who had become acquainted with our work from the prospectus of it appended to "The Approaching End of the Age." This is not the first case in which the volume has elicited help for the Institute. Ah! if the truth it presents were only received in power among the people of God, no mission work in the world would suffer lack!

Jan. 26th.—To-day we engaged in the *Vanguard* passages to the Congo for Mr. McCall, the three other brethren, and Mrs. Richards. We have not as yet in hand anything like the funds that will be needful for this expedition, but trust that the pamphlet now in preparation may be the means of bringing the mission under the notice of many able to help. We have arranged a visit to Plymouth with the same object, and are making daily special prayer on the subject. £1,200 or £1,400 at least will be required to provide the expedition properly for twelve months.

Jan. 31st.—Received to-day from Scotland a noble present of a ton and a half of oatmeal, a year's supply for our students' breakfasts.

Feb. 3rd.—Plymouth. Correcting proof of Congo pamphlet. Had a drawing-room meeting in the evening on behalf of the mission. Many kind donations were the result. £200 have already come in towards the passage and outfit of the Congo party. Thanks be to God!

Feb. 5th.—Had another Congo meeting at the Soldiers' Institute, Devonport, eliciting much real sympathy. "The Lord will provide" for all the needs of the mission!

Feb. 6th.—Received a large donation to-day from Derbyshire, *large in the balance of the sanctuary.* "I am sorry I cannot help more. When I received your passage and outfit letter, 2*d.* was all the money I had. It is only by self-denial that I am able to send you the inclosed shilling. Things are very hard

here, from the depression of trade. We have been out of work during the frost, as we are quite dependent on outdoor labour now." Is not this gift in the sight of God of great price?

Feb. 11*th.*—Held a drawing-room meeting for the Congo Mission at our dear cousin's, at Torquay. Not very numerous, but very sympathetic. £30 were given in freewill offerings afterwards, though no collection was made.

Feb. 13*th.*—Visited Exmouth.

Feb. 19*th.*—£10 from Clifton. The donor says: "It pleased our heavenly Father to gather home on December 8th last a dear young friend who had been long to me as an adopted daughter. She was deeply interested in your effort to help out missionaries. A few hours before she went home I promised to spend for her in such work the sum I had been accustomed to give her yearly. I now inclose you £10 for your African party. I heartily wish it God speed!"

Feb. 20*th.*—2*s.* 6*d.* from a retired Moravian missionary in Scotland. "After having had the privilege of serving our blessed Lord in the West Indies and in this country for nearly fifty years, I have been compelled to retire from active service. Oblige me by accepting the inclosed as a token of my high esteem for your work, with my humble prayers for a rich blessing on all you do and say and write."

Feb. 24*th.* "The First Christian Mission on the Congo" was published to-day. At the Aldersgate-street prayer-meeting mention of the proposed mission was made, and prayer was offered on its behalf. It was stated among other things that a printing press would be needed. A lady present came forward after the meeting, and expressed her willingness to present a press and type complete to the mission. It was purchased and put in hand for packing the same day.

Feb. 28*th.*—From a friend in her sixty-eighth year, 20*s.* "Very thankful that I can still do a little to help others, being very feeble and low in funds."

Mar. 2*nd.*—Our farewell meeting for our dear brethren bound for the Congo was held to-day. We were thankful that it was so ordered that M. and Mme. de Coillard, the devoted and experienced French missionaries to the Basutos, happened just to have arrived in England, and were brought by our kind friend, Major Malan, to the meeting. They were the leaders of the late native African mission to the Barotse, and Mr. McCall met them on that perilous and distant expedition. He was delighted to see them again on this occasion, and to have words of parting counsel and advice from this veteran African missionary.

Mar. 4*th.*—A farewell meeting was held yesterday at Mildmay (when a sewing machine was promised to the expedition), and to-day one at the West End. To-morrow we go to Cardiff, and on the next day to Leicester, where a meeting will be held in the chapel with which Mr. McCall is connected. Funds for the passage and outfit of the expedition have been graciously supplied, and we hope there will be enough in hand to meet the expenses of this expedition, before it sails, through the goodness of God.

Mar. 9*th.*—Received to-day from Ireland £50 for the General Fund; most welcome, for much needed. Farewell meeting in Plymouth, whence the expedition sails on Wednesday, D.V.

Mar. 27*th.*—Received a sweet and cheering note from Torquay, with £60 for the Congo Mission. This is the anniversary of the death of our two dear children. "Those that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." Can the deeply bereaved ever be satisfied again? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

Mar. 30*th.*—From Dublin, £5. From a beloved friend who speaks of it as "a thankoffering to our gracious God for permitting me to enter upon the eightieth year of my age. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. Bless the Lord, O my soul!'"

Mar. 31*st.*—Our dear friend Miss H. forwarded to-day the results of the Plymouth meetings and of her own kind efforts to spread a knowledge of this Institute and of the Congo Mission; £70. Received also from Clifton a donation of £50, from one who had not previously helped our work. So, as one and another fall asleep, the Lord raises us up new friends in accordance with His own faithful promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

April 1*st.*—A friend sends 2*s.* from Liverpool for the Congo Mission, saying: "I am in honour bound to our little son to forward it. Indeed it is now a fortnight since he begged me to do so. I had been telling him about the Congo Mission, and he said, 'I should like to help it, mother; might I?' I reminded him he had been spending his money for something else. 'But I have two shillings, and if that is all I have I should like it to go.' So I send it, poor lamb! and am ashamed that he has so often reminded me, fearing Mr. McCall would have started without it. We have felt a special interest in him, having heard of his changed life and purpose from my brother-in-law, Mr. Tinling, of Reading. Oh, how great a work it is, and how few dedicated to it!"

April 24*th.*—Received to-day for the passage and outfit of the party for the Congo £30, from a beloved friend who had already liberally helped the Institute this year. "This money is a portion of a little present given me the other day to appropriate as I might wish." Happy they whose *wish* is to spend, *not* on self-indulgence or self-gratification, but on the work of the Lord! We rejoice to know such "shall in no wise lose their reward."

April 26*th.*—From Durham, 16*s.* 2*d.*; "a small contribution towards passage and outfit of the missionaries named in your last letter. Apply it as you think best; I am only sorry that I cannot increase the amount. We have set up a passage and outfit box, and every week our little ones are glad to drop something into it. They are too young yet to understand what it means, but it accustoms them to the habit of giving, and as they grow older they will understand that they are thus helping forward, in a little measure, the gospel in the 'regions beyond.'"

April 30*th.*—From Tavistock three dollars, also 2*s.* 6*d.* in postage stamps, from "a young and afflicted Christian needlewoman, who desires to have fellowship in your service for the Lord." Also £50 from a large-hearted and liberal London merchant. Welcome gifts both, and the first not least so. Offerings made by the poor out of their poverty are rich in cheer, from the sincere sympathy they express and the great grace they evince.

A donor who forwards £2 for the Congo writes: "Please accept the inclosed donation for the African mission. I promised the Lord I would give one-tenth of my wages, while here, to foreign missions; this is for six months."

Received the following note from a lady: "I purpose on Monday next, May 3rd, *sending* you £100 instead of *leaving* it to your Institute, to be used by you as you think best. I had intended to make it a legacy, but feeling assured that it will produce a far higher interest in the Lord's work, I decide to send it now." This donation reached us a few days later, and was devoted to the Building Fund. We commend this line of conduct to the notice of any friends who may have similarly kind intentions towards our work. It saves all doubt and difficulty, and

possibility of litigation which not unfrequently arises in connection with legacies to institutions.

May 1st.—A donor who sends 10*s.* writes: "Two shillings of this is from one of my little boys, and constitutes a fifth of his entire income. I trust it may be a pledge of good things to come when he shall be able to give perhaps life and strength to the Lord's service."

Received from a friend this morning the following note: "I have this morning received quite unexpectedly £125, arising from an investment made some years ago by my father, which has never paid a penny before. I wish to send this amount to you for the Building Fund or any other special need requiring to be met just now." A cheque for this sum reached us a few days later, and was *a most marked and gracious answer to special prayer.* We had promised to pay the balance due on the new college this month.

May 4th.—From a dear invalid at Newport Pagnell, £2 10*s.* "Will you please accept this for the Institute, with thanks for the *Regions Beyond.* As an invalid, shut out from all public work, I feel indebted to you for many checks to the selfishness which is so apt to grow when weakness is of long standing. Please forward me a copy of the Congo Mission pamphlet." Surely there is a hint here for invalids! It is too true that but for grace physical infirmities of long continuance have a *tendency* to produce selfishness, instead of sympathy, as they should do. But grace is stronger than nature!

May 7th.—From Ireland, from an old and valued friend, £15, with the following note: "I have often thought as I have turned over the pages of your periodical that if there was a work to the claims of which I would desire to respond, to the extent in which I was able to do in other days, it was *yours.* Very willingly would I write on the inclosed cheque a sum which would wipe off the whole amount required for your Building Fund, if it were in my power to do so. But, by a series of providences which I need not relate, my income has been diminished by many thousands in the year, and in this position I am called to confront, to a comparatively large extent, the immense liabilities which in these times attach to the possession of Irish property."

May 10th.—From a personally unknown friend in Italy we received to-day a very welcome donation of £50. He writes: "I was not aware of the large development of the East London Institute, nor of the number of labourers whom it has aided in their studies, till I saw your report, which I have read with deep interest."

May 11th.—2*s.* 6*d.* from Norfolk. "We read with much pleasure of your work in spreading the gospel. I wish we could send you a large subscription, but we are only working people with eight children. May God accept this trifle! it is sent with a pure motive. We are exceedingly interested in our village home in writings on unfulfilled prophecy: I am going to afford myself an 'Approaching End of the Age.'"

May 14th.—A most welcome gift of £100 reached us this morning, filling our hearts with thanksgiving to God, and meeting some of our most pressing requirements. The donor had read the "Approaching End of the Age," and had become acquainted with our work by the notice of it in the appendix. We are still praying for large supplies for the Building Fund.

May 18th.—A pleasant surprise relieved our minds and rejoiced us this morning. A friend, who wrote to us only a few days ago, regretting he could not

assist at present with our Building Fund, sent to-day, most unexpectedly, a cheque for £250. "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." He tries our faith, but He never fails to help us in due time. We see *His* hand most markedly in this incident.

May 24th.—Again we have to sing hallelujah! A lady, who had kindly offered to help us establish a convalescent home for returned missionaries when we were thinking of making such an addition to our Institute, on hearing that we had on further consideration, and for reasons which she approved, abandoned the project, *offered* (what I desired but hardly dared to suggest) to transfer her intended donation to the Building Fund, and gave us a cheque for £300. *Thus the burden is gone for the present*, and our many prayers answered by the Lord whom we seek to serve in this work. We can now fulfil our promise, and pay the *final* instalment on the college to the contractors this month. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that *trust in Him.*"

June 2nd.—Brighton, £5. "A short time back I received from my brother your pamphlet, the 'First Christian Mission on the Congo.' Please accept inclosed £5 for the mission."

June 4th.—A pleasant day to our students and to us. Dear Mr. Spurgeon and all his students came over to spend the afternoon with us. But ah! how little we know what is going on elsewhere! This same day *died* at Hospitalet in Spain our dear brother Francesco Prévi, after a short attack of typhus fever. He was not twenty-nine years of age, a holy and happy labourer, and much blessed in his work: his death seems to be a real loss for Spain, though a real gain for our brother. Rescued from the darkness and delusions of Popery, he was blessed and made a blessing to many Roman Catholics during the few brief years of his Christian life. Now is he most blessed for ever, "in paradise with Christ."

June 11th.—Received two sorrowful missives to-day, a letter and a packet addressed to *Thomas Hands, H.M.S. "Atalanta," Barbadoes, West Indies.* This direction was erased, and the letters were returned stamped with two words, assigning a reason for non-delivery, "*Ship missing.*" Simple words, but oh how full of sorrowful suggestion! That dear lad Hands! How bright and well he looked last time he called here, the very picture of a fine young English sailor! Once a waif of the London streets, he had been rescued by the East End Juvenile Mission and transferred to our care at Cliff. After some years spent there he went to sea to train for the navy. The Lord had turned his young heart to Himself before he left us. He wrote warmly on his first voyage of his love to Christ and of his desire to be kept from evil. What a comfort to think that in the awful hour when that noble training ship, with hundreds of young sailors on board, foundered in mid Atlantic in the late terrible storms, not a few like Thomas Hands were safe on the Rock of ages, and had no evil to fear! The *ship* may be "missing" from the English navy, but no believer who perished in her wreck will be "missing" in the day of Christ.

July 2nd.—"2*s.* 6*d.*, *in memoriam* of my precious mother, now three years in glory; this was her birthday."

July 3rd.—From a friend in Bolton, £2. "I would gladly send more, but we are passing through an awful crisis: riches have taken to themselves wings and gone away, but I am wishful still to help a little Christ's servants who go thus to His work. The sun may shine again some day and enable me to do more."

July 7th.—From Ayr, 3*s.* "I never read your *Regions Beyond* without

growing sympathy and desire to aid you in your blessed work. He whom we love knows the measure of our ability, and graciously accepts our poor offerings. My circumstances as a retired aged pastor permit me to do very little, but He knows what I would do. Kindly accept the inclosed, and send me a copy of the 'First Christian Mission on the Congo,' which I wish to lend so that others may be led to contribute."

July 29th.—Received from Birmingham £100; *a great mercy*, as it just met bills due to-day. Paid off in all £230 of bills. Thank the Lord!

"Still by daily mercy fed,
Daily food for daily need."

Aug. 6th.—From a friend in the north of London £10. "Forward, forward, dear madam, to the rescue, and may God help! For you know 'it is not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit'; we would not any work should prosper without Him, even if it could. By *Him*, to *Him*, for *Him*, for ever and ever! *Amen.*"

Aug. 9th.—Had the great pleasure of receiving to-day £100 for M. Saillens, of Marseilles, and £100 for the Baptist Missionary Society's Mission on the Congo. It is as great a cause of thanksgiving and joy to us to forward help to others who are carrying on mission work as to receive it for ourselves! The Lord's work is one, and it little matters who is doing it.

Sept. 8th.—From Brighton £1 0*s.* 9*d.*, "being first day's takings in my new premises. Trusting that your labours may receive still greater blessing."

Sept. 9th.—£50 from Australia for the Congo Mission.

Sept. 10th.—Heard to-day of the death of Mrs. L——; also that there is some danger of a question arising as to the legality of her bequest to us of £1,000. Committed the matter to God in prayer; His will be done!

Sept. 11th.—From an invalid friend in North London two guineas, with some touching particulars of her troubles, after which she adds: "Please do not think that I complain. My life is made up of mercies, and He who gives them has a right to choose the trial best for me, and we know that He cannot err. I wish I could send a missionary like Jonah through the streets, for we are a great and assuredly a very wicked city."

Sept. 28th.—A dear friend called to-day, and before leaving kindly drew a cheque for £75, which being much needed was most welcome.

Sept. 30th.—Received to-day two students from America and one from Germany.

Oct. 8th.—To day we were much cheered by the reception of a kind gift of £50 from a venerable and influential clergyman in the Church of England, with a brief visit from whom a week previously we had been much edified and refreshed.

"Sweet is the union true believers feel,
Into one spirit they have drunk; the seal
Of God is on their hearts; and thus they see
In each the features of one family.
If one is suffering, all the rest are sad;
If but the least is honoured, all are glad.
The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,
Flows out in mutual kindness for His sake."

This kind donor had known us only through our writings; but we no sooner met than we felt like old friends, like-minded in so very much, differing in so very little, and thoroughly one in heart, notwithstanding those differences. It is a

proof of the large-hearted Christian sympathies of many of the clergy, that a very considerable number of them, though so warmly interested in their own noble missionary society, are yet generous helpers in our undenominational effort.

During the twelve months from October 1st, 1880, to September 30th, 1881, there reached us, in sums varying from a few pence to five hundred pounds, from all parts of the country and of the world, from all classes, rich and poor, high and low, peer and peasant, from sorrowing widows and lonely sufferers, as well as from bright lads and lasses in school and Bible-class, from clergymen and members of the Churches of England and Scotland, and of all other evangelical denominations, often from beloved friends and old acquaintances, but quite as often from utter strangers, day by day continually throughout the year, in answer to prayer, all the funds needed to carry on the many works committed to our care. Over 1,400 donations were sent during these twelve months for the General Fund of the Institute, 934 for the passage and outfit of missionaries, 688 for the Congo Mission, and 365 for the Building Fund: a total of 3,510 donations.

Very many of these gifts were of course small, but so large and liberal were not a few that they averaged five pounds a piece; the sum total being £16,359.

To the praise and glory of God we were able to record that, just as the demands we had to meet that year were far larger than those of any preceding one, so the income was far larger than any we had previously received.

The receipts of the Institute for the preceding twelve months had been about £11,000; but that year, when an additional outlay of £5,000 for the Congo Mission was needed, as well as many thousands for the building works at Cliff, the Lord, who knows the needs of His own service, and is well able to meet them, inclined His servants to send in an additional £5,000. Was not this the finger of God?

No efforts of ours could have secured this result. We had been too much occupied in carrying on the work to plead much for it. Comparatively few were the meetings held; we had no sales, bazaars, concerts, stone layings, or money-getting gatherings of any kind. We did not spend a pound in advertising appeals for help. We mentioned to our friends in *Regions Beyond* the needs of the work as they arose, and the Lord gave them the spirit of liberality, and we record to His praise that we found Him faithful to His

promise, and that the enlarging needs of our service were met by His kind bounty.

We were the more grateful for it, as an expression of Divine approval on the step we were led to take in assuming the responsibility of the Congo Mission. Some of our friends doubted the propriety of our doing so, and we ourselves almost hesitated. It was a large thing to add at a stroke to our already considerable engagements; would it not have a tendency to swamp the Institute, and plunge us in serious difficulties? The above figures were a sufficient reply! We did not know what the first year would cost. It proved to require an outlay of £5,000. *And £5,000 was added to our receipts!*

Oct. 5th, 1880.—From Hampstead, £10 or the Institute, with Miss E. W.'s dying love and best wishes.

Oct. 12th.—From Ulverston, £20. "I wish to give this sum as a donation to the Congo Mission. It is thirty-eight years this month since my dear brother died, not far from that great river, and I should like this donation to be acknowledged under *his* initials, T. H."

Oct. 27th.—From Southend, £5. "Some time since I lost the half of a £5 note. I never could tell how, as it was no use to any one. I made it a subject of prayer, and resolved that if I found it it should go to your Institution. A few days after, going to one of my drawers which I constantly use, there was the half note, the whole of which I now inclose with great pleasure. Divide it as you please between the Outfit and General Funds, and may the Lord's blessing continue on the work!"

From Hereford a donation of £100 "for your great and blessed work. May the Lord long spare you both to a world still lying in the wicked one, but which one day will be filled with His glory!"

Oct. 29th.—From Stechford, £1. "I have lately visited a dear friend in Cheltenham, who lent me your valuable work, 'The Approaching End of the Age,' which I read with the deepest interest. I thank our heavenly Father for enabling you to write and publish it, and pray that His special blessing may attend your work and labour of love, and that those who read may profit by it. I had not heard of your Institute before, or if I had, I did not enter into its object as now, and I wish to express the interest I feel by inclosing a sovereign towards its expenses. I know it is but like a drop to the ocean; but that is composed of drops, and each one tends to its fulness. God prosper this part of your work for Him, and make you abundantly useful in promoting the knowledge of His will."

From Galashiels, a valuable parcel of clothing, with £10, "from our family. Please accept it for the benefit of the mission."

Nov. 2nd. Received £50 to-day from a lady, who writes of a dear departed sister, formerly a kind helper of our work, but for some time previous to her decease speechless and paralysed: "She has left me part of her money, and I have great pleasure in sending you £50 of it towards your excellent work. I feel in doing this that I am fulfilling her wishes, though she had not power to express

them, for she continued to take a warm interest in your and Mr. Guinness's work."

Nov. 5th.—From a Young Ladies' Working Association in Kent, £5, for the Congo Mission.

Nov. 6th.—From Durham, 14*s.* "The contents of our Missionary Passage and Outfit box to date. Please apply to Mr. and Mrs. Rohrbach, with our best wishes for their prosperity in their new sphere. We have many pleasant memories of Christian fellowship with them when settled not far from Cliff four years ago."

Nov. 20th.—From Liverpool, 10*s.* "I was sorry I could not respond to your Outfit letter, but my purse for giving was quite empty; and not liking to say so, I waited, hoping I should get an order for work so as to replenish it. Next day my sister-in-law called to ask if I could make her two little frocks for twins that had come to a poor woman in her district. I gladly consented, the frocks were duly appreciated, and I duly appreciated the money thus earned, as it enables me to send the inclosed P.O.O., which please appropriate as you think best."

Dec. 2nd.—5*s.* 6*d.* in stamps. "3*s.* from myself, and 2*s.* 6*d.* from a poor widow who says she can do nothing but pray for the work."

Dec. 18th.—From a clergyman in Lincolnshire, £1 1*s.*

Dec. 30th.—From Norwood, £5. "Yesterday a most unlooked for gift of £5 was put into my hands for any work in which I was engaged. Except Punrooty, there is none more dear to me than that which the Lord has given you on the Congo, and I feel it is a great privilege to ask you to accept it."

Jan. 3rd, 1881.—Heard of the death of our aged friend, H. W. He has been a helper in our work here for some years, and we shall miss his liberal gifts. May the Lord raise up new friends as the old drop off! Conferring with builders about the iron house for Banana, and also about the boat.

Jan. 5th.—Dear Brother Bradburn died at 1 p.m.! Ten brief days of illness, and the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved! And yet it was a fair and goodly tabernacle, that looked as if it might stand for many a year! Faith, hope, and love were clear and bright to the end, and even in his delirium our dear brother was preaching, praying, and praising God. It was most sad to witness his sufferings, which medical skill could not alleviate, though we had several doctors and a Mildmay nurse. The students helped in turn to sit up with him, and Miss Haffner watched with his wife last night. Oh for the day when mortality shall be swallowed up of life!

Jan. 7th.—From Banbury, £2 2*s.* "Please accept the inclosed towards the Congo Mission. I have had to pass through the terrible grief of a beloved husband, thirty years of age, being taken, and a most precious son of eight years. Blessed be God, both are safe in Jesus! but oh, these blanks! Unless our loving and faithful God drew very near at times, what should we do?"

(Mr. Guinness was in Liverpool this day, and on his laying the need of a boat for the Congo Mission before a friend there, after asking the Lord to incline his heart to meet this need, this gentleman, having heard his statement, said, "I will give it to the mission." A meeting held in the city, though of a small, semi-private character, led to freewill offerings amounting to £300 for the Congo.)

Jan. 10th.—Received by post this morning a donation of £500 from a friend personally unknown. The Lord be praised for this much needed help!

Jan. 12th.—After much careful and prayerful deliberation, and receiving many indications of Divine guidance, we to-day took decided steps as to the

establishment of a station at Banana, and signed the contracts both for the iron house and the boat.

Feb. 1st.—Received to-day from a dear little schoolgirl, in a registered letter, a sovereign. "Since I first began to receive my allowance I put away some each quarter, and at last I have got one pound! Is it too little to send to the Congo? I want it to go to *that.* Please take it for that, from your loving little D. T. H." God bless the dear child, and make her glad hereafter with the eternal reward of his act, no little proof of love in the eyes of Him who judgeth according to that a man hath!

Considering the question of converting the sailing boat into a steam launch for the Congo. It would be a very great advantage, but will more than double its price. Yet the winds on the river are fitful and little to be depended on, and detention amid the malarial emanations of the mangrove swamps bordering the lower river must needs be dangerous to health. If the Master's service demands the heavier outlay, He can supply the means.

Feb. 3rd.—Received to-day from the Orkney Islands £100 for the Congo Mission. We gave thanks very heartily for this gift, and in the course of the day ordered steam machinery for the boat, converting her into a steam launch, which can also sail or be rowed if needful.

Feb. 8th.—A friend at Brighton, who has kindly undertaken to pay for the passage and outfit of two of the new missionaries for the Congo, sent to-day the sum for the purpose, and for their expenses during the first year. We are always thankful when Christian friends are led thus to adopt some special labourer or labourers, believing that a peculiar sympathy is developed in such cases, and that special prayer is made by the donor for God's blessing on the work so sustained. Ought not *every* rich Christian to have thus one representative at least in heathendom? And ought not very rich disciples to have one such in *every* great division of heathendom?

From Clapton, a parcel of socks from an invalid sister, who is scarcely able to continue the knitting by which she has provided with socks a considerable number of our missionaries. "I cannot do much of anything, my sight is so queer, and the severe symptoms returning. The cold has tried my feeble heart greatly, though mercifully I have no cough."

Feb. 10th.—Faith and hope are tried to-day. Means have been coming in for the Congo Mission, but the General Fund is very low. This is pay day, and we have not enough to cover the weekly bills for housekeeping; nor have we any of our own that we can lend or give to the Institute! Empty purses, and no balances at bank! Yes, but Jehovah Jireh! "I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever. . . . I will wait on Thy name; for it is good before Thy saints" (Ps. lii. 8, 9).

Feb. 13th.—£10 from Brighton, for the Congo Mission. "A thank-offering for the conversion of a niece in a remarkable manner, in answer to prayer."

Feb. 17th.—Another weekly pay day finds us still unable to meet the bills due. On calling to see a friend at the other side of London, a dear old lady staying in her house handed me £11 for the Congo Mission; and on my return home in the evening I was greeted with the intelligence that a lady, who would not stay or say whom it came from, had left at the door a Bank of England note for £100! The Lord be praised!

[N.B.—We afterwards learned particulars about this donation which made us marvel at the grace of God in the beloved donor, whose name must not be even hinted. "There were giants in those days" before the flood, but they were carnal giants only, and great in sin as in stature; there are giants in these days, though they be little in the world's esteem, giants in grace and fidelity, in love and self-denial.]

Feb. 18*th.*—From Bristol, £5, Passage and Outfit. "Once more, though unexpectedly, the aged pilgrim is enabled to respond to the call for aid to send forth labourers into the vineyard. May the Master's presence go with them and be to them a mouth and wisdom which no man can gainsay."

"From an elderly widow (whose income is dependent on her earnings), £1 2*s.* for passage and outfit of missionaries."

Feb. 19*th.*—The Lord is good! Within the last three days we have received or the various funds over £500. What a mercy, especially just now, when anxieties of another kind are rather pressing!

Feb. 22*nd.*—Praise God! To-night there came from an entire stranger a donation of £150, "to be used by you in your mission work. Please do not let my name appear in any list." Who moved the heart of this unknown donor? He of whom it is written, "casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Also a box of beautiful jewellery from a lady in Edinburgh who has learned to esteem a higher style of ornament.

Feb. 28*th.*—From Hastings. "I have great pleasure in sending you an antique locket picked up on the beach at Ceylon, to be sold for the benefit of the Institute. The subject is Diana turning Actæon into a stag. The work is said to belong to the seventh century and to be worth £30, but I shall be content if you can get £10 for it. Only lovers of the antique and collectors would be likely to prize it. I hope you will be fortunate in meeting with some one who values such things."

[N.B.—We have not yet met with a purchaser for this locket, and should be glad if any of our friends would mention it in likely quarters.]

Mar. 3*rd.*—From Dublin, £10. "We have been reading with deep interest the journal of Mr. McCall, the leader of the Congo Mission. The energy and faith of these labourers are most encouraging, and make some of us feel how little we are doing in the glorious work. True, some have laid down their lives, called home in the midst of their labour; but in the recent sad wars in Afghanistan and South Africa how many of the young and strong have laid down *their* lives at the shrine of the prince of darkness! May Christians more and more see that all war is opposed to the extension of the kingdom of the Prince of peace! I inclose a cheque for the band so soon to follow the first party."

Mar. 8*th.*—Farewell meeting at Steinway Hall for the outgoing mission band. Much warm and kindly sympathy cheered the hearts of the dear brethren. Lord Polwarth and Mr. Blackwood spoke brave and true words; and dear Hore, from Tanganyika, and Felkin, from Uganda, told from experience of the life of a Central African missionary.

Mar. 9*th.*—To-day we launched the little steamer for the Congo, naming her *The Livingstone.* Many prayers went up to God for her preservation, and that she may render real service to the mission.

Mar. 17*th.*—Our brother Smith was married early this morning, and parted with his bride a few hours later at St. Pancras, a trying arrangement necessitated by the circumstances of the case. Started with the whole Congo party for Leicester,

where a large farewell meeting was held in the evening. It was crowded out, and an overflow meeting held elsewhere. Much prayer for the party, and much kind sympathy.

Mar. 18*th.*—Proceeded to Liverpool, where we were most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, and other Christian friends. Farewell meeting afterwards, and many loving greetings. The hearty sympathy and cheerful courage of these dear friends did much to brighten the departure of this band of brethren.

Mar. 19*th.*—Accompanied the party to the ship. Rough and stormy morning. The *Corisco* lying far up the river. We found the *Livingstone* and her two boats safely stowed on the deck, and a comfortable little cabin appropriated to our party. Had one last prayer-meeting in it as we dropped down the river with them, and then with full hearts passed to the deck of the tender, and watched the steamer go on her way! Angus, Ingham, Waters, Smith, and Habens waved their last adieux, as we sang with the friends who were with us, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the Cross."

Mar. 26*th.*—Cheered by a very unexpected and welcome gift of £500, from a friend in Torquay who sympathises with the Congo Mission.

Mar. 28*th.*—The Bishop of Huron had asked for some volunteers for the western part of his extensive and rapidly filling diocese. Brethren Taylor and Hale, wishing to avail themselves of this opening, agreed to-day to send them out. Also Mr. Chalmers to a mission sphere in Scotland.

Mar. 30*th.*—Thanks be to God! we have paid now all the present liabilities of the Congo Mission, and set aside the wages of the Kroomen, in all £3,404, and have still a balance in hand towards its future expenses. Thus during the last three months, when the heaviest demands have come upon us for this mission, the Lord has sent in for it nearly £4,000, and we have enough to send out the remaining brethren who are anxious to go, and who are needed. This is almost more than we had faith to anticipate. Hallelujah! Messrs. White and Blunt will sail on the 12th of next month (D.V.).

15*s.* from Surrey. "I was very pleased at the close of a Bible-class this afternoon to have handed to me a golden offering in the shape of 10*s.* from two friends. Though sent thus anonymously, I know it comes from two working men to whom I lent the Congo pamphlet. I should like to keep up the interest and lend them *Regions Beyond.* They are both intelligent and educated, and one never knows whom the Lord may call to the actual mission field in time to come."

April 5*th.*—From Banstead, 15*s.* for the Congo Mission. "My wife and myself beg you to accept the inclosed small sum as a thankoffering for mercies received from our loving Father. We are very poor now, and have but 30*s.* to give to the Master. We have divided it between your mission and the Baptist mission. Please do not publish our names. We wish your work every success, and pray the Lord of the harvest to give you many precious sheaves."

April 12*th.*—From Sunderland, three guineas. "I have pleasure in sending you the inclosed cheque from the thankoffering on the occasion of the thirty-sixth anniversary of the opening of Bethesda Chapel, and the fortieth of our beloved pastor's ministry here. The deacons wish you to appropriate it as you think best."

April 14*th.*—Brethren White and Blunt were in the midst of their final preparations for sailing on Saturday, when a batch of Congo letters arrived. Thankful to have a chance of answering them promptly, we were opening them with

pleasure when the first thing that caught our eye was the sad tidings of dear Hugh McKergow's death at Palaballa on January 11th! The revulsion of feeling was strong, and the shock great! The outward bound brethren feel it keenly, but are unshaken in their purpose. But oh, what a mission! A third precious young life sacrificed already—and sacrificed as it were by accident. The wreck of a canoe prevented help reaching our dear brother, till it was too late! He was carefully and lovingly tended at last, and everything done that could be done, but the ground lost during the early stage of the fever could not be recovered. His work is done, his rest come very early. His own words, on hearing that he was going home to heaven, "Thy will be done," are the only ones we can use!

April 29th.—All the last fortnight have been detained at Cliff, which is in possession of the builders, considering the details of many new arrangements. We are anxious to do the work permanently and well while it is in hand, and the alterations demanded are numerous and extensive. What ruin and desolation attend the first steps towards reconstruction and improvement! It would be folly to judge of what is to be, here for instance, by what is *now.* To all appearance nothing but harm has been done yet! We must wait for the result to show the wisdom of all these proceedings. Nothing could exceed the discomfort and desolation of the existing state of things; not a comfortable corner left anywhere, and scarcely a room secure from draughts. But we walk by faith, not by sight; the end will, we know, compensate for all. Is not this a parable? "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

May 1st.—From Simla, India, £51, making with a previous donation £100.

May 28th.—Have been holding a week's meetings at Ryde and Southsea. Gospel, prophetic, and missionary. After one of the latter a lady was led to devote £50 to the sending out of a fresh missionary to the Congo. Many others also were moved to help, and much kind sympathy elicited.

June 18th.—The contractors at Clift are requiring instalments, and we have been praying especially for some large donations for the Building Fund. To-day the Lord put it into the heart of one of His servants, a cheerful giver, to devote £500 to this object! Deeply grateful for this welcome aid at this crisis. "I will trust and not be afraid."

June 23rd.—£100 from a dear, aged, and unknown Church of England donor at Hereford, one whose praise is in all the Churches, and who loves to help all missions. It is wonderful the way in which our heavenly Father meets every need, filling our hearts with grateful praise.

July 4.—Dr. Nystrom and Pastor Ekmann, from Stockholm, have been spending a few days with us in conference about the work on the Congo. They had thought of establishing a Swedish mission there, but have decided not to attempt any separate organization, but to work with and through the Livingstone Inland Mission. Cheered and strengthened by the simple faith and bright earnestness of these dear brethren. It is decided that Engval, a young Swedish brother, who came to us through them, shall be one of the next party.

July 6th.—From a friend in the north of London, 10*s.* "I am glad to find my little store of firstfruits will allow of my having a tiny share in the outfit of your new party, some of whom are truly being 'baptized for the dead.' May the Lord who gives the courage and consecration preserve them for His service."

July 7th.—£10 from a young clergyman, who writes: "I see you are sending

out eight or nine fresh men. I hope you will accept £1 each towards their outfits, and if there is any surplus, apply it as may seem right to yourself. I do not send this without prayer that the men may be much blessed in their different works."

[This dear young donor has since fallen asleep in Jesus. He responded thus to every Passage and Outfit letter.]

July 8th.—£10 from Sidmouth. "I am sorry that I have been unable to send you a little help towards your Derbyshire expenses before now. I am very blind, and have fallen downstairs, broken my collar bone, lacerated the tendons of my arm and shoulder, and my whole system is unstrung, so that I have had no energy even for writing a letter. Since writing the above sentences I have a letter from you on the further despatch of missionaries. Please apply my cheque to any work you have in hand for God's glory, wherever it is most wanted."

£100 from Ireland for the Congo Mission, with "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Brethren Frederickson, Billington, and Engval left for Liverpool, to sail to-morrow for the Congo. May their lives be precious in His sight!

July 9th.—Received to-day for the General Fund £50, and £200 from Norwood for the Building Fund.

From Falmouth, "5*s.*, for Passage and Outfit; 3*s.* from my class of boys, 1*s.* from myself, and 1*s.* from my sister. Would it were ten times the amount! but we are pressed ourselves at present, building for our fast increasing children in the school."

July 13th.—£2 10*s.* from North London; "£1 9*s.* a contribution to the Passage and Outfit, and one guinea my dear husband's thankoffering that we are still spared to live, love, and work together as you are, only we are much older."

From Weymouth, £10, from an invalid. "I cannot actively serve, but only contribute."

July 15th. From South Croydon, £5. "I should wish it applied to the ransoming of a poor African child, a boy, according to the suggestion of good Mr. Craven, whose health I trust may soon be restored, as also that of his wife."

From Ireland, £15. "I would like £5 of this to be applied" "to rescue from misery, slavery, and heathenism a little black child," to be called, "if a boy, Robert Johnstone Hamilton, or if a girl, Richenda Johnstone Hamilton, in memory of a dear daughter recently called by the Master after the birth of her second child, a baby boy, who followed her in a few weeks."

July 16th.—From Worcester, £50, "towards the support of my missionary in Africa, with assurances of my continued warm interest in your interesting and far spreading work." This liberal donor supports one missionary entirely at her own expense, and sets thus an example that very many might well follow.

Reading, £5, for the ransom of children. "The plan commends itself to me as likely to become exceedingly useful. Please devote the inclosed toward this fund."

July 18th.—From Hampstead £5. "I have read with the deepest interest the July number of *Regions Beyond.* Indeed I have the greatest sympathy with your work of preparing and sending out earnest young men to carry the glad tidings to men who have never heard it. The inclosed cheque for £5 is a small thankoffering to Him who spared the life of one of my dear sons, nearly killed during the severe shock of earthquake in Manilla. I should be glad if you would appropriate it to the ransoming of a little boy, whom I should wish to be called after my son, Frederick Cogan, whom I hope to interest in the little one's future."

July 20th.—From the Orkney Islands, £100 for the Congo Mission. This same donor had previously sent liberal help, and gave a similar sum three months later. The grace of liberality is remarkably bestowed on some, and is a grace that evidently grows like all others by exercise, *and withers without.*

July 26th.—From Dublin, 10*s.* for the Congo Mission. "If any are found willing to undertake this perilous work, I must have a small share in providing the necessary outfit. I must also thank you for the *Regions Beyond.*"

July 27th.—Received from Kinsladie to-day the sorrowful tidings that our brother, Mr. Eldershaw, died on the 25th, at 10 p.m. He was attacked with smallpox on his way home, and had to be removed to hospital at Perth. It is but a week ago he left us in apparent health and strength, looking forward with pleasure to his vacation engagements!

£2 10*s.*, for the Congo Mission. "This sum represents the pence given by the children of the Clapton Hall Sunday School towards their mission fund. They desire that this should be handed to you on account of your African mission, and I have much pleasure in being the channel through which it is forwarded."

July 28th.—£1 6*s.*, for the Congo Mission, from a juvenile missionary society and band of hope in Ireland.

From Chicago, £2, for the Congo Mission, from a lady's Bible-class.

Aug. 4th.—Mr. and Mrs. Craven arrived from the Congo with two native boys and a little girl. They look thin and ill, but are much benefited by the voyage. Thank God! their lives are spared. They bring but poor tidings of dear McCall. Many letters by this mail. Hear that £100 has been paid into the bank to our account, which just enables us to meet the week's bills. Thanks be to God!

Aug. 9th.—The last week or two funds very insufficient to meet claims, which are very heavy just now. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." He knows the need, and will provide! Our hope is in Him.

Aug. 10th.—From Southsea, 2*s.* "A very small but most willing offering towards your gigantic work. Only wishing it were £200."

Aug. 17th.—Have received within the last few days several large sums, either as gifts or as loans, for the Building Fund. We don't expect to be able to pay in one year the heavy outlay for the new college here at Cliff, and feel free to borrow a portion of the needful money for a few years, as the trust property affords ample security and the trustees approve. One friend has lent £500, and another £250. Besides this, there reached us from London a gift of £250, and from Hereford one of £50, enabling us to pay the needed instalments. "The Lord is rich to all that call on Him, to all that call on Him in truth."

Aug. 18th.—From a dear sufferer at York, 5*s.*, for the Livingstone Inland Mission. "My dear aunt wishes me to send the inclosed for the work in Africa with her love. It was my aunt's eighty-third birthday this week, and our loved mother is eighty-six. How sad it would be to see the evening shadows gather, if our blessed Lord had not abolished death, so that we journey on to *life*, and not to *death!*"

Aug. 20th.—Heard of the donation of the *Henry Reed* steamer for the upper Congo. Deeply thankful! Surely GOD is working for the evangelization of Central Africa! The need is only prospective, yet the supply comes, as if to say, "Speak unto the people, that they go forward!"

Sept. 6th.—From Framlingham £1 15*s.* "My mother has attained her eighty-fifth birthday, and is well in health, so wishes to give some thankofferings for many mercies; this is one of them."

Sept. 13th.—From a widowed mother, recently bereaved also of her youngest child, and left with two fatherless little ones, 5*s.* "I did think so much of you and the loss of your two sweet little girls. I read that letter several times, and never without tears! From *one who feels very lonely.*"

Sept. 20th.—From Enniskillen, £5, for the Building Fund. "The Lord graciously gives me to share His own sympathies with you in carrying out His word, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' I am an old, feeble, nearly worn out worker, toiling on still for souls in small meetings here, but my heart and prayers are, I think, equally in China and Africa. 'We shall meet in the Eden above.'"

Stevenson A. Blackwood, Esq., is the Treasurer of our Institute. The accounts are audited weekly by Messrs. Theodore Jones, Hill & Co., Finsbury Circus, and a balance sheet is published with list of donations annually. Our own services and superintendence are given gratuitously to this work, so that we feel free to plead its cause with others. It is always in need of help, having no reserve funds to fall back upon.

Contributions will be received with thanksgivings to God. They may be sent to the Treasurer, Stevenson A. Blackwood, Esq., or to the Hon. Director, H. Grattan Guinness, F.R.G.S., Harley House, Bow, E. Cheques should be crossed to the London & South-western Bank, and P.O.O. made payable at the General Post Office.

Chapter VI.

SOLEMN QUESTIONS.

"WHY stand ye here all the day idle?" asked the husbandman in the parable, addressing the unemployed labourers in the market-place.

Young Christians, let me repeat the question to you: "*Why* stand ye here all the day idle?" Is it not a strange, unreasonable thing to do, and especially to do in harvest time? Is not he that sleeps in harvest a son that causes shame?

Again—Why stand *you* here all the day idle? If others choose to be so foolish, why you?

Why stand you *here* all the day idle? wasting your time in the the market-place while the vineyard is crying out for labourers? Why are you working in Protestant lands while a thousand millions of the heathen have never yet heard of Christ?

Why stand you here *all the day* idle? The night is coming when no man can work; the day is already far spent; the end of the age is fast approaching. The Church has idled only too long already. You have lost too much time; are you going to waste the *whole* day? It is 1,800 years since Jesus sent His disciples to evangelize the world, and only one in three have as yet heard the gospel.

Why stand ye here all the day *idle?* Is it profitable? Will it pay? Is it even enjoyable? Is it manly? Is it worthy of a Christian? Will not an idle man be a poor one? Oh! why stand all the day *idle?*

You resent the question? You reply mentally: "Idle? That is an ugly word! It does not apply to *me* at any rate. I toil at my rightful business from Monday morning till Saturday night, and take little rest, even on Sunday; for not only do I attend a place of worship regularly, and teach in the Sunday school, but I often preach in the open air or in the mission hall besides. No one can fairly call me idle. I have my faults, but idleness is not one of them."

Do not be too sure about that. Remember there are two sorts of idleness: idleness absolute, and idleness relative. To fell trees the

livelong day, for instance, is not to be idle, but industrious, under certain circumstances. For the Canadian settler in winter time it is a most suitable occupation, but for Gladstone, when prime minister of England, to have passed his days in felling trees during the pressure of a parliamentary session—fond as he is of the work—would have been sheer and inexcusable idleness. He would have blamed himself as much as the world would have blamed him, if he had frittered away in such labour a single week of the precious time that belonged to the nation.

It is possible to be idle and yet be fully occupied; to neglect one's paramount duty while yet employing every moment of one's time.

A gentleman leaves home and commits to a tutor the charge of his sons' education, to his private secretary that of his correspondence and accounts, to his gardener the care of his greenhouse and vineries, and to his groom the responsibility of his fine stud of horses. During his absence the tutor devotes himself to practising music, the secretary spends all his time in close study, the gardener takes to fishing, and the groom to shooting; all four men may be busily engrossed with their respective avocations, and yet all may be absolutely idle *as far as the master's service is concerned.* The boys run wild, the correspondence is neglected, the accounts get into confusion, the gardens and vineries are ruined, and the horses are half starved! The men are busy all the day, nor is there any harm in their pursuits; but as regards their peculiar duties they are *idle.*

Young Christian, is it possible that it may be thus with you? Can it be that your industry and diligence are running in wrong channels, and so are, in result, mere idleness? Would the Lord Jesus Christ, after watching all your secular and sacred engagements the week through, and observing that you are really busy all the time, address to you nevertheless, in sad, reproachful tones, the question, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Working, but not where you are needed—in My vineyard; toiling, but not in the best way—in My service; busy, but not about My Father's business; industrious in a sense, but, as far as regards the spread of My kingdom, idle!" Consider! is it not idle to waste time in trivial occupations when we are charged with serious responsibilities, or to employ only our lowest powers and talents and leave our higher ones unused?

For a Michelangelo, who could plan and erect a St. Peter's, to

spend his life in rough hewing blocks of marble, would it not have been a sin and a shame? For a Duke of Wellington, who could direct a battle or arrange a campaign, to devote his energies to serving a gun or commanding a regiment, would it not have been wasteful folly? For Peter, James, and John to have continued their fishing after receiving from the risen Saviour their great commission, or for Paul to have retained tent-making as his life's main business after his conversion, would it not have been sinful waste of precious time, as well as sinful disobedience? And without being either an eminent genius or a divinely commissioned apostle, many a Christian man and woman may be in danger of similar folly and sin. They may be spending the one life God has given them to live for Him, in doing work of a kind different from that which their Master intended, qualified, and commanded them to do; of a lower and less important description than that for which they are competent and consequently responsible. Such persons, however busy, are *idle.* Let no one assume: "I am not one of them! I have no talents to waste! My abilities and opportunities are alike small, my education imperfect, my leisure scanty, seeing I have to earn my bread; my influence is very limited, and my experience slight: what can I do? Nothing but what I am doing! There is no fear of *my* wasting time in trivial occupation, for I am fit for nothing else."

It may be so! It is well not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. On the other hand, we are commanded to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith and gift and grace. It is possible to think too lowly as well as too highly of our own capabilities and resources. Moses and Jeremiah did so, and tried to excuse themselves from high and holy service by self-depreciation. Let us, at least, be very sure we are right before we decide the question that we can render to Him who died for us no more effectual service than we are actually rendering now. Let us take stock of our resources, and see if each talent is indeed invested to the best advantage; perchance we may find one at least laid up in a napkin to condemn us on the day of account. The danger that such should be the case is great in proportion to the fewness of the talents committed to us. The slothful servant was not the one to whom *ten* talents had been entrusted, but the man who had only *one.* This should be a warning to those who think their own capabilities and opportunities small. It is a true proverb, "Nobody knows what they can do till they try."

There is a vast amount of talent *latent* in multitudes of Christian men and women that needs to be called out and developed, and that *can* be so by the grace and power of God. Peter, James, and John might have made the same excuse! They might have said, "Who and what are we, unlearned and ignorant Galilæan fishermen, that we should undertake to turn the world upside down and found a faith that shall spread all over the face of the earth and endure to the end of time?"

The fact is, that if God calls and commissions a man in His service, the result depends on Divine power far more than on human adaptation. He selects instruments suited to His purpose of course, for even human wisdom would do this, much more Divine; but the adaptation may not be obvious either to a man himself or to others. Having chosen and called a man, God can capacitate him for His service, working in him to will and to do His good pleasure. The great thing is to be, not only willing to yield ourselves to God for His service, but anxious to be called of Him to it; resolved not to be useless and idle, but ambitious of distinguished usefulness. Power will come with practice; to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

But there are many who estimate perhaps quite fairly and sufficiently their own powers, but who *over-estimate the work in which they are engaged*, and think of *it* more highly than they ought to think; so that they content themselves with what they are doing, instead of undertaking the more important work which lies ready to their hands. This again is a sore evil, leading to loss of precious power. It is a good thing to manage a mission station, and teach a school of heathen children, for example. But if David Livingstone had been content to do this all his days, Central Africa would not have been opened, its horrible slave-trade would not have been extinguished, and the gospel brought within reach of its myriads. We have no right to rest satisfied even with a good work, *if we are able for a better. All our powers ought to be enlisted, and that to the utmost in the service of God. All* we *can* do we are *bound* to do. To offer less than our best is to insult the majesty of heaven! Jesus did all He could do for us. He not only loved us, but lived for us and died for us, gave even to His last garment and His own heart's blood! Can we be content to serve Him merely with a part of our powers? To undertake for him only *easy* work, and to keep back part of the price? God forbid!

What then is, or should be, the great end and object in life of every true disciple of Christ?

Not to earn a living; *not* to get on in the world; *not* to win power, wealth, or influence; *not* to enjoy life and help others to do the same; *not* to marry and bring up a family respectably: *not* any of these things should be his primary or principal care, his end and aim in life.

Christ has forbidden His followers to make *any of these things* their object. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Note, the Lord does not say we are not to seek these things at all, but He does say we are to seek something else *before* them, and that something else is not our own personal salvation (*that* is already secured if we are believers), but the salvation of *others*, the extension of the kingdom of God among men, the spread of His righteousness on earth. "*Seek ye first*" these things, says the Saviour, and all other needful things shall be added unto you. Those things which are *last* in the world's estimation are to be *first* in ours, and *vice versâ*.

During His life our Lord clearly explained to His disciples what He had called them for, and what their life work on earth was to be. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," He said *to* them; and speaking *of* them to His Father in heaven He declared, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." He had come to declare God's name and character to men, and He sent His disciples to declare His name and character, His person and work, to testify for Him on earth.

After His death and resurrection He confirmed this as their vocation, saying to them, just prior to His ascension, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be *witnesses unto Me* . . . in Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

His last great commission defined still more plainly their work: "Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature." They were to herald everywhere and to all the tidings of forgiveness of sin through the atoning work accomplished by their Lord. The apostles realized their responsibilities, and felt themselves to be primarily, not fishermen or tent-makers or tax-gatherers, but "ambassadors for Christ," witnesses for Him, men whose one great, sole object was to establish and extend the kingdom of God, by spreading a knowledge of Christ through the world.

Nor was it to the apostles officially that the great commission was given. The twelve could not go into all the world, nor preach the gospel to unborn generations. It was given to them as representatives of the entire Church; the lapse of 1,800 years has made no difference in the Church's duty, and no difference consequently in the duty of each individual disciple. To His young disciples in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America in the nineteenth century this commission of Christ extends, as much as to His early Jewish disciples in the first century, otherwise He would be without witnesses now.

The special, proper, peculiar work of the Church in the world therefore is to *spread a knowledge of Christ and of His gospel among men the whole earth over.* The Church accomplishes this work through her members; her work is the work of each and all. *That Christian who does not directly or indirectly live for this object primarily, who does not keep the spread of the gospel before him as his main end and aim in life,* misses the very object of his existence on earth as a Christian. He is not a witness, not an ambassador, not a labourer together with God. He is, as regards the vineyard, standing all the day idle, however busy he may be. He is not doing the work his Master has given him to do, however great his activities; he is, as regards the special, peculiar work of the Church, *idle!*

We are made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," when we are converted and made new creatures in Christ; we might as well go to heaven at once if the Master had not a work for us to do on earth. The healed demoniac prayed that he might go with Jesus and stay with Him evermore. Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, though He too would have loved to have with Him the trophy of His grace. He sent him nevertheless to his home and friends, to be a witness for his Deliverer. "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And similarly, though He prays, "Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am," yet He waits for the answer to this petition, and suffers us not to go to Him, in order that we may first act as witnesses to Him and ambassadors for Him to a world that knows Him not.

But you say: "We cannot all be preachers of Christ; if we were, there would be no congregations! It is hard indeed to find room for all the preachers and teachers that exist already. There is neither

room nor need for me! With so many far better qualified than I am for the work, there is no occasion for me to come forward. That is really why I do no more. *I am not wanted.*"

This excuse is really considered a valid one by many; and it Protestant countries comprised the whole world, there would be something in it! There are of course multitudes of unsaved souls still to be found in these lands, but there are few indeed who have not heard the gospel, and none who are unable to hear it if they wished. The proportion of Christian workers among the population, both in town and in the country, is very large—so large indeed that they are in many places actually in each other's way.

But Great Britain and other Protestant lands are *not* all the world, but are in this respect unlike every other part of it; and if Christian preachers abounded everywhere as they do here, there *might* be no need for *you* to become a witness for Christ. We have shown you how far this is from being the case. Each little square of these 1,424 represents a million—that is, a thousand thousand—human beings; and these degrees of light and these varying depths of shadow, with this immense preponderance of unrelieved blackness, indicate accurately the proportion of moral and spiritual light among the men and women of our own generation.

How many witnesses for Christ are there among this mass? Are they so numerous that the greater part of them must needs stand idle for want of work to do?

Consider! We cannot expect to find *any* among the heathen who never heard of Christ, nor among the Mohammedans who reject Him, nor among the apostate Churches which acknowledge other mediators, and withhold the word of life from the people. *Only* in the Protestant Churches is the faith of Christ held in any degree of purity, hence it is *only amongst them* that we can expect to find with nesses for Him. And some even of them, notably the Church of the land of Luther, have sunk into dead formalism or barren rationalism, so that they need to be again evangelized themselves, instead of being able to evangelize others; while everywhere, even in Protestant countries, the true and living disciples are a little flock in the midst of a mass of professors.

The superabundance of workers then is simply *local;* the condition of the world precludes the *possibility* of there being one single witness for Christ to spare. Statistics alone prove that no one can fairly allege as an excuse or standing idle that the vineyard has too

many labourers, that the harvest can well be gathered without his help. The mass of mankind is of course immensely larger than it was in apostolic days, and its evangelization demands a far larger number of ambassadors for Christ than that which turned the world upside down and overthrew the idolatry of the Roman empire in the early centuries of the Church's history. But, on the other hand, true Christians were never so numerous in the world as they are this day, and it is easier for them to travel and dwell among the heathen in every corner of the earth than ever it was before. The printed gospel exists in hundreds of languages, and the Church has never been so rich in material resources. There is no question that living Christians *could give the gospel to their own generation if they tried.* The demand for labourers is enormous, but the supply is equal to meet it, if only every man and woman who *could* and should be a missionary would become such.

Again then, young disciple of the blessed Saviour, why stand *you* all the day idle? Do you not love the Lord Jesus enough to be anxious to show and prove your devotion to Him? Love delights to give itself to the loved one. Have you no desire to give yourself to Christ for gospel service among the heathen? It will involve the pain of parting with cherished friends; involve the enduring of hardness, possibly even of suffering, sickness, and death. Perhaps! But what then? "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." Do we not rejoice to suffer for those we love? Did Paul think much of what he gave up, or of what he endured for Christ's sake or the gospel's? Did he not speak of it as a privilege granted to Christians, not only to believe on Jesus, but also to suffer for His sake?

And you, Christian fathers and mothers, *what are you doing with your Christian children?* Have you given your sons to God, and to His work in the world? Have you devoted your daughters to Jesus and to His service?

Ah, your hearts quail! Anything, you say, anything but that! We will double our contributions, treble them, if we can, but to make *our own children* missionaries, surely we are not called to that! Dear friends, I have only one answer: "*God so loved the world, that He gave His Son.*" Oh, mark it! His Son, nothing less! No one less! His Son. Yes; *He* gave that only begotten and well-beloved One that dwelt in His bosom from all eternity! And He gave Him, not to be a missionary—ah, no!—but to be a murdered victim, to be *sin* for us, to be a curse. He gave Him to shame and spitting,

to blows and to blood, to crucifixion and to death. And that Son gave *Himself* to all this, and delighted to do so for *our* sakes. And we—oh, shall we grudge Him our sons and our daughters? Where is our gratitude, where our love? Do we know what devotedness means? How can we talk of "the higher Christian life," and be bringing up our converted children to live lives of ease and idleness, or to labour merely for their daily bread, to seek food and raiment, to live as if there were no heathen world perishing for lack of the bread from heaven?

I solemnly believe that one great cause of the low tone of Christian life, over which the Church mourns so often, is *the lack of missionary zeal, the non-cultivation of the missionary spirit in Christian families*, and that the first symptom of a really "higher Christian life" will be a revival of *this* spirit. It has been so in the past. The revival of spiritual religion in our land in the last century was the birthday of missionary enterprise. Its growth has kept pace with the extension of such enterprise, and its increase, if such is to come (and God grant it may!) *must be accompanied by a great increase of missionary efforts.* In the nature of things this must be so. In the physical world we have first life, then food, thereby growth, and with growth, *exercise.* But given life, food, growth, and *no exercise*, disease and decay must ensue. If the Christian Church would thrive, she must have exercise, and her Christ-appointed exercise is *the evangelization of the world.* The Church ought to be one great missionary society, and each of her children, directly or indirectly, a missionary.

But what is the fact? A few individuals take a real interest in this great work. They influence others to help; but the mass of believers remain comparatively inert. *Have we not thousands and tens of thousands of Christian families, no one of which ever contributed one single labourer to the heathen field?* Have we not parents who have reared six, eight, or it may be ten sons and daughters, and seen them by grace converted to God, and who yet never trained, or *attempted* to train, one of them for a missionary to the heathen? Is it not a standing reproach to our Christianity that so few, so very few, gentlemen and ladies of independent means ever consecrate either themselves or their families to the service of Christ among the heathen?

O friends, lay the facts of the case to heart, I do entreat you On the one hand, the world lying in darkness, and heathendom

especially in gross darkness, contrary to the express will of Christ; on the other hand, Christian parents training up their families to anything, everything, *save and except the one work commanded by Christ*, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What a mournful spectacle for the angels to weep over! And what is the result? Not *only* that the heathen perish, but, O Christian parents! you and your children, those very children whom ye would fain spare suffering, *suffer, suffer most materially*, from this very thing.

Father, what makes your heart heavy this day? "Ah!" you sigh, "our precious boy, whom we thought to be converted years ago, has gone right out into the world; we see no sign of grace in him now. We pray, and weep, and hope against hope, but we seem to have no influence over him." Ah! father, whose fault is that? What did you *do* with your boy when full of his first love? You sent him to a public school perhaps; you sought great things for him in this life; you exposed him to temptation for the sake of mammon, it may be; you led him to seek *first* this world and its interests, instead of the kingdom of God and His righteousness; you never attempted to use your mighty parental influence to lead the ardent youth to consecrate his life to preaching Christ to the perishing heathen. You never gave him a Christian object worthy and likely to fill his heart, and mould his life, and engage his affections, and ennoble his aspirations, and extend his views out into eternity. Your son *might* have been a Brainerd, or a Livingstone, had you acted otherwise; but he *is*—well, *you know what he is!*

And you, mother, what saddens your eye, and sinks your heart? Your daughters, have they turned out as you could desire? "Alas! no," you sigh; "one of them is worldly, though perhaps saved; another is a confirmed invalid; another, who is a decided Christian, has gone over to the High Church, or perhaps even entered a Romish convent. You are disappointed in them, and as a Christian you ought to be. Ah! mother, whose fault is it? Those girls were Christians when young; they had talents, affections, health, leisure, ardour, spirits, zeal, knowledge of the truth, and a good education. *What missionaries they would have made!*

Had their compassions been drawn out, the self-sacrifice, natural to every true disciple, called into play; had they been prepared *for* and early introduced *to* the mission field, what blessed helpers in the gospel they might have been! How many an Indian zenana they

might have made happy and holy! How many a Japanese lady they might have taught to read the word of Life! How many a miserable Chinese mother might they have led into peace and joy in believing! What glorious results they might have secured for eternity! How every remembrance of each one might cause you to thank your God for the privilege of having been permitted to bear and rear such instruments for His glory! But you could not spare them, you could not expose them to hardships and suffering. It wou'd never do to send your delicately reared girls among the degraded and ignorant heathen! and so they were doomed to the very uninteresting life of a Christian young woman, with little or nothing to do!

You would have been glad they should have served the Lord at home, you say? Yes; but they did not find occasional "amateur" work of this kind *enough* to engage heart and mind. Others were doing it abundantly. No important responsibility was laid on *them* to call out their energies, develop their abilities, and exercise their spiritual graces. They had not the stimulus of the *urgent needs* of others; they began perhaps to serve the Lord with one hand daintily; but when difficulties arose, or novelty wore off, they gave it up, and no one was much the worse. *That sort of work does not avail to save the young and energetic from worldliness, selfishness, or disgust with life. It is not a vocation; it is not a life.* It is all very well for those who have distinct and important secular duties devolving on them to serve the Lord by the way, as it were, and fill up their odd moments of leisure by doing what they can. But your girls did not marry; they had not the natural and absorbing avocations of wife and mother; they were spared the sufferings, and cares, and self-denial, and responsibility involved in bringing up children; they had no claims of business: their time was their own; *they wanted a life-work, hard, high, holy life-work.* Oh, had you laid before them the claims of the heathen, advised and assisted them to become missionaries, how differently your daughters *might* have turned out!

The young mind *must* have interests; the young heart *must* have objects on which to spend its ardour and its affections. Human nature must have difficulties with which to cope, hardships to endure, battles to fight, obstacles to overcome. What are cricket, and croquet, and chess, and all games of skill, but an artificial creation of these? Life, if natural and well spent, is full of these—life without them is vapid and vain

The lives of Christian young ladies are too often deprived of all interest by a false and foolish parental affection. I once knew a mother of two of the finest little girls I ever saw, who was insanely anxious about their health. The wind was never suffered to blow on their rosy cheeks; they were kept in bed for days if they chanced to sneeze; and the mother's life was one long misery for fear they should be ill. She succeeded at last in *making* them ill, and soon after she died of over-anxiety. Then the girls, left to themselves, got well. Now few mothers are so foolish as to the *bodies* of their children; but the *characters* of too many are developed under similarly unnatural shelter and protection. It is not natural for a woman grown to be an object of tender parental care. The fully fledged nestling leaves the nest, and cares for itself, and soon for its young. If a young woman does not marry, and no special demand for her presence exists at home, she should be allowed, yea, *encouraged* to devote her life to some worthy object, not thwarted, and opposed, and restricted by petty conventionalities, perplexed by finding her Bible teach self-sacrifice, and her parents self-preservation; her Bible teach her to despise the world and earthly interest, and her parents teach her to put them in the first place!

Alas! friends, my heart aches when I think of the buried talents that exist in the shape of loving, well-educated, gifted daughters, pining in Christian families *for lack of an object worth living for;* and then think of the miserable millions of their own sex pining elsewhere, and perishing for lack of the knowledge these could impart? Again I ask, whose is the fault? Dear fathers and mothers, does it not lie at *your* doors? Say not, "We cannot *make* our children missionaries; God must call them." I well know that. But do ye your part, and be very sure God will do His! Lay your children on His altar from their very birth; and just as you trust Him to bless your efforts for their conversion, so trust Him to accept your dedication of them to His service, and to bless your endeavours to fit them for it. You know you can make them almost what you will! You know *they are this day very much what you have made them!* You know they come into your hands plastic as potter's clay, blank as white paper, till *you* trace the lines that cannot be effaced. Train them for missionaries from their conversion onwards, and it will be a wonder indeed if a large Christian family grow up without at least *one* missionary in it.

And train those who are not fit for missionaries *to support*

those that are. Put before them a holy object for money-making. Let the brother that stays at home labour for the brother that goes forth as a missionary; or you, father, ere you die, render your missionary son or daughter independent if you can. We want, the world wants, Christ wants, *not a few hundred paid agents, but a whole host of voluntary missionaries*, an army of volunteers, to invade the realms of heathendom. And say not, dear mother, "I cannot part with my daughter." Would you not give her up willingly if a suitable offer of marriage presented itself, even though it involved going to India or China? Will you give her to man, and not give her to Christ? Say not, "We cannot expose her to a bad climate, and all the risks and hardships of mission life." What! will you deprive your child of suffering with Christ, that she may reign with Him? Will you rob her of the opportunity of learning practically to rely on God's all-sufficiency? Will you prevent her hearing the "Well done, good and faithful servant," by-and-by? This were to act anything but a parent's part.

Far be it from me to say one word to grieve Christian parents who have done their best to train their children for God. Many such have nobly succeeded; and some who have failed have perhaps been more to be pitied than blamed. And far be it from me to disparage the urgent claims of home mission work. They lie before our very eyes however, and can in a sense plead their own cause; and we have a hundred home missionaries, not to say a thousand, for every single labourer in heathen lands. And far be it from me to think lightly of the sacred demands of filial duty. But where parents have *many* children, can they not spare *one* for Christ's work? For mere worldly motives how many a worldly parent spares all! I only plead with Christian parents that they may consider their ways in this thing. If in this year 1886 say one thousand Christian parents of converted boys and girls now in the schoolroom resolved before God to devote one son or one daughter (if not more) to missionary work, to train them with a view to it, to endow them with money enough to provide them with food and raiment, and to send them forth as soon as they reach a suitable age, how glorious would be the result in ten years' time! A thousand well-educated, enthusiastic, and independent young missionaries going forth to preach Christ where He is not yet named. And in twenty years' time what fruit of their labour should gladden the heart of the great Husbandman! And in fifty years' time, when the labourers

may all have gone in to the harvest home, what self-multiplying native Churches in Africa, China, and Japan might be praising God for the lives and deaths of their founders; and in eternity, what multitudes might be added to the white-robed throng redeemed from the earth; and what bright crowns of rejoicing might for ever grace the brows of the sons and daughters thus consecrated by their parents to missionary service!

And if one thousand fathers so acted, the result would soon be that ten thousand would follow their example; for a good example is contagious. Robert Raikes founded one Sabbath-school, and the world is full of them now. Oh, may the day come, when universally and naturally Christian parents shall regard it as one of their greatest privileges and most solemn duties to train one or more of their Christian children thus to serve Christ!

What hosts of missionaries would then go forth annually from England and America! What multitudes of precious sheaves might be reaped from the harvest-fields of heathendom! What a broad line of demarcation would distinguish, *as it should*, Christian from worldly families! How many young believers would be preserved from backsliding and bringing reproach on the name of the Lord! How universal and intense would missionary sympathy become! How heartfelt would be the intercession ascending from every hearth at home for the dear labourers abroad! How holy would seem the gains set apart for that dear one's use! How warm and lively would be our missionary prayer-meetings! What thousands of little family committees would supplement the labours of our great society committees! Why, the Church would at last be once more what it was at first, and ought ever to have continued, ONE GREAT MISSIONARY SOCIETY. May God hasten the day when it *shall* be such, and may we hasten it too, as far as in us lies, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

May we add a closing word to the stewards of God's gold and silver?

Missions mean money as well as men, and some mean a great deal.

Every ton of luggage carried from the coast to Lake Tanganyika means £500. The founding of the Congo Mission and its support for six years meant £30,000. Not all missions are so expensive as this; but *the Dark Continent has to be evangelized*, and for many a a long year to come it will have to be done at heavy cost of life and treasure. Missionaries may live upon little, but they cannot live

on nothing. To attempt self-support is, as a rule, to defeat their own object, wasting on secularities the time and strength that might be devoted to teaching and preaching the Lord Jesus. Ought not those who cannot *go* to *give*, that others may go? Ought not every man, every woman who can do so, to support a representative among the heathen? What shall we say of the awful fact that the royal, titled, and wealthy classes in England do not, *on an average*, give sixpence *per annum* to the missionary work of the Church!

We pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth," etc.; but

> "God teach us this and every day
> To live more nearly as we pray!"

What are we doing or giving to hasten the advent of that kingdom? Have we ever worked with this object till we were weary? Have we ever even incurred a headache for it, much less a fever? Have we ever spent a sleepless night of thought, of prayer, of sympathy? Have your hearts ever ached or your eyes wept over the sins and sorrows of the heathen? Has your compassion for them in any way altered your lives? Have you ever denied yourselves some legitimate indulgence that you might help missions more effectually? Have you honestly given even your first fruits and tithes to God for His service? How do your lives ever since you were converted bear the test of Christ's words, "Seek ye first the kingdom"—*i.e.* the spread of the kingdom—"of God"?

And yet this was what Jesus did! This is the standard by which we shall be tried at the judgment seat of Christ. This were the wisest use of time and talent, health and wealth; for this is investing for eternity.

Fully do some of the Master's stewards realize their responsibility; right nobly do they use their resources; and never will they regret consecrating their substance to this cause. We have known a servant surrender, for the privilege of helping missions, the savings of a lifetime of hard work, laid by against sickness or old age, saying, "I may never need it; the Lord will take care of me." The Lord estimates the value of our donations, not by what we give, but by what we *retain*. Are we each doing all we might for the spread of the gospel?

We have no fires of martyrdom now to test our fidelity to Jesus Christ; but we are not left without a test. God is testing us all

continually, as to the measure of our *faith*, *love*, and *devotedness* to His Son, by the presence of ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF HEATHEN IN THE WORLD. It is a tremendous test! so real, so practical!

It is no trifle, no myth, no theory, no doubtful contingency, but a great, awful FACT, that we Protestant Christians, who rejoice in our rich gospel blessings, and claim to be the followers of Him who gave up heavenly glory, earthly ease, and life itself, to save these heathen, are actually surrounded by one thousand millions of brothers and sisters who must perish in their sins, unless they receive the gospel.

This gospel they have never yet heard! This is a fact too many forget, but a fact none can deny; a fact of which we dare not pretend to be ignorant; a fact that ought to influence our whole Christian course from the moment of conversion; a fact that ought to *shape our plans and prospects and purposes in life.*

IT TESTS OUR FAITH. Do we *believe* that "idolaters shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone—the second death"? Do we *believe* that "the gospel is the power of God to salvation"? Where then are the works wrought in us by our faith in these truths? What do we to turn idolaters to the worship of the true and living God? What do we to carry to them the gospel which can save them?

IT TESTS OUR LOVE. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," said our Master: and His last commandment was, that we should preach the gospel to these heathen. Judged by our obedience to *it*, how much do we love Him? And how much do we love these poor neighbours, stripped and robbed, and cruelly handled by the devil, and left half dead in our path? What oil and wine have we poured into their wounds? What efforts for their recovery have we made? We ought to love each one as ourselves. Has the aggregate of our love for the whole thousand millions ever led us to endure a single suffering, or to deny ourselves a single indulgence, for their sake?

IT TESTS OUR DEVOTEDNESS. Hearts wholly given to Jesus would lead us to long that His wishes should be gratified, His desires fulfilled. What are those wishes and desires? Let His life, His death reply. That all should return, repent, and live; that the lost should be found, and the dead quickened. If, knowing that a thousand millions of our fellow creatures are still lost in heathenism, we

make no effort for their enlightenment, how do we show our devoted attachment to Jesus Christ our Lord? *We* devoted to Him! What, even of *ours*, is devoted to Him? Is even a tithe of our time, a tithe of our substance devoted to Him? Have we surrendered to Him for this service even one child of our family, or one year of our lives? No; but we give an annual subscription to some missionary society. Ah, friends, *gifts that cost us no personal self-denial are no proofs of devotedness!* Christ's devotedness to our interests involved Him in suffering, loss, and shame, because of the state in which we were; though hereafter devotedness to us will involve to Him only joy, "the joy set before Him."

Devotedness to Him now must similarly involve suffering, loss, and shame to us, because of the state of those for whom He died; hereafter it will involve only joy and honour, the bride's share of her royal Bridegroom's throne. But that time is not yet! Devotedness, consecration to Jesus, in a world tenanted by a thousand millions of heathen, means *stern labour and toil*, means *constant self-denial and self-sacrifice*, means *unwearied well doing even unto death.*

Judged by this test, how many faithful, loving, and devoted followers has Jesus Christ? ARE WE OF THEIR NUMBER?

APPENDIX.

East London Institute,

FOR

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS,

AND ENGLISH AUXILIARY OF

THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION.

London Centre—Harley House, Bow, E.
Country Branch—Hulme Cliff College, Curbar.
Young Women's Branch—Doric Lodge, Bow, London, E.
Home Mission Centre—Berger Hall, Bromley, E.

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Rev. Thain Davidson, London.
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Mr. R. C. Morgan, Editor of *The Christian.*
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The Rt. Hon. Lord Polwarth.
Robert Paton, Esq., London.
Rev. Sinclair Patterson, M.D., London.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock.
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, China.
Rev. Henry M. Williamson, Belfast.

LIST OF MISSIONARIES

SENT OUT FROM THE

East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions,

from 1873–1886,

WITH THEIR DESTINATIONS.

Those marked with an asterisk have already "fallen asleep."

EUROPE.

BULGARIA.

VOLKANOFF, D.	

FINLAND.

BJORKENHEIM, J.	
MAKINEN, A.	
OREST, C. OTTO	

FRANCE.

BENEZET, L.	
CHAIGNE, M.	
CHEVALLEY, C. A. G.	
DEMOUCHE, LEONIDAS.	
HANNEMAN, M.	Paris.
MAILLET, ADOLPH.	
SAGNOL, ETIENNE	Paris.
SAILLENS, REUBEN	,,
SERUSCLAT, L.	Marseilles.
WEBBER, HARRY	Paris.

GERMANY.

GEORGII, R.	
ROHRBACH, JULIUS	Berlin.
,, MRS.	,,

ITALY.

MATTEI, G.	

PORTUGAL.

MENEZES, A. M. DE.	Lisbon.

ROUMANIA.

SÉGALL, T.	

RUSSIA.

ENGVALL, CHARLES	St. Petersburg.
THEAKSTON, JOSEPH J.	

SICILY.

ELLERY, S. J.	

SPAIN.

Barosso, M.	
Carrasco, Señor	Madrid.
Lund, Eric	Barcelona.
*Previ, Francisco	Ferrol.
Ubach, Carlos	Barcelona.

SWEDEN.

*Erickson, A.

SWITZERLAND.

Cossy, A.	
Gerber, Fritz	Berne.
Kirchner, Karl	,,

UNITED KINGDOM.

Abramowitch, Lewis	London.
Adams, John.	
Anderson, George	Lincoln.
Anderson, John.	
Angelo, Dr.	
Appleton, Thomas H.	York.
Atkinson, A.	
Bain, John	London.
Baine, F. H.	
Barnett, H.	London.
Baron, David	,,
Bartlett, W.	
Beverley, J. E.	Reading.
Blount, Walter C.	London.
Bonsor, W.	Derbyshire.
Bottger, W.	London.
Boyd, G.	Blackburn.
*Bradburn, J.	London.
Brand, James	Colchester.
Brewster, J. H.	Maldon.
Brooker, G. W.	Manchester.
Brown, R.	London.
Burns, Miss B.	Manchester.
Burrows, C.	Sheffield.
Cameron, J.	
*Campbell, Donald	Hebrides.
Campbell, Miss.	Surrey.
Canning, T.	London.
Canton, W. J.	Manchester.
Chalmers, John	Greenock.
Clasper, J.	Glasgow.
Cooper, George T.	London.
Cowens, F. E.	Devizes.
Cregan, James	Belfast.
Cruickshank, W.	Dublin.
Dann, F.	London.

Davis, Philip H.	Dublin.
Dixon, Hudson.	Hertford.
Dore, W.	London.
Ednie, A.	Kirkcaldy.
Ellison, J. A.	Belfast.
Eyres, G.	Berwick.
Falconer, W.	Nairn.
Flemen, F.	Derbyshire.
Flockhart, John	Plymouth.
Gahan, D. B.	St. Albans.
Gibbins, Miss	London.
Goode, E.	Blackburn.
Gravett, Miss	Bromsgrove
Greenhill, John	London.
Grimson, Alfred	Glasgow.
Hain, H.	Durham.
Halkier, W.	
Hall, T.	Plymouth.
Hitch, Robert	London.
Howie, James	Forfar.
Hunter, J.	
Jackman, J.	London.
John, W. J.	Bristol.
Johnson, John George	Aldershot.
Johnson, W.	Carrickfergus.
Johnston, F. E.	Belfast.
Kalligan, J.	Oxfordshire.
King, Edmund George	Luton.
Lucas, Bernard	Hertford.
Marshall, G.	London.
Mateer, Edward T.	Belfast.
McAleese, W. M.	Manchester.
McCleery, James	,,
McDonald, A.	Aberdeenshire.
McKay, J.	Lancashire.
McKittrick, W. J.	Bishop Stortford.
McLean, William	Banff.
McLean, J.	London.
McNair, J. D.	
Milne, A. A.	Cromartie.
Montgomery, Robert.	
Myers, Miss	London.
Norwood, F.	Nottingham.
Parker, John	Manchester.
Pearson, J. W.	Hull.
Pendlebury, G.	London.
Platt, G. E.	
Priestnall, W.	Leicester.
Pritchard, T. H.	
Rae, W.	Galashiels.

RATTEI, T. E.	Essex.
ROBERTSON, WILLIAM	,,
ROE, B.	London.
ROUSE, W. E.	
SANDERS, HARRY	Lincolnshire.
SHAW, RICHARD.	
SILKE, W. J.	Bridgewater.
THOMSON, C.	Aberdeen.
THOMPSON, A. W.	London.
TOWNER, GEORGF	,,
USHER, WILLIAM	Staffordshire.
VENN, EPHRAIM	Blackdown Hills.
WALKER, T. G.	Sligo.
WAY, J. W.	London.
WHITTINGHAM, J.	Wiltshire.
WILLIAMS, B.	London.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM	Wales.

ASIA.

ARABIA.

VAN TASSEL, SAMUEL (designated).

ARMENIA.

CASPARION, DR.	Van.
KLUDGEON, DR.	Tokat.

CHINA.

ADAMS, JOSEPH	Cheh-kiang.
ADAMSON, A.	
ARCHIBALD, J.	Shantung.
BALLER, F.	Hupeh.
BELL, MISS.	
BEYNON, J. W.	Shansi.
BROWN, FREDERICK.	
CAMERON, J.	Shantung.
CHAPMAN, MISS.	
CLARKE, S.	Sichuen.
COPP, A.	
DORWARD, A. C.	Hunan.
DOUTHWAITE, A. W.	Shantung.
,, MRS.	
FOUCAR, T.	Yunnan.
HARMON, FRANK	Shingking.
HINDS, J.	Tien-tsin.
HUTTON, THOMAS	Kan-suh.
HANDYSIDE, J.	
JAMES, T.	Hunan.
JOHNSTONE, W. S.	
MCCLOY, THOMAS.	
MARKWICK, J.	

Mollman, J.	
Morrison, S.	
Murray, David.	
Nicoll, George	Sichuen.
Parker, George	Kan-suh.
*Riley, J. H.	
Sambrook, A. W.	
Smith, John.	
Sturman, H. J.	
Suter, Fred.	Cheh-kiang.
Symon, Miss	Shansi.
*Taylor, Henry	Honan.
Terry, W. E.	Shansi.
Thompson, David	Cheh-kiang.
Upcroft, W.	Kweichan.
Walley, John.	
Ware, J.	
Whiller, A.	

INDIA.

Aaron, John S.	Rangoon.
Brearley, Eli	Orissa.
Chowryappah, J.	
Grundy, G. F.	
Mody, Manekje	Bombay.
,, Mrs.	
Morbey, Henry.	
Patterson, H.	
Plant, Thomas.	
Rawson, Joseph	Ahmedabad.
Redwood, William A.	Mysore Territory.
Smith, H.	Santhalistan.
Steven, Frederick Arthur . .	Bhamo, Burma.

JAPAN.

Thomson, R. A.	Yokohama.

SYRIA.

Connor, F. W.	Damascus.
Hessenauer, Geo., Dr.	Ramallah.
Jabboor, Habeeb, M.R.C.S.	
,, Hanna, M.R.C.S.	
Whytock, P.	Port Said.
Zeytoon, F. S.	
,, W. G.	Lebanon.
,, Mrs.	,,

TURKEY.

Alexandrian, Dr.	Constantinople.
,, Mrs.	,,
Aslanian, Bedros, Dr.	Erzeroum.

Dobrashien, G. S., Dr.	Constantinople.
Thoumian, G.	Marsovan.

AFRICA.

NORTH AFRICA.

Hissein, Ali	Egypt.
Kestin, A.	Alexandria.
Bureau, Jocelyn	Tunis.
Cuendet, E.	
Day, Miss	Oran.
Hammon, Miss	,,
Liley, Arthur V.	,,
Mercadier, G. M.	,,
Pos, W.	,,
,, Mrs.	,,
Pryor, J.	Morocco.
Read, Miss	Oran.
Vining, Miss	,,

SOUTH AFRICA.

Anderson, George B.	Cape Colony.
Armstrong, John	,, ,,
Berthou, Henri.	
Cameron, A.	
Clark, Joseph.	
Cousins, Henry T.	Cape Colony.
Denyer, Charles	Algoa Bay.
Ferguson, J.	
Gamble, Thomas	Cape Colony.
Horscroft, Thomas	,, ,,
Howe, G. B.	,, ,,
Jones, George	,, ,,
Kelly, W. E.	,, ,,
Kreft, H. G.	,, ,,
Langford, R. S.	,, ,,
Leak, Thomas	,, ,,
Napier, J.	,, ,,
Newton, Edward	,, ,,
Pearson, A.	,, ,,
Ramage, James	,, ,,
Smith, T. H. B.	,, ,,
,, Mrs.	,, ,,
Thomas, M.	Basutoland.
Ujojo, George U.	Lovedale.
Wynn, Frederick	East London.
Jaques, A.	Transvaal.
Aitcheson, Samuel	Natal.
Bradley, John	,,

CHRISTIE, ANDREW	Zululand.
CHRISTISON, WILLIAM	,,
CLARK, ELBERT S.	Natal.
EYLES, ALFRED	,,
HALL, GEORGE	,,
HARRIS, DAVID H.	Zululand.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

HORE, E. C.	Tanganyika.
NICOLL, JOHN LOWE	Lake Nyassa.
RIDDEL, ALEX.	
SEDEN, W.	Ribe.
*APPEL, CHARLES W.	Congo.
BANKS, CHARLES B.	,,
BILLINGTON, ARTHUR	,,
*BLUNT, JESSE	,,
CLARK, JOSEPH	,,
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COLE, MISS	,,
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Mission of the Free Church of Scotland.
London Missionary Society.
Baptist Missionary Society of England.
American Baptist Missionary Union.
Wesleyan Missionary Society.
United Methodist Free Church Mission.
China Inland Mission.
British and Foreign Bible Society.
Scottish Bible Society.
Bâle Missionary Society.
Vaudois Mission.
London City Mission.
McCall Mission, France.
Mission to the Kabyles and other Berber Races of North Africa.
"Friends" Missionary Society.
Swedish Missionary Society.
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